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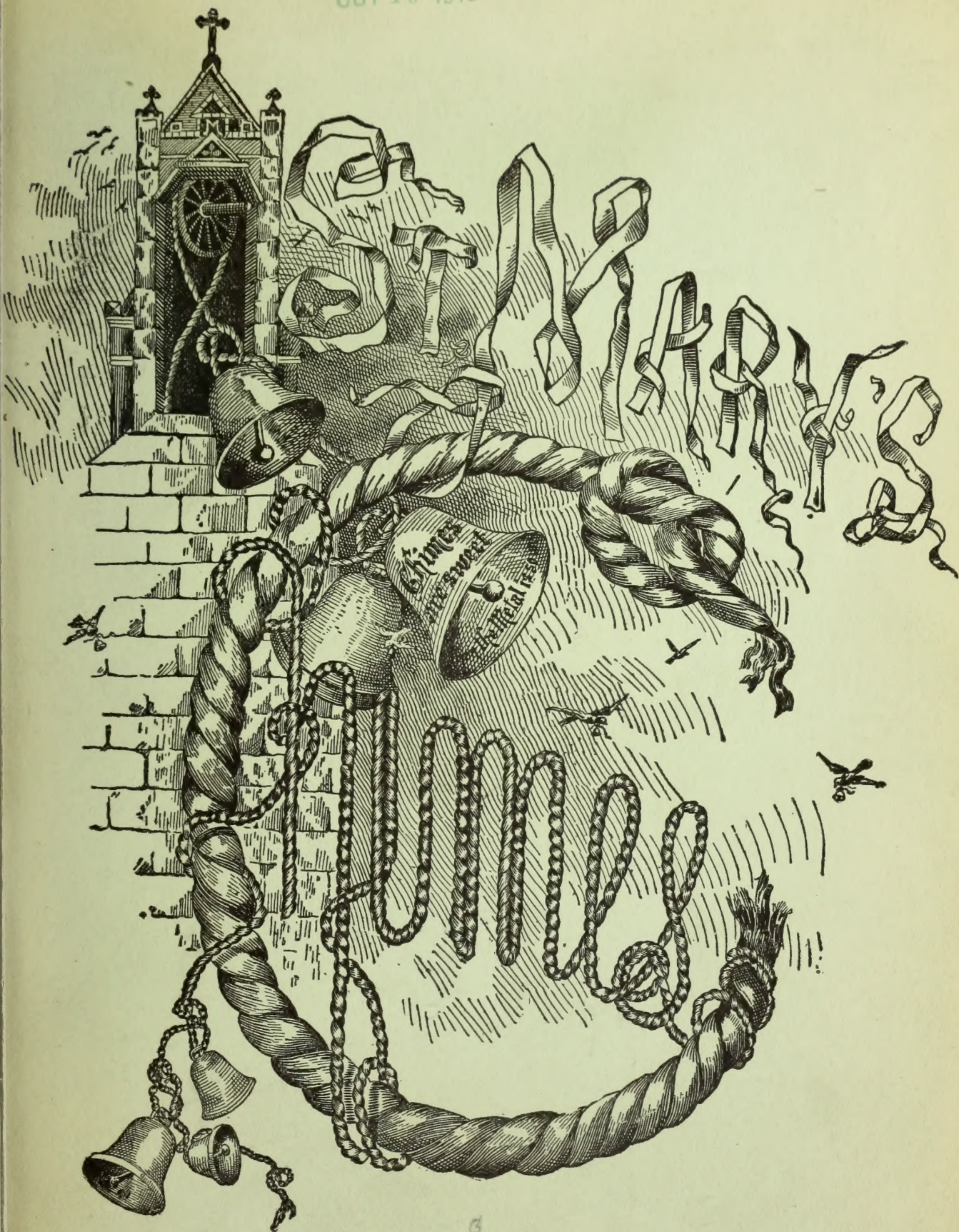


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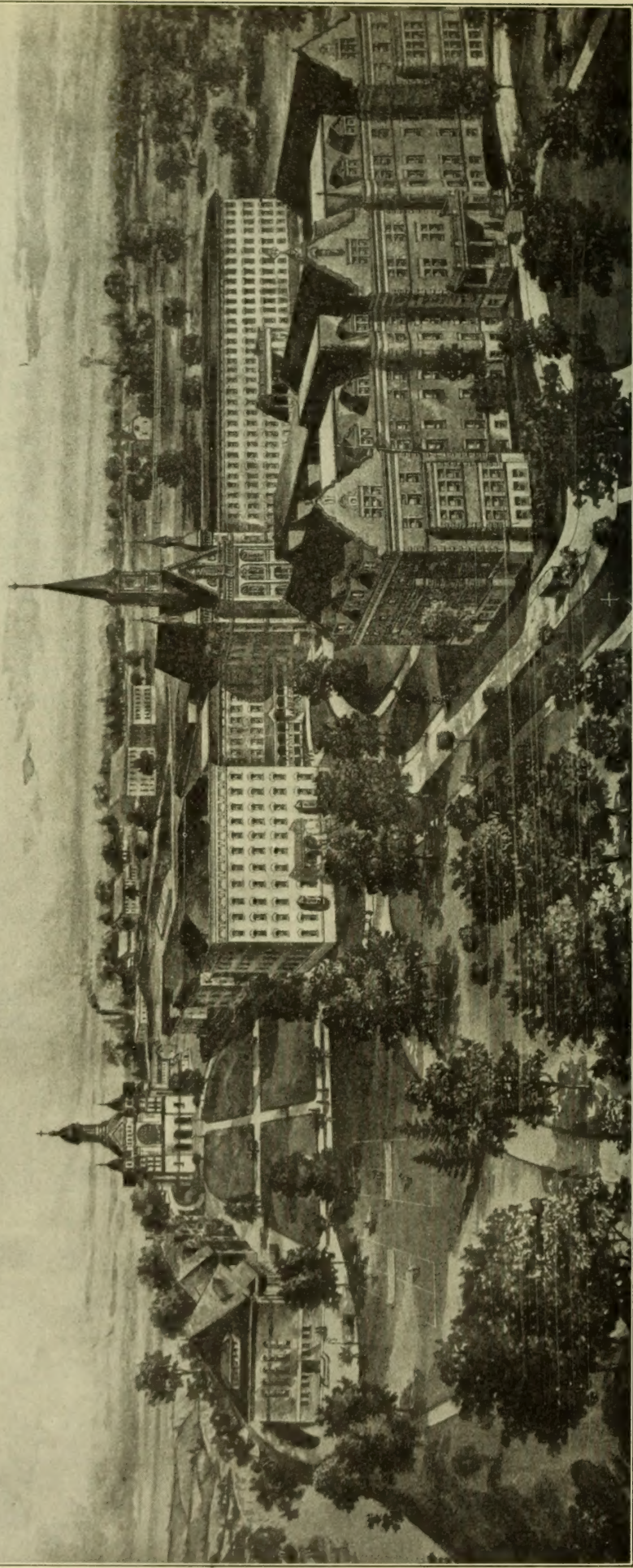
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ST. MARY'S COLLEGE *and* ACADEMY
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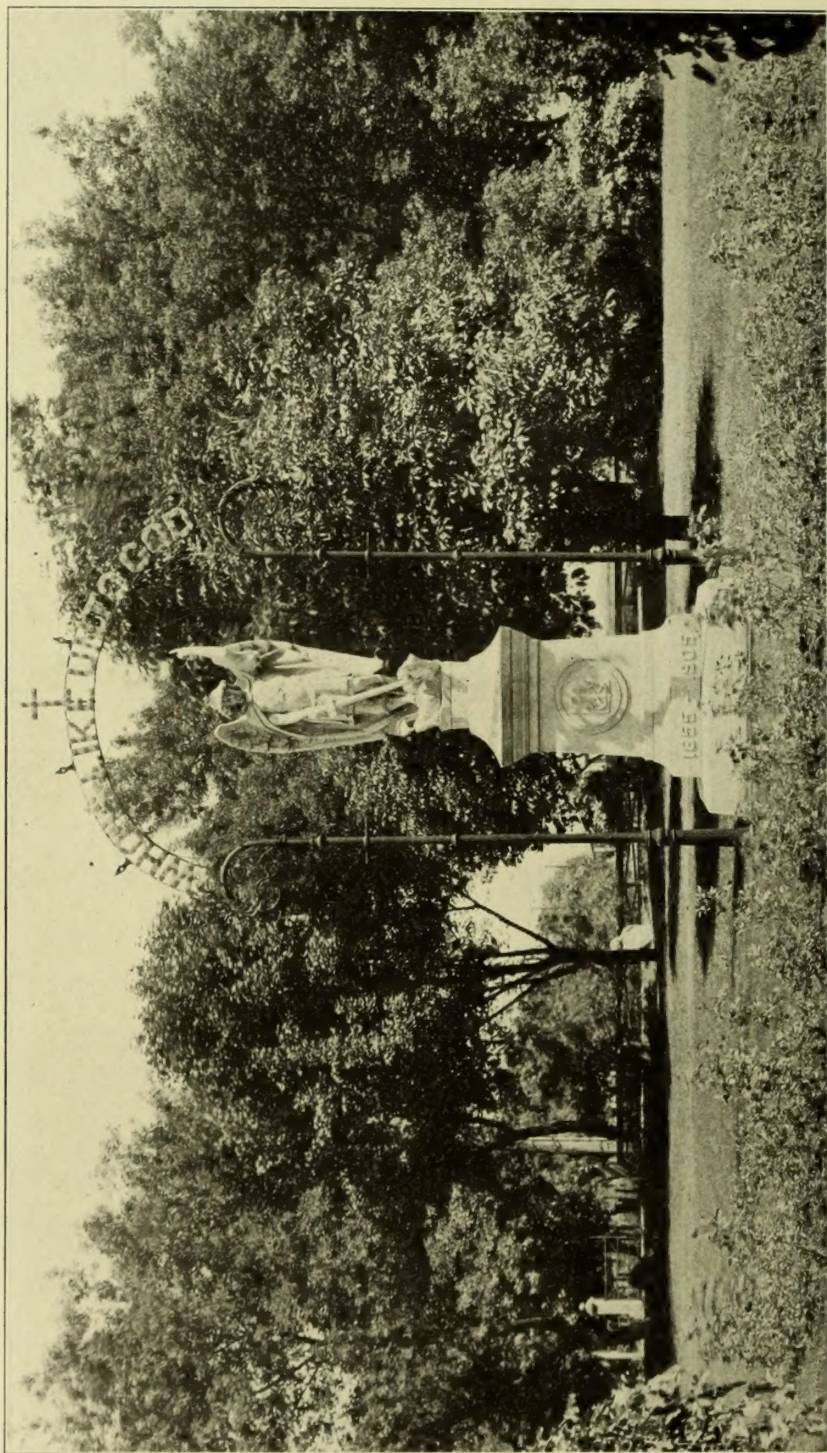
THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE,
NOTRE DAME P. O., ST. JOSEPH CO., INDIANA

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A. Cooper 8/1/52



ST. MICHAEL
(Dan. 10; Jude 9; Rev. 12.)

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., September, 1918

No. 1

COMPANIONS.

HERE came a quiet companion
To speak to my heart today,
It was no other than Silence,
Who walked with me on my way.
He told me beautiful secrets,
Of service and love, as we trod,
And said he was sent to show me
The Way I must walk to God.

MARY McDOUGAL, '18.

SERMON BY THE REV. JOSEPH BOYLE, C. S. C.

DELIVERED AT THE

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION, AUGUST 4, 1918.

"One thing have I asked of the Lord, this will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." (Ps. 26-4.)

There is something essentially glorious in the idea of sacrifice; in the idea of consecration to a holy cause. Whether it be the vision of the youthful David, kneeling before the prophet of Ramoth to receive the oil from the horn of consecration; or the Patriarch Abraham obeying the stern summons of Jehova, "go forth out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house;" whether it be the young levite on his face before the altar of immolation, dedicating himself to his Master forever; or the Master Himself beneath the olive branches bent low under the Will of His Heavenly Father, accepting the cross and the chalice of suffering; whether it be the young religious in the morning of her life like the discoverer of a continent emptying her treasures at the feet of her King before she knows their value; or the American soldier turning away from home and friends and family and country and all that earth holds dear, to bury himself in the ghastly trenches of Europe, to die alone in want and privation without a human hand to comfort him or a human voice to console him; whether it be the gladiator leaping to his death, or the martyr leaping to his Palm, it is the idea of sacrifice in all of these, noble, divine sacrifice, that takes captive the human faculties and stirs to the depths the still recesses of the soul.

Motherhood is noble because motherhood

means sacrifice for the children. Chivalry is noble because it stands for sacrifice in the cause of honor. And religious life is gloriously noble because it is the highest sacrifice for the highest end.

The strength of a cause can be determined by the degree of sacrifice it elicits. Not in wealth, not in armies, not in strategy is a nation's power, but in the sacrifice of her sons. America was grand in her great industrial endeavors; grand in the peace and happiness she secured to her children, but grander still in the dark hour of trial when she was able to present to the world a united people, ready to sacrifice the last farthing of their treasure and the last drop of their blood for that cause to which America pledged herself.

At the beginning of the war, there were fears expressed about the ultimate outcome and doubtful predictions were not wanting. But when the world saw the price that American men were willing to pay, when the world saw the eagerness with which American mothers gave up their boys, and American wives gave up their husbands, fully conscious of the love-barren years this sacrifice would entail, the world knew then that America would never be conquered, that a foreign flag would never wave over this country until the last of her sons and daughters should be no more.

There is another sacrifice upon which I would have you ponder this morning. The sacrifice of religious life. That life where men and women offer to their Creator the sublimest gift in the power of man to bestow. For bear in mind that by the vows of religion, Religious give up to God the very liberty for which they would die before yielding to another; by the vow of religion they give up to God, voluntarily, that very freedom for the preservation of which America is at war today. And as America is glorified by the sacrifice of her sons, so is Christ glorified by the noble souls who bear all things to follow Him in religion. He Himself has proclaimed the principle upon which such a life is based, "if any man wishes to be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." He Himself proclaimed the reward—"whosoever leaveth father or mother or wife or children for my sake shall possess a hundred fold in this life and life eternal in the next."

In every age and time and century that invitation has been heard and heeded. For the clean of heart, the strong, the noble, have ever sought opportunities to give themselves to God. And whether it be Agnes of Rome or Agatha of Sicily, or Mary of Egypt, it is one and the same spirit animating all. Whether it be Scholastica in the early centuries, a Teresa in the later centuries; whether it be Bridget in Ireland or Rose in America, it is Jesus Christ forever whose footsteps they follow, whose cause they defend, whose glory they proclaim to the world.

Only a religion that is divine, only a God that is divine can elicit such age-along devotion. As a former Governor of one of our states expressed it, "Though I am not a Catholic, I regard the life of our religious sisters the strongest proof of the divinity of the Church." It is the proof of the Church's divinity and its glory.

Today we have before us the newest recruits for that army that Christ has captained through the long two thousand years. From every race and from every country they come to give themselves to God. From vicissitude, from prosperity they come, showing that Christ still reigns over the hearts of His children; showing that Christ is still capable of inspiring the same high devotion, that fired the hearts of the Apostles of Galilee; showing that sanctity and sacrifice and burning love for God are as potent in the Church today as in the hour when Christ first enunciated the principle, "Leave all and follow me."

Yes, friends, the religious life is the glory of the Church and a proof of her divine character. Her power to inspire heroic sacrifice may awaken the hatred and the jealousy of the unworthy, but their hatred cannot frustrate Heaven's designs. Calumny may blacken, persecution may annoy, but the combined forces of earth and hell cannot triumph. Poverty, obedience and chastity remain, Religious life remains. It is the unwilling tribute which a hostile world must pay to its Lord and Master. It is in the words of the poet, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast." The one, the lone, unfallen fruit which fallen earth holds up to God. And the children of the Church rejoice today because that age-old sacrifice is enacted anew in our midst.

The Catholic Church is proud of her Religious children, as America is proud of her soldier sons. The sacrifice of religious life is the glory of the Church, as is the sacrifice mothers and fathers make who, in the noble spirit of unselfishness

gave up their sons to the cause of their country and will give up their daughters with equal generosity to fight unto death in the army of the Lord. God's call, even as the country's call, is for the best, for the young, the strong, the beautiful.

In the solemn ceremony which we are to witness we see a group of young women who, guided by faith and illumined by grace are solving the mystery of life. Early have they made their own the all important and far-reaching truth that they were not made for earth. The world it is true seemed beautiful to them, but in it they discerned only the shadow of the uncreated beauty and the danger of irreparably losing it. Today they bid an eternal farewell to the pleasures of earth, dear as they are, to the riches of earth, alluring as they are, and consecrate the virgin freshness of their souls to Him who made them in His image and likeness. Clouds of passion may have passed over them, but left no traces on their souls. The voices of earth have called to them but found no echo in their hearts. Friends murmured against their decision no doubt; worldlings scoffed at their sacrifice, but louder than the cry of human passion, high above the call of the world and its votaries, rang clear and strong the words of the gentle Jesus, "Leave all and follow me."

That voice they heard and heeded; that voice they have already obeyed; that voice that came to them across the troubled waters will sustain them in the long, hard struggles with the world. And, O, how the world does call to the young heart, not to forbidden things, but the things lawful and permissible. You know and I know that the world's prizes are delusive and disappointing, but the young heart does not know and will not believe, hence the sacrifice they make by turning away from the world, just when life's sky seems fairest. There are just two things, and only two, that can teach the vanity of this world, experience and grace. The mass of men seek this knowledge by experience, here are souls that have been wise enough to follow the teachings of grace. And from our heart of hearts, we offer them our congratulations.

Daughters of the Holy Cross, you have this day entered into your inheritance. Like the Rose of Sharon you have been transplanted into the garden of the King, there to grow and blossom at the feet of God. You have been called away from many perils and sheltered from things that make salvation hard. In the atmosphere of holi-

ness which shall henceforth surround you, you shall become familiar with Jesus and learn to love Him as a friend. For love of Him you will spend your life leading little children to His feet, or nursing in the hospital, or serving perhaps on the field of battle as so many of your illustrious Sisters of Holy Cross have done in other wars. But whether your life be spent in the class-room or the sick-room, the orphanage or the battlefield it shall be lived for the love of Jesus and for His love alone.

And so walking in the footsteps of the holy ones who have gone before you, you shall go forward to the journey's end. And that end shall be a glorious passage from darkness into light. After years, few or many, God only knows, this Church will be darkened, the Sisters will assemble, but you will not be there. But He to whom you dedicate your life today, shall be there; He whom you served so faithfully during life will come to you in that most awful of moments, as a writer of our day has so beautifully expressed it, "your lips will receive Him who will soon pronounce your judgment. Angels will lead you to the Promised Land. Jesus will clothe you in the Virgin's robes; you will find upon your lips the mystic song virgins alone are permitted to sing, and you shall be forever and ever of that blessed number who follow the Lamb wheresoever He goeth."

Onward, then, Daughters of the Holy Cross, in the cause to which Christ has called you. With that cross of Jesus before your eyes, with that symbol of love upon your heart, lead back to Christ his straying children and teach them the story of His love. Lift up to God that sacrifice of praise that can come only from hearts that are pure. Lift up to God your unending prayers for the sinners of the whole wide world, for the parents living in vice, for the wayward sons and daughters, for the wicked who are even now planning wickedness for the pure who have never sinned; for the homes torn with dissensions, for the hearts broken with sorrow, for the American soldiers wounded and bleeding and dying alone in far off Europe at this moment. Such henceforward shall be your blessed occupation, the privilege of the saints and yours.

All honor to those who have helped to make this day a reality. To the illustrious Community of Holy Cross that has received you into its bosom, to the friends who have encouraged, to the priests who have guided and directed, to the

teachers who have turned your minds toward God. To you, parents, in particular who have given up your daughter to the Lord in the morning of her youth, yours is an unshared blessing. For in every Mass that daughter shall hear, you shall have a major portion, and in every communion, as the new day dawns, your name shall be entwined in the very blood of the sacrifice. And when earth shall fail and fade, when darkness shall enshroud your soul, what a consolation to know as you sink to your final rest that your child, your very own shall receive the precious blood of Christ for your soul's eternal repose. What a comfort to recall as the twilight of life approaches, that you have given to the world one child who will fight in the army of the Lord—one child whose life, whose youth, whose talents shall be spent in battling for truth and justice, one child who will give glory to God and to her parents in the company of the virgins, forever and forever, because not all are permitted to enjoy this honor. God's call is not for the many, but all may share in the glory of this hour by helping generously with heart and hand to send laborers into the vineyard of Christ. Already four-thousand and priests have fallen in battle, who shall continue their work? One single community alone has five-thousand Sisters on the battlefield. Every day adds to their dead. Who shall minister to our wounded boys when these are no more? The Seminaries of Europe are empty, the ranks of the sisterhoods are thinned. The children of the foreign missions are calling for Baptism and there are none to answer the call. Are we striving to help that blessed cause by sending laborers into the vineyard of Christ? Are we imitating the Mother of Cardinal Vaughn, who prayed one hour a day for twenty-two years that God would call every child she had to serve Him in religion? And God answered the prayer by calling all of her five daughters and six of her eight sons to the priesthood and to the religious life.

And if there is one young heart within the sound of my voice today who hears the gentle call of Christ, "Leave all and follow me," I pray you heed that call. For His yoke is sweet and His burden light for those who love Him and follow Him. Do not let the pleasures of the world or the allurements of the world stand between you and the virgin's crown. The God who calls you will sustain you, the glory of sacrifice shall be your crown, and "you shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

DREAMS OF MY YOUTH.

DREAMS of My Youth, how do you seem to be
An inmost part of me?
Your very essence, thought I know you well,
In vain I strive to tell.
In hours fair and sad you come and go
From where, I do not know.

In moments happy you are ever there
To add a joy more rare.
And when the light dark clouds conceal
Your closeness I can feel.
My soul can better know the good and true
By thinking oft on you.

Sweet flowers of youth, you soothe my weary day
And lead my cares away.
What though the stuff of fantasy you be,
You are reality.
Sweet comfort you will bring in future years
With smiles, and oft with tears,

Of those whose patience in my thoughtless youth,
Made known the way of truth;
Whose love and kindness I can scarce repay.
Dreams of my youth today—
I see you half fulfilled; your woman's part
Still hides within my heart.

RUTH BEATTY, '18.

THE WOMAN OF EDUCATION.

AMERICA leads the world in the impartial recognition of that great principle which forms the basis of our national life, equality. Created free and equal by God, every man inherits, at birth, a divine gift, of which no human being can deprive him. To live rationally,—to strive for self-perfection,—this is the natural end of man and, as such, calls for a necessary means,—the free exercise of his natural rights, the gift of the Creator. These are not rights established by men; they are conferred upon us by God, with Whom there exists no distinction as to race, color, rank, or sex. The African and the Caucasian, the president and the beggar, man and woman, enjoy them alike.

Education, as an essential means for mental and moral development, is foremost among man's natural rights. What then is education? The popular idea regards it as a "process whereby the young are fashioned into money-earning machines." If the college bred girl does not place her developed faculties at the disposal of the business world, if, instead, she gives her time to art, whether it be music, literature, painting, or the art of home-making, her success in life becomes a matter of much doubt to the very practical minded, and her education is regarded rather as a waste of time and money. Her severest censure is that, "she owes it to her parents to repay them." Who can deny that the graduate student is indebted to her parents? But are such debts payable in silver dollars? If money is the end in

view, to spend four or five years, unfruitful in the material sense, indeed as a constant debtor, would be an impediment in the onward struggle. The test of culture, of true development is not the amount of material wealth it can accumulate. It is not concerned with cities, railroads, or telegraphy, but with intelligence, reason, soul. There were no telephones nor policewomen in Athens, the beautiful.

Those who recognize education only as a servant to practical purposes show an ignorance of the essence of culture. They do not realize that life without an approach to the ideal, without an appreciation of the noble, and the beautiful, is pitifully barren. "The perfection of the mind is not less divine than the perfection of the heart. It is as good to know as it is to hope, to believe, to love."

What kind of a woman will education produce? This is the primary question. Woman is not born with knowledge, she is "made" by education—by that which she receives, by that which she gives herself. With knowledge as a foundation, she erects her stronghold of self-education. Knowledge in itself does not constitute education. It is the matter or means through which habits of thought and life are formed. If learning then is not the all important element,—if character stands higher, it is a girl's duty to choose that training best fitted for character development. Many will try to smooth the way for her, they will warn her of the rugged crags, but she herself must tread the path, to know,—to form her own judgments and profit by the learning. In judging

the value of knowledge, we observe its effect upon the conduct of life. "The perfect woman is not merely a knower and thinker, but she is also one who lays hold on life and *does* as well as she thinks."

Why should the intellectual development of the girl of to-day occasion such grave consideration? If she is eager for enlightenment she will surely grasp the first opportunity of procuring it. Why then should we concern ourselves with those who seem contented in their ignorance? It is because of the influence they bear in the home, and to the whole body of society. Seventy-five per cent of our girls will become mothers, and as mothers, one of their primary duties lies in the education of children. Incompetency or a careless disregard of this duty handicaps not only the child but the state as well. We do not ask a carpenter to erect a seven or an eight story building for us until we have engaged a mason to lay the foundation. Neither should we expect the state to develop an ideal citizen out of the child who has not been taught the basic principles of human conduct.

Moral training, so essential and yet so delicate an operation, is entrusted almost entirely to woman. The purity and constancy of woman's ideals are acknowledged by man as one of her most potent charms, as the inspiring element in her nature. She has a twofold task,—to perfect her own moral being, and to aid in the general development of humanity, which she represents in union with men. Man's influence in the world always has been and always will be physical and intellectual. Woman's influence just as surely always has been and always will be ethical. She determines the morality and the refinement of the world. Bearing this in mind, the college girl should choose the course embodying the true appreciation of life and its purpose. Ethics, philosophy and literature constitute the three essentials of a woman's education. The clear, definite, and uncompromising elements of philosophical study dispel vagueness of thought and encourage accuracy and precision in the feminine mind. Literature, for its cultural value and as a reflection of life, should form part of every girl's training, no matter what course she may adopt for specialization. More than this, it includes two particular forms which enter largely into the social life of woman, the novel and the drama. Women are the novel readers and theater-goers of the world, and as such, determine

the moral standard to which fiction and the play must conform. This alone is a field for feminine influence, even larger, more potent than the ballot affords. So if the human race would have clean wholesome diversions, the task of preventing licenses depends upon the countenance or disapproval of the feminine population.

Bishop Spalding has characterized civilization as synonymous with the position of woman. "She has been the very keynote of the rise and fall of nations." Why have the Christian countries advanced more rapidly than the pagan peoples? The Chinese have the distinction of being one of the oldest historic peoples who encouraged learning, but their ideals were material and soul-less. This vast race so neglected its women that they can scarcely be spoken of at all with regard to "position." In India, the degradation of women is still lower. Several years ago only one per cent could read or write.

During the most brilliant period of the Athenian rule, women, who were not classed as slaves or *hetaerae*, were simply mothers or housekeepers. But in spite of rigid barriers, we find instances where some of the more self-assertive women defied the social conventions, to enter the realm of learning, where they were acknowledged leaders. The Lesbian Sappho, one of the greatest of lyric poets, asserted her freedom and won recognition and fame throughout the kingdom.

In Rome we find the suffragette prefigured. Many of the women took an active part in politics, indeed, Messia Castula, noted for her intellect and administrative ability, was chosen as one of the two chief magistrates of the Roman possessions in Africa,—as a *duumvira*. In Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, Rome knew its highest type of motherhood. Reputed as one of the most beautiful types of intellectual women, she was especially famous for her maternal devotion.

Paganism counteracted the effects of culture and when Christianity appeared in Rome the position of women was so low that the whole social body threatened to fall with the decadence of morality. However, the doctrines of Christianity restored the monogamous marriage and dignified it as a sacrament. With the veneration of the Mother of God, woman regained the honor and respect due her. In the Blessed Virgin the world has found the highest representation of noble womanhood,—the ideal of human perfection.

Though Rome fostered pagan doctrines and encouraged great intellects under paganism, she also gave to the world some of its most notable Christian figures. To St. Jerome, we owe the Latin version of the Scriptures. He gratefully acknowledges the influence of Paula and her daughter Eustochium, who assisted him with their extraordinary familiarity of Latin, Greek and Hebrew. St. Jerome submitted his works to them for criticism and suggestive modifications, even though the pharisaical men of his time censured him for trusting to a woman's intellectual ability a literary undertaking so important and intricate.

The characteristic of the Middle Ages, from the downfall of Rome in 476 A. D. until the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, was "chivalry," with woman as the object. The gallant knights spent so much time in battle and training for warfare that intellectual culture would have suffered even more retardment than it did, had not women come to its rescue. The convents and the monasteries became the homes of learning. Here the Scriptures, and the masterpieces of Greece and Rome remained undisturbed by the turmoil of the world. Practically the only schools for girls were the convents, and these were open to both rich and poor. St. Hilda, the foundress and abbess of a celebrated convent at Whitby, developed her school into the foremost "center of learning and culture" in Britian; and so great was her reputation for knowledge that priests, bishops, princes, and even kings came to her for counsel in matters of Church and state. To develop her own being, and to lend a guiding hand to others,—this is the true mission of womanhood,—a mission which St. Hilda never neglected for a single day.

The revival of learning, which characterized the Renaissance period, did not favor men alone; in Italy it was termed the "Golden age of women." The Italian universities were impartial in conferring their degrees and professorships; to them a cultivated mind enhanced the graces and virtues of woman.

The civil war marks the period of woman's awakening in America. Until this time the mothers and daughters of our country were striving to create a habitable settlement out of a strange wilderness. The education of pioneer days was an inheritance handed down from father to son, in much the same manner as the preservation of folklore. We owe a debt of gratitude to these

first settlers, in that they constructed the foundation of our modern culture when they created the American home.

The wheels of civilization steadily revolved with the increase of our resources, and we were beginning to feel self-elation and confidence in our own ability, when the Civil War suddenly loomed up, threatening the very basis of the country's existence. Men hastily took up arms to fight for their cause, leaving the women-folks to care for their property and business interests. The women themselves did not know their own capabilities in industrial and executive lines, until the war brought out these qualities.

The woman of the re-united states is not less graceful than was her mother, but she is more vigorous. She has not less refinement, but more strength. Self-reliance has been learned in the hard school of necessity, and the American woman has proved herself equal to meet new conditions.

"If she speaks less of patriotism in peaceful times, in the hour of danger the white light flashes from her soul." The bugle sounds its call once more, appealing this time to the motherhood of every nation. It summons to war,—not to a war of men,—but of men, women, and children; and all have joined in the duty of patriotism. Now if ever, the women of education can repay America an hundred fold. The government does not doubt woman's ability, indeed it so trusts in her power to rise to the need, that a call has been sent out for volunteers to refill the positions left vacant by competent men of the world. Our American women have responded so loyally in giving of the best they have, that when this tremendous strife is at an end, commentators will record in the pages of history, : To the valiant men and women who sacrificed themselves in the world's greatest war, do we owe the establishment of peace and harmony among nations.

ERMA SAGENDORPH, '18.

ANOTHER DAY.

WITH hands uplifted to the crest of morn,
Shrouded in haze made golden by the sun,
With heart atune to birds' gay rising song
I stand. Another day for me is born.

With empty hands the radiant night I meet,
Clothed in the twilight and the gathering mist,
Shimmering in the Sun's last golden light,
Another day slips from me incomplete.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '19.

SONNET.

A FRAGILE craft, upon the ocean's roll
 Has ventured hopefully and free from fear,
 The pilot bold, 'neath smiling sky and clear,
 Heeds not the breaking surf, nor lurking shoal.
 A placid calm, a distant sun-flecked goal
 Invite him and, if raging waves appear,
 He prays a peaceful haven may be near,
 And struggles on with valiant, faithful soul.

Each tiny bark leaves harbor for the sea,
 Where boundless waters toss its helpless shell,
 But through Life's smiles or frowns, its trusting plea
 Ascends to Heaven; and soon fair breezes swell
 Its drooping sails; and toward Eternity
 The captain guides his vessel straight and well.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

THE MORALITY OF HUMAN THOUGHT.

ETHICS teaches that there are two perfect societies, the Church and the State, to both of which by the law of nature all men must belong. It is the purpose of the State to secure the temporal-welfare of the community, to secure for all the enjoyment of social and political good. It is the proper function of the Church to conduct men to the enjoyment of eternal good, to the attainment of their final end, everlasting happiness. Hence, in fulfilling its purpose the State properly concerns itself with the conduct of the individual only in so far as his acts relate to the common good. Of moral rectitude it aims to maintain "so much as is necessary for the external peace and happiness of the commonwealth," not the measure that is required for the complete perfection and happiness of the individual in view of the world to come. The Church in its much more important and far-reaching mission, takes into consideration not only the acts of men that bear upon the good of others, but also acts that concern only the individual himself. The spiritual society considers individual and private morals, as these help or hinder man in the attainment of his final destiny. The Church concerns herself not with social crimes only, as does the State, but also and especially with sin as it is an offense of the individual against God.

Socialism with its denial of individual morality and of the distinction between essential right and wrong; the prevalence of the belief that whatever a man thinks concerning religion and morals is true and good for him, and various other forms of erratic thought have brought about a weakening, almost an obliteration of the sense of sin,

as sin, in the present-day world. The Church of God, however, still exists fulfilling her Divine mission of teaching truth, and she teaches emphatically that there is such a thing as sin, defining it as, "any wilful thought, word, deed, or omission contrary to the law of God."

Her doctrine of sin is clear, common-sense, and logical. It does not consider a man guilty of acts performed unconsciously or inadvertantly. It makes a distinction between material and formal evil. The three conditions, without any one of which there can be no grave sin, are, grievous matter, sufficient reflection, and full consent of the will. If the matter of an act is gravely evil, but the agent does not know or suspect it to be so, there is only material evil in the commission of the act. If, for example, as witness against another on trial for a capital offense, a man makes a false and weighty statement against the accused, not knowing it to be false, there is material sin only. There is no formal, culpable sin. But, if he knows that his testimony is false and gives it intentionally, he is criminally guilty. There is formal sin for which he is gravely responsible. The formal element, the knowledge of the evil and the willing of it, makes the sin culpable. Both the intellect and the will play a necessary part in the commission of sin, for the will is a blind faculty and can act only in the light of the intellect. The illumination of the intellect showing the act to be evil does not, however, necessitate the evil act of the will. Its freely-given consent is necessary before there can be sin. An act to be a sin must be voluntary, must be freely willed. So it is with thought, which the Church includes in her definition of sin. Before it is a sin, it must be freely willed. That a thought has a moral quality, that it cannot be moral or indifferent, and that it may be a sin is, however, commonly overlooked, even by many people who understand well the sinfulness of evil acts.

Psychology defines thought as every activity of the intellect or, more specifically, according to Mark Baldwin, as "The mental processes of comparing, judging, and reasoning." These processes, however, include other activities such as reflection and attention. Unless the thinking is unconscious, reflection is a necessary activity accompanying it; if we are conscious of our thinking, if we know we are thinking, there is reflection. And, there can be no thought without attention.

That the will may enter into thinking and either

continue or banish a thought presented to consciousness, we learn from our own individual experience, which furnishes strong and convincing proof that the will has this power. Father Maher, in his "Psychology" considers the consciousness of being able deliberately to banish a thought so universal an experience that he employs it under his proofs from consciousness for the freedom of the will. If a man thinks of the probable outcome of the present war, and is conscious of the fact that he is thinking, he may either continue the thought or not as he chooses. One has only to make the experiment to see that it is within the power of the will to direct thought, and that, consequently, thought may be voluntary. In the Old Testament we find instances of punishment for thought. The Second Book of Kings, for example, records the punishment of David for his thought. There was nothing wrong in his numbering the people, but the vain thought and pride in his mind brought down God's vengeance upon him in the form of a pestilence, which, thought lasting but three days, occasioned the death of seventy thousand of his people. It is unreasonable to think that such punishment could have been inflicted upon him if his mere thought had been indeliberate. The thought must have been voluntary and evil.

Practically all believe that an act may be evil, understanding by an act a movement producing an effect in the sensible world. But very many do not understand that a thought, too, may be evil, being an act. Deliberate thought is indeed as truly a human act as any that the human person can perform. Moral Philosophy defines a human act as one which proceeds from man's rational nature, that is, from his intellect and will. In this sense voluntary thought is essentially a human act, being the effect of the deliberate exertion of the intellect. Being a human act, it has of necessity a moral quality, for no human act is indifferent or moral. St. Thomas, with whom most theologians agree, maintains convincingly that there can be no indifferent deliberate acts in the concrete. A deliberate thought must be either good or bad, it may be so as truly as any act of the sensible sort.

A thought may be evil in itself. The basis of distinction between moral right and wrong is that an action is good if it leads a man towards his ultimate end; and bad, if it leads him away from it. "A morally good act," according to Father Rickaby in his "Moral Philosophy," "is

an act that makes towards the progress of human nature in him who does it, and which is freely done. Similarly, a morally evil act is a bar to progress or a diversion of it from the right line, being also a free act." We have seen that a thought may be a human act. With these facts in mind it is not difficult to see how a thought may be evil; how it may be a bar to the progress of human nature in him who thinks it. For example, thoughts of anger or hatred hinder a man's progress toward his ultimate end. They are contrary to his rational nature, to the progressive perfection of his being, and they interfere more or less according to their gravity with his ultimate happiness. The detrimental physical effects of these thoughts indicate that they are not in harmony with man's nature. When thoughts are contrary to or detrimental to man's higher nature, to his reason, it is clear that they are evil; and that thoughts of anger and hatred are so is certain. Instances have often occurred in which thoughts became so powerful as temporarily to deprive the person of the use of reason. This is a fact from common experience. Reason itself tells us that they are unreasonable and detrimental to reason, and experience verifies it. The same may be said of various other classes of thought. Of the ten commandments two forbid explicitly certain kinds of thought as evil. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," and "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods" are express commands against thoughts of impurity, avarice and dishonesty. These laws of conduct from Revelation strengthen and confirm the conclusions of reason. It is clear that a thought may be evil; reason, experience, and Revelation attest it.

Moreover, there is an impelling force in thought, strongly tending to materialize it in action. All those who have studied somewhat the laws and forces that influence character, whether they are concerned with them in the formation or reformation of character, realize the potential motor force in thought, and its effect upon character. Social workers who are trying to improve the conditions of those in the lower strata of society—the man who has failed, the outcast, and the criminal—find as the great barrier to their success the thoughts in the minds of these persons. Reformers have seen that a man's thoughts go far in determining his character. Those, too, whose aim is to give moral training, to build character, and to inculcate high ideals realize the significance of this truth. They base their work

upon the Scriptural truth concerning a man and his thought: "as he thinketh in his heart, so he is." If his thoughts are evil, he is evil; if they are good he is good. Therefore, parents and teachers try to give the child ideals and interests that will occupy his mind and exclude thoughts of evil. Men who write "inspirational books" for the young insist on right thinking as a means to right living. Orison Swett Marden, to mention but one of these numerous writers, in "He Can Who Thinks He Can" insists upon a man's continually thinking thoughts of self-esteem, courage, and success if he wishes to win out in the struggle of life. Likewise, in "Purity is Power" he urges purity of thought, and the cultivation of interests of various kinds as the way of avoiding impurity of thought, and, consequently impurity of life. All of these people insist upon right thinking, because they know that thought makes or mars a man, and that it is likely, even sure, to express itself in action.

This tendency of thought to work itself out into action we may term the *ideo-motor* aspect of thought. To take an extreme example of this peculiarity of thought, we might consider the case of a man standing at the top of a tower three hundred feet from the ground. He thinks of what a terrible thing it would be to fall; he continues to think about it; the idea possesses him, and he falls. Shakespeare gives us many examples of this tendency of thought, the most notable, perhaps, being that of Othello, whose brooding jealousy drove him to murder. In our moral actions thought plays the same role that it does in the conduct of a Hamlet or an Othello. Thought makes the motive presented to the will so strong, that we act upon it. It is the belief of all who hold to the freedom of the will that the will always accepts the strongest motive, but that a man is free to make strongest whatever motive he chooses by attention to it, that is, by thinking of it. In the ultimate analysis, it is thought that brings about the action of the will. Because of Germany's vast military equipment before the war, it was said of her, "If you load, you're apt to explode." The tendency of thought is analagous to this: "If you think, you're apt to do." Thought whether good or evil leads by a direct route to action.

All acts for which we are responsible begin in our thought. We can do no act deliberately without thinking of it first. We have seen that sufficient reflection is a necessary element in sin,

that the intellect points the way for the will, and that there must be knowledge of the evil. All this implies the activity of the intellect, attention, reflection, judging, and reasoning, in short, thought. Without the thought there would be no human act. The original motive presented to the will gains force by the application of thought, and finally causes the act. Thomas á Kempis in the *Imitation* expresses the causal relation of thought to action thus: "For first a bare thought comes to mind, then a strong imagination; afterwards delight and evil motion and consent," So it is in every human act, the thought precedes the act, and is related to it, we may say, as cause is to effect.

It is plain now that voluntary thought has moral quality. It is an act, a human act proceeding from intellect and will. Every human act has a moral quality, and in admitting that a thought may be a human act, we admit that it may be good or bad, and meritorious or demeritorious. The effect of thought upon character is tremendous, and is widely recognized to be so. It is the initial point of an act, and a man who deliberately harbors the thought of an act has taken the first step in that act. We may say he has willed its cause. The thought will lead him more or less directly to the commission of the act. These facts, then, that a thought is a human act; that it influences character, and readily works itself out into action are proof sufficient that it has a moral quality, that it is either good or sinful. Those Ethicians who fail to recognize this, either ignoring or overlooking it, are in serious error, practically permitting evil and the cause of evil. The Church, on the other hand, always teaching the truth, says expressly that a thought may be a sin, and in her system of Ethics takes full cognizance of the morality of thought. The negative side of the moral law in her interpretation of it is not only do no evil and speak no evil, but also and equally think no evil.

MARIE E. KURTENBACH, '18.

PILLOWS.

PERHAPS you've heard
Of cushions round and square,
Of pillows soft
And cool, and light as air;
But none of these
Is e'er a lure to me,
Except at morn
When bells shriek fiendishly.

C. V.

UNTO MY QUEEN.

THE Lord beheld a maiden Queen
 And knew her to be fair,—
 A virgin she, whose interceding voice
 Would plead,
 In answer to a loyal subjects' prayer
 The mother of His Only Son,—
 The King of hosts decreed,
 Should be the Queen of Everlasting Life,
 A guiding Light to souls in need.

Ascending on the blue of Heaven's path
 She looked below,
 And dropped her wreath of purest virtues twined,
 That earth might know
 Nobility in womankind.

Each year the seeds spring up anew,
 In token of her memory,—
 The violet breathes modesty,
 And lilacs tell of charity and faith,
 While fragrant apple blossoms symbolize
 The simple purity of soul
 That shone in Mary's eyes.

The sweet melodious word
 Of Mary's own Magnificat
 Took wing and soared
 Into the pale of the sky,—
 A host of thrilling birds,
 Who sing again
 That wonderful refrain,—
 "My soul doth magnify the Lord."
 The fragile blossoms of the earth,
 The little songsters of our world,
 Are lowly from their birth,
 The least of God's creative Hand;
 But He has sent them from above,
 To radiate the beauty of His love.

I pray that Mary's grace
 May find in me
 A humble dwelling place,
 Reflecting Light and Life, O God, from Thee.

ERMA SAGENDORPH, '18.

DELIBERATE VILLAINS IN SHAKESPEARE.

TO the artist every subject has in it something of beauty, something of artistic merit; crime has its Nemesis and outraged justice its retribution. Shakespeare, the greatest of dramatic artists, has embodied, with a skill that is peculiarly his own, crime in its different aspects in the persons of the three immortal villains,

Edmund, Iago, and Richard. They are masterpieces worthy of the hand that gave them being. What they lack in moral goodness is made up by their perfection as artistic creations. Their crimes are horrifying but not crude; their villainy repels and yet defies criticism.

Edmund is the youngest of these deliberate villains. He embodies all the characteristics of a headstrong youth, ruled merely by his animal passions and lacks the intellectual finesse, the complete mastery of will, that characterize Iago and Richard. Nature is his goddess and with her assistance he hopes to gain what he considers his right, in spite of his illegitimate birth. In fact, the sting of illegitimacy acts as a spur rather than an impediment to his plans. The love and uncalled for generosity of his too fond father he uses for his own purposes against his noble minded brother. That his plans are successful for a time, is due rather to luck than to any carefully planned scheme of action. His utter disregard of Gonderil and Regan, though unimportant in the play, shows forth his philosophy of life. Of splendid physique, young, vigorous, handsome, gallant, he feels keenly the loss of an honorable birth but he does not allow this to interfere with his schemes. He spurns that he may not be spurned. Yet much as we dislike his ingratitude to his aged father we pity him, misguided youth who would withstand the world. He appeals when he most repels.

In strong contrast to Edmund is Iago, the most despicable of Shakespeare's villains. Though but a few years older than Edmund, he represents the sleek, smooth-tongued man of the world. His predominant fault is a deep-seated egotism, which so blinds him to the true value of things, that even his superior intellect becomes effected by it. Crime is so successful that he doubts if virtue really exists. If it does, he is convinced that it is only in the unsophisticated and simple. Yet, although he had destroyed Othello's faith in Desdemona and impoverished Roderigo with the utmost ease, failure comes from a source where he least expects it. Emilia, his own wife betrays him that justice might triumph. When failure greets him, his supreme egotism it is that saves him. If he must die, he will do so in the manner that befits a

master of villainy. No word of regret or remorse passes his lips, no shadow of doubt or hesitancy is visible in his action. His exit from this life is as baffling as were his crimes during life.

The crowning achievement of Shakespeare's portrayal of villainy is Richard III. A man, dead to every semblance of virtue, he is endowed with an intellect so powerful, a will so magnetic, that his very name instills fear. That these marvelous attributes of mind and will should be embodied in a deformed hunchback is but further proof of Shakespeare's triumphant genius. Nothing external must play any part in Richard's phenomenal success; everything must come from within. There is no gradual development of character. Richard is from the beginning wickedness incarnate. His mother says:

"Techy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred."

For his wickedness we can discover no underlying purpose or cause. He is determined to be a villain, for villainy's sake. Crime, to him, is an art, whose every detail he has mastered, whose hideousness he exults in. The position of power, in which he is placed, gives his villainy a wider scope, a more extended influence. Kings are puppets in his hands; he makes and unmakes heirs; the state itself is a game which he plays

at his pleasure. Fearing nothing, there is nothing he will not dare. The sheer bravado of his undertakings insures their success. There is something uncanny, preternatural even in Richard's magnetic personality. He instills fear and yet instinctively everyone is drawn toward him. No one seems to escape this influence. His courtship of Anne is perhaps the best example of this magnetism. Having killed her husband and father-in-law, at the very bier of the latter, he not only asks but receives the hand of the woman whom he has most injured.

Nothing human impedes the course of Richard's villainy. Not until the supernatural plays a part, in the visit of the ghosts of those he murdered, does Nemesis finally overtake him, a Nemesis as ideal as the villainy to which it must mete out justice. In one night, during a sleep that should refresh and strengthen him, Richard is made a wreck of shattered humanity. His failure at Bosworth field is mere anti-climax; his ruin is complete before he leaves his tent.

Thus Shakespeare weaves into his chronicle of villainy a moral lesson that no tale of rewarded virtue could so forcibly teach. We are given not only a picture of crime but a portrait of Nemesis that excels, if possible, the crime itself. The play that opened with peace is closed in the same holy atmosphere. Evil lives its little day and sinks into nothingness while Truth and Peace remains, glorious in their immortality.

NANCY DALY, '19.

TO PETRARCH.

I KNOW when duty calls I must obey,
And cast aside the thought that I'm abused.
I've looked in vain for words that can be used
To imitate the Master of the day;
So Petrarch, that is why I sit and say,
You are the guilty one whom I accused
Of making students get their thoughts confused.
O, Sonneteer! You've filled me with dismay:
Alas! I've failed to make a Sonnet fair,
And yet I feel my debt to you is penned.
My task is finished, so with heartfelt prayer
To you, poet of genius great, I send; For recompense I find
In being asked to follow such a mind.

RUTH BEATTY, '18.

COMPANIONSHIP.

DOWN a dear sunlit path you led the way,
 For I was small. My fingers clasped your hand
 The while you, smiling, taught me loveliness
 And truth. Then I began to understand;
 Then I began to know your tender love,
 And wondered. Heedless, I returned you nought
 When lo! you left me. Through a sudden gate
 You fled in haste. Alone, afraid I sought
 In vain an entrance. Bitter loneliness!
 Death, who thought love's golden chain to break
 But strengthened it. For now you know the fears
 And hopes my lips speak not. When I forsake
 Some task, your hand restrains, and from afar
 Your voice commands—My Mother still, you are!

MAY AGNES HILLEKE, '18.

JUST A WOMAN.

"I have often wondered," said Aunt Jane, "just how I happened to be in the Public Morgue on that day, but it seems that there was an accident that morning of strange interest to the city. On a downtown street a moderately well-dressed woman of middle-age had lifted a child from the path of a truck and had been knocked over before the machine came to a standstill. The bystanders thought at first that she was not seriously hurt, but when they came to pick her up, she was dead. Her head had struck the curb in such a way as to cause instant death. She could not be identified, so she was taken to the Public Morgue and there she lay before the gaze of the morbid and curious. At first my heart ached to think that a woman had to be without the shelter of a home, but she lay there so calm and peaceful that I could not pity her. Even in death there was a power in her face that drew your eyes; you felt that respect would be her portion always, regardless of where she went. I wondered if she was a modern working woman as there was no ring on her left hand or whether she kept some one else's home, but no one could answer my questions. She was given Catholic burial because there was a rosary in her pocket.

"The incident had so impressed me that I decided to await developments and in several months the simple story of her life was told. Her father had failed in business when she was eighteen years of age, and had died from the shock, so she was

forced to support her delicate mother. She had entered a small office and remained there. In the meantime her mother died and she was left quite alone, since her father's failure had separated her from her former friends. She had been rooming in the poorer residence district and her landlady had started the first inquiry which led to her identification after her burial."

Aunt Jane paused and we were so disappointed, because it was such a commonplace story and Aunt Jane usually had something out of the ordinary to tell us. We wanted to see if there was anything more and when she saw our faces she smiled.

"No children," she resumed, "there was something else for I rather felt myself that such a life would be more apt to leave only weariness on a woman's face. I heard that before her father's death, she and her mother often planned a trip to Rome to visit St. Peter's, and while the cherished dream had to be abandoned for the time it was never given up. When the mother was dying, she turned to her daughter and said, 'Pray for my soul in St. Peter's, child.' From then on it became the object of her life. She saved and planned and had almost fifteen hundred dollars laid by when a cousin came and told her of his approaching failure and his family's disgrace if he could not secure the money. Of course the fifteen hundred went with him. She had no family and how could she refuse to help another's. The saving had to be begun over and after more weary years, the goal was again in sight, when her mother's niece had to have the money to continue her daughter's musical education in Europe. It would all be paid in a short time when her daughter was famous. Shortly after this she met her death in saving the child. She had been living apart in another world and was doing her daily work because it was duty, with her heart and interest under the shadow of St. Peter's. Now I no longer wonder what had stamped her face, nor feel any lack when I recall the absence of friends or relatives about her body. She was alone and beyond the usual conventions, and there was nothing more to add. At last she was resting for her quest was complete and in her face could be seen the perfection of its ending."

We left Aunt Jane musing over the nobility of this simple, hidden life, hoping that ours too might be heroic and full of sacrifice.

ADELAIDE HOPFINGER, '19.

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE.

COME, gaze, my heart, on life's morning light
 And in its promise find a milestone true,
 That it may serve to keep your honor bright—
 Soul, life is good for you!

Be glad to live, it gives you chance to love;
 It gives you chance to think, to work, to play,
 To reach what ultimate joy we know not of,
 Why turn this joy away?

Excepting cowardice, there is no fear,
 See, how your friends with honor play their part,
 Filling your days with strength and love and cheer,
 Linking you heart to heart.

Now dwell upon the things that you have learned
 Of our Lord and His beatitude,
 And to the patient teachers once concerned,
 Soul, speak sweet gratitude.

From out life's training school to womanhood
 You turn, with lessons which must never cease
 To stand for strength, and hope, and what is good
 Upon the path to peace.

LORETTO BROUSSARD, '18.

TONE COLOR IN VERSE.

IT is commonly granted that poetry, especially the lyric species, is made to be sung rather than to be read merely, just as the play is made to be played, and it is in the chanting of verse that we get its full chime and tone. "Poetry," says Chatfield, "is the music of thought conveyed to us in the music of language."

The human voice, with its capacity for combining, varying, coloring and shading, is the most wonderful of musical instruments. The harp with its soft melodies, the lyre with its thrilling notes, the horn with its blast, the bugle with its stirring call, even the great organ with its multitudinous variations, from the quivering treble to its rumbling bass, are all, as compared to the human voice, very restricted in range, grandeur, flexibility, sweetness, and expressiveness.

The real part is not only a master in thought and feeling, but a master in the expression of thought and feeling as well; as such he avails himself of all the possibilities of his medium. The human voice at its best is his instrument for which he provides a music that will call into play the most expressive combinations of its harmonies. He is, in other words, a master in all those "trifles" that make perfection, and perfection, as the great Angelo observed, is no trifle.

Very few people, very few lovers of poetry even understand the various devices by which the finer effects in poetry are achieved. Many verifiers, indeed, do not understand fully the subtle capabilities of the measured line, or the careful combinations by which feeling and harmony and loveliness are imparted to the stanzas of a great poem. Most persons are under the delusion that

poems are just the sheer outbursts of a poet's ethereal rapture and intoxication. They think that the charm, the grace, and the power of a poem is but the transfiguration of a muse who dictates the immortal numbers to the listening poet as fast as he can write them down. They do not realize that there are any number of little tricks of trade in the poet's profession as well as in that of any other artist. The Pegasus of the real songster is harnessed with more or less hard labor by numerous contraptions and contrivances. It is with just one or two of the details of the poet's craftsmanship in his work of harnessing his thought that we shall be concerned. The means of expression for poetic thought are many and important. For effecting in verse the harmony, emotion, and beauty that will hold and charm the reader, vowel tonecolor and alliteration are perhaps the most efficient. These two devices lend to the lines of the master the color and erredescence by which they are immortalized.

True it is that "Genius, the divine gift, is the first condition of poetic success," but genius without art is futile. By the service of sounds that enliven the inner sense of the imagination, by the employment of sonorous vowels and assonatal words, and by the use of alliterative consonants producing a happy accord between the rhythm of sound and the rhythm of feeling the poet achieves the highest degree of artistic expression for poetic thought. This tone color is the expression of thought in the language best suited to the nature of the thought. It gives melody, tenderness, and suggestiveness to poetry. It is the harmonious fusing of sense and sound, and yet it must be achieved in such a way that it will not obtrude itself upon our attention. Vowel tone

color in verse gives a spiritual suggestiveness and a pictorial effectiveness to the lines. The vowels are manipulated to produce light and repose and lullaby tones. They constitute the shade and toning in which the poet pictures realities. By them the poet woos our interest and wins our appreciation of the vision he sets into verse for our delight. It is the soul of the seer expressed in his song. Tone color is to verse "what the fragrance is to the rose, what the gorgeous hues are to the golden sunset, and what the tints are to the rainbow,"—it is the finer poetry of the poem. It is by these tone colors of his verse that the poet makes his thoughts and versing perennial. The tone color is rather a necessary element in the highest poetic expression. In the first line of Dorothy Margaret Stuart's poem, *Prima Vera*, "The hand of God is on the harp of Spring," we have an exquisite illustration of the tone-color effect; the poet's wonderful accord of sound and thought. "Lines like this are unforgettable, first because the poetic thought is so fine and secondly because the thought is so finely expressed." Tone color is a notable feature of English poetry, but we seldom find lines in which the sounds are so artistically combined. In this line of *Prima Vera*, action, emotion and spiritual suggestiveness are all heightened and blended in the single but wonderful alliteration and in the vowel effects. It is one of those lines expressive of the "grandeur straight from the artist's soul." Only a real poet of highest thought and keen sensibilities could write such a line in such perfect toning.

The Bible is one big book of tone color combined with so many excellencies that it is scarcely perceptible as a distinct element, illustrating to the best advantage Quintillian's splendid observation "the perfection of art is to conceal art."

In this very fine sentence of poetic praise by Blake, "Every blade of grass in the fields is measured; the green cups and the colored crowns of every flower are curiously counted; the stars of the firmament wheel in cunningly calculated orbits; even the storms have their laws," we can easily note the artistic effect of which the consonants are capable.

Poetry by means of these finer effects lights up the old beauties of every day life, glorifies the prosy commonplace of thought and feeling, enriching them with meanings and associations, thereby lending them a charm we had never suspected.

MARY ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

STARS.

THE star world traces God's omnipotence,
In golden letters on the page of night,
In radiant beauty, the faint counterpart
Of His eternal throne of blinding light.

Within the tender starlike depths of human eyes
There shines a soul, lit with the hope of paradise.

NANCY DALY, '19.

GYPSY-LORE.

REINING his horse beneath a low, citron-tree close to the road, Mantis turned in his saddle and looked towards the city which he had just left. There Jerusalem lay nestled among her hills and to the south stretched the Tyroporan Valley, into which his Caravan had already entered.

The Ismaelites had donned their brilliant kerchiefs and flaming sashes and loaded their camels with spices, and balm, and myrrh. These mysterious "spoilt children of nature" again had heard her voice and had gone gypsing into her great garden to touch and dream of her beauties.

Mantis, passionate and jealous, had quarreled with his love that morning and, caring not to meet her for a time, had lingered in the city and now following their checkered trail, had halted his horse and slouched on "Jip," lazily dreaming—dreaming of his sweet-heart. He was determined that some day he would call Sara his romni and because she had laughed with another that morning, he had drawn his churi in madness and would have stabbed Antone, if she had not interfered.

But what was this coming—this surging mass of eager, turbulent Jews? As they drew nearer with their shouting and screaming of "make room for The King of the Jews," Mantis got down from his horse and drew a little nearer to the side of the rough, dusty road.

Ah, yes, back in the city, that morning he had heard the Jews speak of crucifying a Nazarene. That was what this crazed, hooting mob was on their way to do.

Silently, he watched them jeer and strike the Nazarene. He knew little about the Christ, but something in the ghastly face of this man, as he staggered past in his torn and bloody tunic, struck him with horror and a sense of the injustice of it all. Why did this crowd condemn

Him? Just then the crowd halted in its mad progress—men jostled and cursed one another in their effort to see what had happened. The condemned man had fallen under the cross. He was dragging on His shoulders. The two executioners dropped the box of nails and rope and hammers that they were carrying between them and rushed to the scene of confusion. The Roman soldiers cursed and shouted to a countryman to take up the cross and carry it for the helpless convict—the latter refused in pride and scorn. Mantis filled with pity, rushed before the Jews and offered to carry the Nazarene's trushul, but they scorned him and bade another, and a stranger, to carry the cross.

As Mantis turned away, he was confronted by two coarse-faced Artisans. They laughed scornfully—"An Ishmaelite does well to help a Nazarene"—as they stooped to take up their box of tools. Mantis, blind with rage, seized a hammer and lifted it to strike the foremost in the temple. The man cowered in fear—but Mantis, suddenly and strangely calm, dropped the tool harmlessly into the box as the Nazarene passed close beside him. Then he stooped swiftly and snatched one of the four cruel nails from the Artisan's box that the executioner's had set down, leaped to "Jip's" back and rode fiercely away with the angry words of the Jews still ringing in his ears.

On he rode, flushed and breathless until "Jip" turned abruptly in the rough road and came to a standstill. Then it was, that Mantis' proud head fell to his breast and his flashing eyes caught sight of the nail that he had clenched in his palm—he had pressed it into his very flesh in his passionate outburst.

Long he rested and slowly his thoughts turned to Sara and then he longed to please her with the shining nail, which he fondled in his hand. He would tell her of the day's incident, she would listen because she was fond of excitement and perhaps—she would again ride and laugh with him.

Late in the day, he spied the little semi-circular's black tent with the blue smoke curling from the top and he knew the round, black kettle was steaming. Coming nearer, he could see Sara sitting in the midst of a group of little children. She was weaving a basket, as she sang to them. She was beautiful with her tawny-colored skin and coal-black ringlets, and rightly deserved the name of "little Princess" as many of the older of the tribe called her.

Mantis was right, the amulet pleased Sara. But in the days that followed, he often wished that he had not told her so much of the incident with the Jews. He was superstitious, and often wondered if the little metal trinket, that she now wore around her throat had changed her from the wild, vivacious girl into this pensive woman. Very often, she begged him to repeat the story and always at the end she would vow that the precious nail would never leave her people—it possessed a charm she said and though they roamed the earth, they would be the children of a "Good Father" and the world was theirs to scatter flowers over.

True to the promise, that this Gypsy maider, made centuries ago, the nail has been treasured with almost religious reversion. Though this careful vagabond race has wandered into all climes, pursuing their nomadic occupations in a "cuckoo-like" existence, yet the tradition of the charm still lives.

So it is today when we stop along the way to listen to some Gypsy song or perhaps to have our fortune told, that these fascinating people will whisper to us that stealing is not wrong for a Gypsy, because it was an Ismaelite that took a nail that would have pierced Christ's tender flesh and pinned him to the gibbet.

CECELIA FITZGIBBON, '19.

MY TRUNK.

(COMMENCEMENT time, vacations days, and June,
The time for packing trunks at last is here!
Confusion and excitement reign supreme;
It is a time to every girl most dear.

Each garment folded in the battered trunk
Brings pleasant memories of days now past,
Of that old shiny uniform so worn
That it another year could never last.

And books with pages tattered, dirty, torn,
What veterans of bygone days are these,
What sharers of our lessons learned or missed,
What martyrs to the cause of Socrates!

My trunk is like a memory book of years,
Filled with such friends of cherished worth untold,
When passing years their grief and burden bring
What treasured school-girl memories it will hold!

MARGARET SULLIVAN, '18.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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SEPTEMBER, 1918

"FORWARD."

"Forward march," rings out the order and, on the instant, the soldier column stands ready to advance. In practice maneuvers they have been bidden to "right face" or "left face" but when the moment comes to charge every face must be set to the front. The signal given, the soldier may not turn to gaze behind. In the distance before him the enemy waits his coming; with stern, unflinching courage he marches on. Then, more than ever, when the fight is on, must he resolutely push forward in a deadly struggle for victory. Who shall say, in truth, what measure of the greatest general's conquests have been due to his soldiers' unwavering determination to "face forward" or die?

To the hero of battles, however, these words were not first spoken in military drill, much less at the hour of actual conflict. True, the words themselves may sound strange but the value of them has grown with his growth and is become a part of his life. How often as a boy, heart-broken over the ruin of a cherished plaything, his mother soothed him to sleep with the promise of another day and other toys. Later, in student days, impatient at the unchanging routine, he found compensation in his hopes of the future. Finally, when school days were over and he entered upon the training which placed him among the nation's defenders, the motto, "Forward march," did not cease to dominate every action. Encouraged by the thrill of victory, let him continue to gaze steadfastly ahead until he shall have fought his "last dim, weird battle" and eternal laurels are his.

THE VALUE OF HOLIDAYS.

To an extent more than we think, perhaps, we live from one holiday to another. What dreariness and monotony life would present with never a holiday! Pupils and students, away from home, look forward to Christmas and to Easter as times of change, of home-going, of rest and longed-for happiness. Thus they divide the year into three parts, and, since each part is only about three months, the time passes more quickly. Many surely would be discouraged if there were no breaks in the monotony of work; if nine months of perseverance stretched before then until the day of vacation would come. And if this is so with those attending school, how unbearable would be the dull passing of twelve months upon twelve months with no vacation at all? How dreadful indeed was the life of the ancient slave and persons of the lower class, when not even the religious observance of one day every week relieved the terrible routine of constant work!

It is certain that the observance of holidays is not a loss in final efficiency and production. They exert a wonderful moral stimulus, and increase energy and efficiency. They always furnish something to look forward to. They give zest to life in its varied aspects: religious, industrial, social and political. The feasts of the Church are spiritual holidays which give strength and stimulus. Industrial holidays, Labor day and the like, are landmarks in the grey lives of many a worker. Political holidays foster national pride, strengthen the national soul, nourish ideals, and cause the fire of patriotism to burn with renewed warmth. Holidays in general minister to the social and interior needs of man and soften the hard practicality of the necessity of striving always for cold material advancement.

SUBSTITUTES.

Substitutes are playing as conspicuous a part in our life today as camouflage is, in our vocabularies. We have found good and appropriate flours such as rice, barley and corn to take the place of our long coveted friend, the wheat. Even in the realms of oils and meats we are learning that substitutes will answer the purpose very well and will help us to do our part in winning the war.

Perhaps the most important substitute today is woman. As in the cases of the flours and other foods, necessity is compelling her to do and to

think things which a few years ago she would have regarded as impossible and far from genteel. It will take more time than it did for the flour and meat substitutes for her to prove her worth, but we feel sure that with the test of time her services will come to necessities and not mere substitutes.

LADY-LIKE JOBS.

Where have they gone to, these lady-like jobs? Vanished!—just evaporated with the other easy things of prosperity and peace. Before this war most girls considered that they had done a week's work, if they left their beds before ten o'clock, and condescended to go shopping with mother. Swimming, dancing, teas and dinners were the only jobs for a perfect lady. But this ideal, candy-pecked, society girl is no more. In her place there is a wonderfully developed Red Cross worker, a nurse, a radio-operator, or a staunch defender of America. The era of selfish ladies passed with a flash, and instead, the era of sacrificing women is here demanding our service.

SUMMER LECTURES AT ST. MARY'S.

Lectures by Mr. Shane Leslie and Mr. Frederick Paulding were among the most interesting literary events of the summer at St. Mary's. Mr. Leslie spoke on England's great cardinal, Manning, and apart from the speaker's standing and ability among English men of letters, his work on the life of Cardinal Manning, now in book form, gave to his lecture most unusual and valuable authority and detail.

Mr. Paulding spoke, in five consecutive lectures, on the contemporary drama, English, French, Italian, Belgian, and Spanish, exposing with his characteristic keenness of criticism the dominant and regrettable materialism and pessimism which marks all but the Spanish drama and pointing out the kindly human appeal of it. Mr. Paulding brings to his work all the qualities of a great thinker and a great actor and is easily among the truest and most fearless of literary critics of America today.

A series of lectures on Gregorian Chant was given by the Rev. C. Marshall, C. S. C., who conducted classes in the same course at the summer school at Notre Dame. The work included a

study of the essentials of Gregorian Chant, the proper of the Mass, Requiem and other Gregorian Masses.

Lieutenant Geo. Sauvage, C. S. C. gave one of his most interesting "war experience."

NOTES.

As the CHIMES goes to press St. Mary's is opening its doors for another ten months. Warmest greeting awaits the "old girls," and a hearty welcome is extended to the "new-comers."

The Summer School at N. D. U. and the Normal classes at St. Mary's were eagerly attended. There were no slackers, and despite the intense weather, enthusiasm never lessened.

Poor little "Charlie," the bob-tail, sweater-clad dog, a familiar figure at St. Mary's will be seen no more. He made his last raid on autos and the would-be captor became death's captive, July 9th.

After the much needed, longed for rain, St. Mary's driveway and lawns are wearing full "reception gowns."

Among the former students who visited St. Mary's during vacation were: the Misses H. Holland, M. Crull, M. Lambert, L. Scanlon, M. Radican, L. Clennon, E. Scott, G. Lyons, F. Lyon, S. Jobst, G. Montgomery, M. Graham, L. Voris, H. Mills, I. and S. Matthews and M. McNamara.

Congratulations and every best wish for the future St. Mary's offers in response to the marriage announcements of Anne Canale to Mr. Jack Welsh of Memphis, Tenn.; Dorothy Colling to Mr. William T. Coholan, New Britain, Conn.; Grace Abigail Lynch to Mr. Leo G. Pfaff, Monmouth, Ill.; Blanche Dessert to Patrick O. Stone, U. S. A.; Loraine Lenz to Lieut. William F. Carroll, Chicago, and Lillian Grace Burson to Lieut. Joseph G. Quinn, Jr., San Antonio, Texas.

St. Mary's sorrows with her grief stricken children, and offers loving sympathy to the bereaved relatives of Miss Minnie Walsh; Mr. W. C. Walsh devoted father of Miss Adelaide, and Mrs. Mary Clifford, the beloved mother of Maude Clifford-Casey and Miss Harriet Clifford; Mr. E. Herman, father of Hazel.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

RECEPTION.

Twice a year chief interest at St. Mary's centers in the Religious Reception, and on August 4 of this year that interest was increased by the fact that four members of the class of 1918 were among the candidates.

The retreat for Novices was conducted by the Rev. Joseph Boyle, C. S. C., and the ceremonies of reception were presided over by the Rev. Thomas Vagnier, C. S. C., chaplain, who also celebrated the Mass which followed.

Assisting at the Altar and in the Sanctuary were:

The Revs. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., Deacon; Louis Kelley, C. S. C., Subdeacon; W. R. Connor, Master of Ceremonies; Patrick Martin, O. S. B., Mark Brown, O. S. B., Albert Amstad, O. S. B., James Lauer, O. S. B., Benedict Brown, O. S. B., Augustine Studney, O. S. B., Gregory, O. S. B., D. J. Conway, Woodstock, Ill.; Joseph Brozz, Wm. Bolger, C. S. C., W. P. Lennartz, C. S. C., J. W. Donahue, C. S. C., T. P. Irving, C. S. C., Joseph Boyle, C. S. C., T. Burke, C. S. C., L. Carrico, C. S. C., M. Quinlan, C. S. C. and Cuthbert Hogan.

The following are the names of the young ladies who received the Habit, and those by which they will be known in religion:

Miss Frances Giraud, Austin, Texas, Sister M. Frances Eugene; Miss Gertrude Coburn, Taftville, Conn., Sister M. Anna Louise; Miss Catherine Waters, Riverdale, Md., Sister M. Ann Elizabeth; Miss Anna M. Lutman, Baltimore, Md., Sister M. Sylvia; Miss Cecilia Jaeger, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Sister M. Georganna; Miss Constance Semortier, South Bend, Ind., Sister M. Augustella; Miss Mary Czyzewska, South Bend, Ind., Sister M. Ehrentude; Miss Mary Daly, Philo, Ill., Sister M. Florentine; Miss Marie Kurtenbach, Peoria, Ill., Sister M. Anastasia; Miss Alice Murray, Rantoul, Ill., Sister M. Josepha Maria; Miss Mary McDougal, Falls City, Neb., Sister M. Francesca; Miss Marie McCabe, North Platte, Neb., Sister M. Clare Assisi; Miss Anna Gwynn, Oveton, Neb., Sister Rose Mary; Miss Marion Bruneau, Salt Lake City, Utah, Sister Marie de Lourde; Miss Mary McKaigue, Angels, California, Sister M. Marcellina.

On August 6 the novices who had completed their novitiate made temporary vows; they are:

Sister M. Ursulyn, Sister M. Hildegardis, Sister M. Frances Roma, Sister Marie Antionette, Sister M. Helen Rose, Sister Maria Gloria, Sister Stella Maria, Sister M. Floracita, Sister M. Christeta, Sister M. Placida, Sister M. Consolata, Sister M. Coronata, Sister M. Hermaneda, Sister M. Lumen, Sister M. Cora, Sister M. Gennaro, Sister M. Delphine, Sister M. Maude, Sister M. Rosalima.

PROFESSION.

The annual retreat for the Community of the Sisters of the Holy Cross was opened on the evening of August 8 by the Rev. Walter Drum, S. J. At its close on August 15, thirty-nine novices pronounced their perpetual vows. The Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D., Bishop of the diocese, in the name of the Church received the vows, and celebrated the pontifical Mass at the conclusion of the ceremonies. During the Mass the Bishop was assisted by the Revs. Joseph Boyle, C. S. C., and Bernard Mulloy, C. S. C., Deacons of Honor; Wm. Bolger, C. S. C., Deacon of the Mass; Jno. Farley, C. S. C., Subdeacon; Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., Assistant Priest, and W. R. Connor, Master of Ceremonies. The Rev. Father Drum delivered the sermon, taking his text from the second verse of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: "For I am jealous of you with the jealousy of God. For I have espoused you to one husband that I may present you a chaste virgin to Christ."

The novices admitted to vows were:

Sister M. Clarellen, Sister M. Leonessa, Sister M. Paola, Sister M. Judith, Sister M. Elena, Sister M. Gonsalvo, Sister M. Rafaelia, Sister M. Francella, Sister M. Constantine, Sister M. Dulcina, Sister M. Redempta, Sister M. Ita, Sister M. Rose Anne, Sister M. Ephrem, Sister M. Eligius, Sister M. Raymond, Sister M. Eymard, Sister M. Felicitas, Sister M. Inezetta, Sister M. Crocella, Sister M. Basilide, Sister M. Trinitas, Sister M. Modesta, Sister M. Lidwina, Sister M. Celestyn, Sister M. Estevan, Sister M. Freda, Sister M. Petra, Sister M. Veronique, Sister M. Justa, Sister M. Bartola, Sister M. Dominica, Sister M. Sanctina, Sister M. Maris, Sister M. Albana, Sister M. Emeliana, Sister M. Partricius, Sister M. Febronia, Sister M. Philomena.

Among the guests at St. Mary's for the day were: The Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. M. Cushnahan of Ogden, Utah; The Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Provincial; The Very Rev. J. J. French, C. S. C.; Revs. P. J. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., Washington, D. C.; T. P. O'Brien, Chicago; J. M. Schmitz, Union City, Ind.; D. A. Feely, Harvard, Ill.; J. A. Lynn, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Gustave Hottenroth, Goshen, Ind.; Cuthbert Hogan, New York; J. Fitzgerald, New York; E. Dillon; T. Vagnier, C. S. C.; L. Kelly, C. S. C.; Casimir Truczynski of South Bend.

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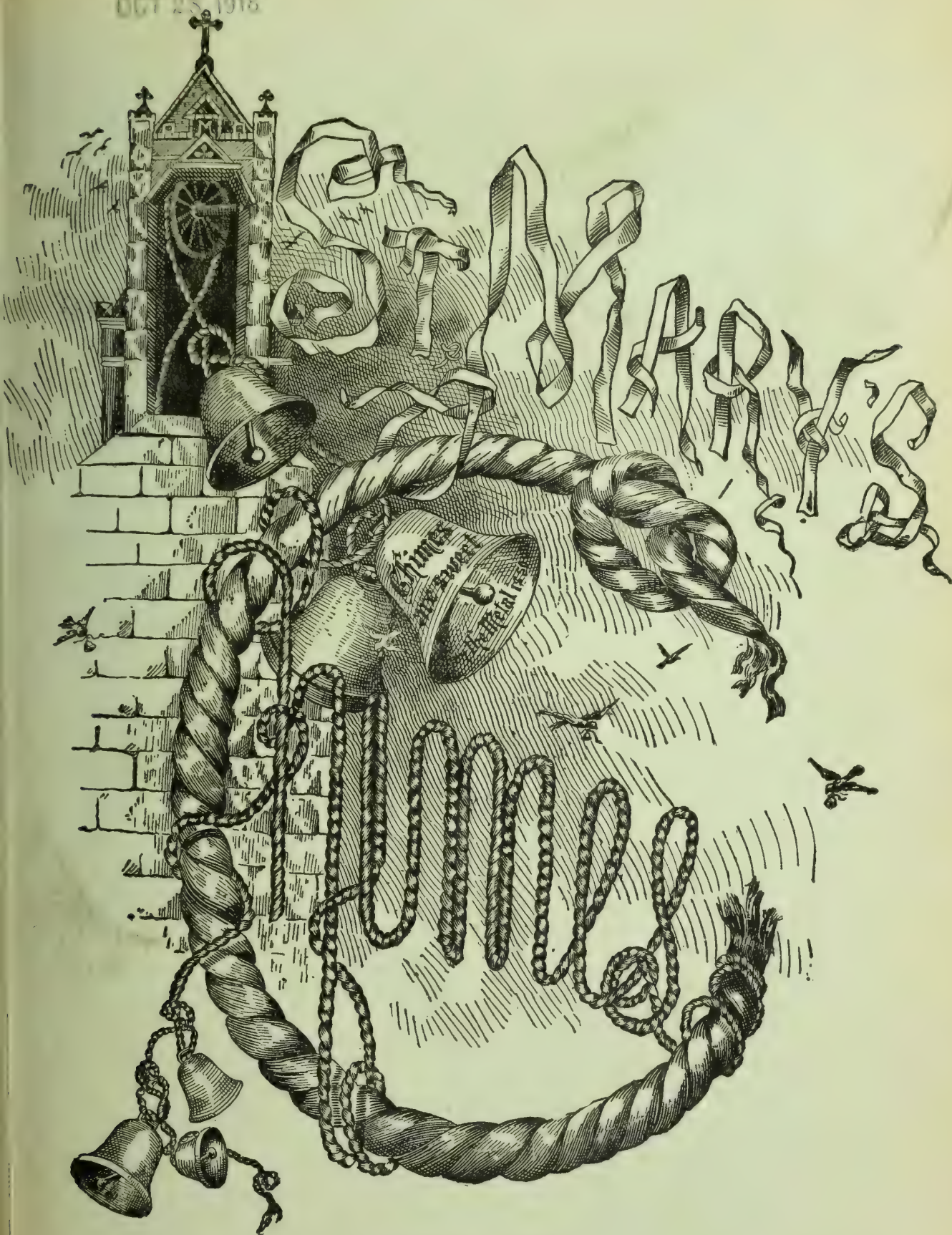
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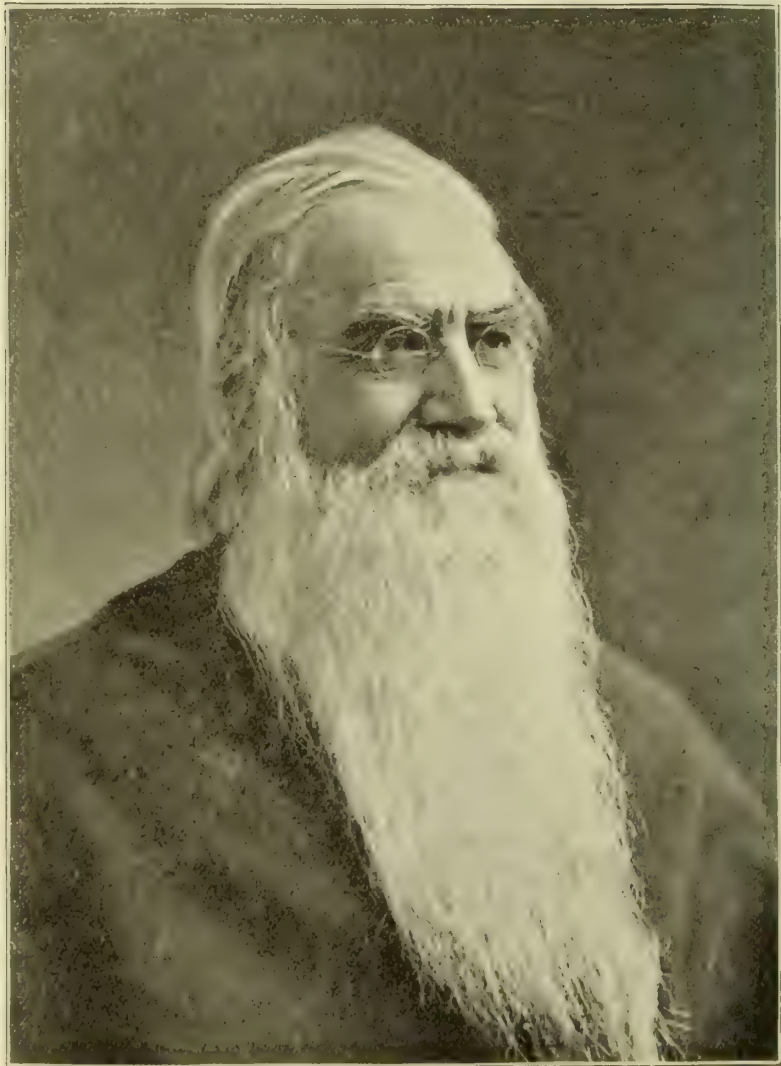


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FATHER SORIN, C. S. C.

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How he breasted life's storms, how he wrought for
the good and the true;
Like was his life to some fair Eastern fabric's bright fold,
Shot with gold of great deeds through and through."

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., October, 1918

No. 2

FROM HEAVEN.

O lovely bird!
What wondrous, living joy you fling
From your fair throat! Where heard
You or where learned this song you sing?
Winging your way to heaven's gate
In joy's pure ecstasy
Did you snatch from an angel's lip elate
This harmony?

Else as you hovered in that realm remote,
Did Mary speak a sweet, low word
And did you catch the exquisite note
In her pure voice —
O lovely bird!

S. M. F.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.

PROBABLY no virtue is praised more and practiced less than humility. Its importance in human life, however, may be realized from the fact that all the Fathers of the Church agree in making humility the source and foundation of the other virtues as pride is the beginning of all sins. It is evident that there is pride in every sin, since what constitutes evil is the creature's preferring his own will in opposition to that of the Creator and Master. Where humility is wanting, pride and haughtiness are certain to be found. Therefore without humility man has within him the source of all evil.

Quite differently is humility regarded by the world at large. Most men fail to realize its importance; many ignore it altogether, or at least openly discountenance its practice. Not a few regard humility as proper enough in a religious, but consider it a lack of spirit and courage in those whose life work is in the world. Yet the truth is that humility is a most reasonable and a most necessary virtue for all persons, regardless of calling or rank. Doubtless the reason that humility is so rare is because, of all virtues, it is most generally and completely misunderstood.

In the scholastic classification of the virtues, humility is listed as a potential part of temperance, implying that it concerns certain secondary

objects of this cardinal virtue. Thus humility is a moderating virtue under temperance, which latter includes all those specific virtues that repress or restrain the inordinate movements of our desires or appetites. Humility has the two-fold function of regulating the understanding and the will. In consequence of the first function man comes to know himself as he really is, as he is in the sight of God; through the latter he abases himself, thus placing himself in his true position. St. Thomas considers self-knowledge as a necessary condition for this virtue, but makes its essence consist in "an inward depression by which the will holds in check the innate yearning which prevails in our hearts leading us to exalt ourselves above our deserts." Self-knowledge, at any rate, when fully possessed by the mind offers to the will the motive for self-abasement; and the joint activity of the cognitive and appetitive faculties by which a person becomes humble in spirit, with its outward manifestation in behavior constitutes the virtue of humility. In a broad way, humility is, we may say, a quality by which a person considering his own defects has a lowly opinion of himself and willingly submits himself to God and to others for God's sake.

Self-knowledge is an essential condition of humility in the same way that reflexion is an

essential condition of a free act. Humility must begin in self-knowledge, for unless we know ourselves as we are, we cannot place ourselves in a true and due relation to God and to our neighbor. True self-knowledge makes known to us that all are creatures of God, and that we owe whatever we have and are to our Creator; it makes known to us our absolute dependence on Him for our first existence and for every moment of our continued existence. Realizing our relation to God, we know at the same time that each of our fellowmen stands in the same relation to Him. They are equal to us in having the same human nature and the same origin, their gifts whether greater or less than ours are from His hand. If we have been given more than others, our greater indebtedness can only serve to make our dependence more apparent, and the more dependent we are the more humble must we be, if we understand our position. If, in our eyes, others have been given less, it is possible that hidden qualities may make them greater in the eyes of God. This realization makes it at once unreasonable for us to be unsubmissive to God or to exalt ourselves above our neighbors. The knowledge of our relation to God and to others clearly shows us our true status. Besides, our knowledge of our own nothingness and weaknesses, and of our manifold transgressions of the moral law makes us see that the humble disposition is the only rational one.

This knowledge makes apparent the utter absurdity of pride. Still it must not be thought that self-knowledge always results in humility, but wherever humility exists, self-knowledge is its origin. The self-knowledge that does not result in humility has failed to elicit the action of the will. The intellect accepts necessarily the truth that is imposed upon it. The will, however, being free, has the power to act or not act in accordance with the truth. Consequently one may realize that he ought to be humble in spirit and in conduct, and yet not be so, just as one may understand any other duty and fail to fulfil it. This is why self-knowledge so often fails to find expression in logical conduct. If the will acts upon the knowledge of self, and sincerely submits to God, there will naturally be some manifestation of this submission. Mind and body react upon each other. The outward manifestation of the humble disposition intensifies the interior

humility, and a continually humble attitude with the acceptance of humiliations preserves the humility which self-knowledge has suggested. This humility keeps before a man the knowledge of himself, and in accepting humiliations and the knowledge of self they bring him, he reveals more and more in his outward conduct the virtue of humility. For the reason that attitudes of mind tend to find expression in external conduct, true interior humility must necessarily be exterior as well.

The two vices opposed to humility are pride and excessive abjection. Pride is based upon the misconception of self; the proud person thinks that he is something, whereas the truth is that he is nothing. What an absurd figure he appears to all but himself! He takes to himself the credit for qualities which are not his own, but the gifts of God. He is very comparable to the donkey which had an exalted opinion of himself on account of the precious wares with which he was laden. Pride makes a man the dupe of those who are not sincere when by praise they increase his inflated idea of self. The proud man deceives no one but himself; he does not know himself, for pride is above all ignorance concerning self. His life is side-tracked from the line of truth upon which humility is directed. A false idea of self, different from that which begets pride, instead of producing exaltation may bring about undue depression or abjection. In the minds of many, excessive abjection is confused with the idea of humility. The error in abjection consists in turning the eye only upon self, rather than upon self and God. This irrational abjection results from the view of one's miseries only; without the knowledge of God's sustaining and strengthening relation to him. He forgets his worth and greatness as a creature of God. True humility, instead of causing despair, raises and fortifies one's courage, for although he is conscious of his own weakness, he knows his dignity as a work of God, and says with St. Paul, "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me." It is evident that abjection, being based on error, is as incompatible with true humility as is pride. They are the two vicious extremes opposed to the virtue of humility.

Humility is a peculiarly Christian virtue. It was never taught before Christ revealed its essence. He made its practice more reasonable

for us, and by showing its absolute necessity placed it in its true position as a moral virtue in human life. Man's need for humility was shown when the Son of God, than Whom there is nothing greater, deemed it necessary to reveal every moment of His life this virtue of humility. He also showed man how humility should regulate one's intercourse with others, thus making apparent its practicability. Likewise with the Incarnation self-knowledge was increased by Christ's clearly showing us our relation to God and the malice of our ignoring that relation. His life gave us a fuller, more tangible knowledge of God, and His sufferings revealed most forcibly the infinite offense of sin. Humility now appeared most reasonable; the Christian teaching and the Christian spirit furnished adequate motive for humility, which previously, for lack of sufficient motive had found no prominent place among virtues. Before the Christian revelation philosophers following the uncertain light of reason alone had attained to a certain amount of self-knowledge, but this did not bring about genuine humility. If we contrast their ill treatment of the poor, the slave, and the afflicted, whom they looked upon as cursed by the gods with the charity shown for the first time by the Christians toward these lowly unfortunates, it is plainly evident that they possessed in no notable degree the virtue of humility. Besides making the virtue of humility appear more reasonable to the mind, the example of Christ also made the will of man more disposed to practice humility. The will is affected by the desire to imitate the object loved, and we may say that the Son of God by assuming this virtue so unbefitting His divine nature gave us a new motive for being humble. "The example of Christ," says Rodriguez in his "Christian Perfection," "is the principal and most efficacious consideration which we can make use of to become humble." Thus Christianity by strengthening self-knowledge, by making humility appear more reasonable to us, and by giving us a new motive for its practice, laid the foundation for its widespread practice.

The gains which humility bring may also be an inducement to its practice. Humility makes known to us the truth, for the necessary condition of humility is a knowledge of self and God.

This knowledge in the opinion of St. Augustine is the quintessential summary of truth." The intellect is satisfied only with the truth, its proper object, and humility supplies this, for "Humility is truth." Not only is the intellect satisfied, but man's desire for greatness is gratified. Humility brings true greatness. It elevates man in the eyes of God, and in his own eyes as a creature of God. Father Cronin says in his *Science of Ethics*, that "humility is the source and spring of true human dignity." Again, humility brings with it the love and esteem of others. Rodriguez considers its practice the surest way to the soul, because the humble man takes cognizance of the divine order, and thus lives in harmony with his nature and with God. He is not fearful of losing the esteem of others, since he knows that he is what he is, not what others think him to be. Peace is most necessary for the development of the highest activities of man and for his general well-being, and peace is the reward Christ promised to humility in the words, "Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart; and you shall find rest to your souls." Humility gains all that pride in its blindness thinks to attain, and more. "The fruit of humility," as the Book of Proverbs says, "is fear of the Lord, riches and glory and life." The many advantages of humility make it practical and reasonable for all.

We have seen that humility is necessary and that it is, from every point of view, eminently reasonable and profitable for every person. It is necessary in that without it we have within us pride, the source of all sin. It shows us our true position and enables us to place ourselves in it. We shall be humble in thought only when we have true self-knowledge, and remembering that "humility is truth," there is nothing extreme in trying to acquire self-knowledge through humility. The example of Christ strengthens our belief in the necessity and reasonableness of humility, and He Himself exhorts us to the imitation of that unspeakable humility to which He promises peace and rest of soul. We may, in conclusion, say that the necessity of "Christian Humility" is more evident in our time than ever before for the pomp and pride of nations as well as of individuals, forgetful of their dependence on God and inflated by their own overweening importance, have devastated the world.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

THE POET'S HOUSE.

(FOR JOYCE KILMER.)

WE built, that day, in our soldiers' way
 A house of clay for a house of clay,
 "A house with nobody in it"
 As he used to say, in his poet's way,—
 The man who had lived in that house of clay,—
 Then we paused for a heart's long minute
 To grieve and to pray; "In Thy God-like way,
 O God, rebuild this house of clay
 For thy lover who dwelt within it,
 With a Flag and a Cross athwart the skies,
 A soldier's house in paradise
 With the soul of a poet in it!"

S. M. M.

THE PRESENT CRISIS IN FICTION.

IF we would know the literature of the period, or understand it in its full significance, we must study the social, religious and political conditions of that period. Human life and feeling naturally seek expression, and literature is the most abiding result of such expression. In matter and form "The Song of Roland" typifies the Frankish people of the time of Charlemagne. The Reformation produced a dreary waste in literature for two hundred years. We understand the Elizabethan and the Victorian periods of English history largely by the literature they produced, and we are beginning to see our developing American life reflected in our current fiction. If it is true that political, social and religious conditions of a period determine its literature, it naturally follows that the writings of any particular time will be a rather accurate reflection of these conditions. The history of American literature supports this conclusion very evidently. We need go back no further than five years ago for evidences.

In times of peace a nation sinks into a life of luxury and ease. The leisure which accompanies these conditions is essential to the development of literature, but the excesses which often follow, corrupt it. Of all forms of literary expression, fiction is most susceptible to such corruption. The novelist forgets his sacred duty to uplift in his meaner desire to entertain; if he cannot bring the public up to him, he frequently stoops to it. Five years ago the public craved amusement and found it in novels like Winston Churchill's "In-

side of the Cup" and "A Far Country." In these the author depicts the salient features of American social, political and religious life. He chooses real characters, and then sets about to mirror the public sentiment. Harold Bell Wright reaches the extremest materialism in "The Eyes of the World," a perfect delineation of the low morals of the social set of this country. These are but a few of the most popular literary reflections of American life within the past five years.

In critical times literature does not cease to be a shadow of actually existing conditions. Rather it becomes a more serious or even a more radical and powerful picture of the period which gives it birth. The creators of fiction realize the demand for up-to-date reading, and set about changing from a spirit of superficiality to more serious thought. For example, in 1914, Edith Wharton published "The Custom of the Country." It displays with scornful bitterness the shallowness of American social ideals. That same year "The Encounter," by Anne Sedgwick appeared in contrast. This is a book dealing with Americans, but in it the author takes a more cheerful view of the age. Since the war has aroused the people to a consideration of moral ideals, she introduces the same spirit into her book by allowing the Christian hero, Conrad Sachs, to take the convincing part in the sweetly spiritual arguments. It is a perfect reflection in literature of the unsatisfied spirit of the people in modern America.

For the past four years, the war has dominated

literature. It holds the first and almost the only place now, with no subject, except perhaps religion, as a possible second. Poetry, the short-story, the essay, the novel, are devoting themselves almost exclusively to the stupendous task of reflecting a few of the multitudinous phases of this crisis. Four novels which deal with four different representative aspects of the war are: "Mister Brittling Sees it Through," by H. G. Wells; "Michael," by E. F. Benson; "The Red Planet," by William J. Locke; "Over the Top," by A. G. Empey.

"Mister Brittling Sees It Through," by H. G. Wells, is the most widely read of the four, if not of modern novels. In it the author presents some of the relatively essential problems of a nation in time of peace, that are giving place to the absolutely fundamental principles in time of war. Wells, the materialist, impresses upon the public the necessity of religion. He introduced the reader to the irresponsible England before the war—an England grown up with no sense of danger, and with a belief that a general disturbance was incredible. No one had faith in law nor cared to obey it. The people suspected their government. They ran their own risks and they refused to organize, socially or religiously, on the ground that organization of any kind was worthless. The declaration of war called forth a new England. The news came with such a shock that it was only by slow degrees that its meaning invaded the common texture of British life. After that there existed a vague willingness to do something and a strong attempt to readjust the government, particularly the military organization, to the new scale of warfare that Prussianism imposed upon the world.

Besides the conditions and attitudes of England, Mr. Wells describes war proper. He takes the reader to the billet to see the moody, homesick soldier, then to the trenches to observe the same soldier in action. All ideas of selfishness yield to the heroic ones of sacrifice.

In explaining the attitudes of many people today toward God the author uses Mister Brittling and Letty as types. They had always regarded God as a rather desirable, if somewhat doubtful, material force or cause. Not until they came face to face with death, in the loss of son and husband, did they realize the absolute necessity of a personal God. The God who consoled

them as a friend and companion could not be a blind force or an unintelligent cause. In this attitude of faith Mister Brittling acknowledges his changed attitude toward the enemy, and in concluding he forcefully states that religion is the foundation of everything, and that without God nothing can be accomplished. He is the King to seek vengeance for His slaughtered children. It is

"Our sons who have shown us God"

It is almost beside the point to say here that in the two subsequent books in which Mr. Wells attempts to make his religious ideas articulate, he quite overreaches himself and becomes ridiculous. "Mister Brittling" is undoubtedly one of the best novels of the war, and is a worthy reflection of the English mind two years ago.

English writers have been quicker than Americans to grasp the truly dramatic situations of present conditions, and much less hysterical and melodramatic in portraying them. The absence of repellant bitterness is one of the most conspicuous characteristics of their best novels.

E. F. Benson presents a contrast of England and Germany in "Michael," a novel in which he uses facts to a great advantage. He relates the assassination of the Austrian Archduke in Serbia, and the reparation demanded by Germany, using Austria as the spokesman. Germany could impose unheard of things, because she had a military organization that has been prepared for years. Her ruler was perfectly informed as to the strength and industrial resources of the European nations, and he tactfully sought to frighten the powers to refrain from entering the combat, until after he had punished Serbia.

The German people realized the attitude of their government to the other governments. They saw the cloudy future, yet they loved the Fatherland with the passionate love of inferiors to superiors, and they gloried in praising their nation. They marveled at the cold indifference of the Englishman. Both were patriotic, but the patriotism was as different as the two peoples. One served the Fatherland in its effort to wipe out civilization, while the other did his duty in protecting humanity. Just one battle scene is introduced to show the feelings of the soldiers. Michael kills his dearest friend, Hermann as he leads his forces in an attack on the English

trenches. And in return the German officer uses his last strength to wish Michael good-morning. The theme of the story is the blood relationship of nationality to life. A man is never born merely a man, he is a man of some particular country and that country will make him hear its call as surely as his home will draw him close to it. In time of war the strongest ties of friendship, of love, give way to the national tie of patriotism.

In contrast to "Michael," W. J. Locke gives us "The Red Planet," also a romance of wartime, and incidentally a satire on the English school system. The characters represent interesting and representative types of English life, each giving a clear exposition of his attitude on the war. The disabled veteran grows violently angry at the sight of a strong young man not doing his part to win the war. And he refuses to appreciate the attitude of the college graduate who thinks that intelligence will win the war. The young man is willing and anxious to serve his country if he is allowed to "express the higher philosophy of the Empire and to point the way to its realization." But to sacrifice his intellect as "common fodder" is idiotic. The next type is the socialist or pacifist who goes about the country telling the ignorant laboring class to strike because this is a capitalists' war. Even if it were not, war is wrong, and it can be of no use to the poor man. Mr. Locke introduces for the purpose of plot the soldier who enlists in the army more through fear of one kind or another than because prompted by motives of patriotism.

The women in this book are exactly the women we find in every country in times of war; the mother who is ashamed not to give her boy to her country; the gentlewoman who believes it the noble thing to sacrifice herself that a strong, clean, broad life may not be blotted out of the future generations of the nation, and the valiantly patriotic young girl, who refuses to marry the intellectual cad who is in love with her until he fulfills his duty to his country and proves himself a man.

A very interesting phase of the soldier's life is given in "The Red Planet." The reader does not see battle scenes, but learns of them through the comments of the soldiers. From Boyce he learns that physical cowardice can paralyze an officer, so

that he forgets everything excepting the intense desire to live.

"The Red Planet" is not a perfect novel. It is a reflection of the great patient, heroic body of English people who are "playing the game" of endurance and heart-sick waiting. This, after all, is the nation, and it deserves a place in the fiction of war.

Perhaps the most widely read American war story is "Over the Top," by Arthur Guy Empey. It is not the best nor the most literary book written on the subject, but it is one of the first records of an officer's experiences in the trenches, telling of the terrors and fascinations of No Man's Land, the horribleness of the dugouts and the thrill of going over the top. Empey describes the instruments of warfare and gives accounts of some of the methods of attack, the struggles, and the bloody consequences of invention. He has the gift of visualizing facts in such a way that the American no longer thinks of France as across the sea, nor of feelings of neutrality. It has put the vernacular of the trenches into the mouths of everyone and has given us a certain easy familiarity with some of the conditions at the front. And, it, also, is singularly without bitterness.

These are only four out of the host of books which have been written of the war since 1914. They take their very being from problems, social, religious, political, that have arisen from present cataclysmic conditions. Everyone deals with a different phase, faces different questions, and not one gives atheistic, or even agnostic answer to them. This is significant. It reflects the conditions and attitudes of the day. The only recompense for conditions would be in the triumph of Christianity.

The World War is precipitating a great crisis upon every phase of life today. If it is true that God purifies slowly through peace but urgently through war, we may hope for a regeneration in writing. Even now a purification is evident. Literature is rising from the battlefield, new expressions of religion from the common soldier. Under stern and terrible discipline of war and death materialism is losing its hold on the world, and in its place the author is attempting to produce a realistic, but also an idealistic, treatment of the best, deepest and most profound problems of life.

LORETTA BROUSSARD, '18.

A CONCERT.

A BAND of boyish soldiers, khaki clad,
 The stirring music of the Marsellaise,
 A sea of faces wistful, tender, gay.
 The tri-color upborne by those who had
 But lately left their France; this was the scene,
 So simply staged upon the campus green.

NANCY DALY, '19.

THE GLORY OF GOING.

WILLIAM BARNES, citizen, lawyer, and soldier, looked out of the quartermaster's office window and dreamed. This was his usual occupation. As a little boy, back in his small home town in the south, he had dreamed of doing things. How he wanted to be a power in the world, to do something which would make him big! Even nature had handicapped him from the beginning, for he had started out in life as a puny baby, later developing into a scrawny boy. Now at twenty-six he had reached the height of five feet three inches with nothing beyond his ardent desire of being a figure of note to accomplish his ambition. He had gone through college in the same hap-hazard way. His professors could not fail to see that he had powers as an orator. They chose him to represent his class in the inter-collegiate contest. At the last moment he had failed—his teachers, his school, himself. But the multiplication of such failures had not affected him. He was so engrossed in his desire to do something worth while that he did not notice that he was his own chief obstacle. He only knew that he must prove to those people of his that he was not the "ne'er do well," they thought him to be.

He smiled now as he thought of his quaint home town. At this moment, no doubt, his mother had gone to the general store, or the information bureau, one might consider it, to get the weekly provisions and to chat with the store-keeper. She might be looking for a letter from him. The store-keeper would put on his specks with a smile and carefully go through the letters in the box marked B, then go through them again.

"Tell you, Mrs. Barnes, that young man of yours ain't much of a writer. I reckon you ain't

had a letter from him for two months, have you?"

"Mr. John, he's that busy trying to keep people out of the penitentiary that he has no time to be writing me."

"You did the wrong thing when you sent that boy away. He warn't never much 'count as a boy. Now, he ain't any good with those high flying notions in his head."

"Mr. John, I know you all think William is a failure but you mark my word, he's going to do something that will make you sit up."

It was worth all the criticism his home folks wished to make to know that his mother believed he could do things. He loved these meddlesome town folks of his. They belonged to him as much as his little home and farm, but he could not make them believe in him. That was why he left his home and came to the city.

His four years at college had prepared him for the things he was to meet. So gaily he waved good-bye to his towns people and with a diploma from his college to signify that he was qualified to practice law, a number of heavy law books and a modest amount of money arrived in Lexington. His father and grandfather had been admitted to the bar in Lexington and filled their office with such ability, that he had no trouble in getting a position as assistant to Mr. Randolph, a lawyer of note. Here he worked with energy. He would not stop until he had won for himself a partnership, or better still, could hang out his own shingle.

One morning on his way to work he had snatched a newspaper from a nearby stand and started to peruse its pages when his attention was arrested by the heavy type which read, "Draft bill passed." "Well, Billy, my boy, here's where you get in. Looking back on the Barnes

ancestors, before whose pictures I have stood in awe as a child, I am rather inclined to believe that you are looking down on me with supercilious glasses but there is the little mother to look after," he had mused while turning over the pages of the paper. For the next few weeks he had found himself moving at a rapid pace. He appeared at the district station to see about the draft. Then he had been best man to no less than six of his old college mates. This was enough to try any man's patience. Then Jack Cassidy, his best friend, had asked him to be his best man and because there was no way out of it, he had acquiesced. He had no desire to pose as an official best man. So he went into the wedding festivities without his usual good feelings until Jane appeared on the scene. Jane was Jack's sister and although she was not beautiful she had quite a charm all her own. After the ceremony he and Jane had been standing in the reception room talking. The subject of the draft came up.

"Well," Jane had said, "I would say that any one who does not enlist is a slacker. How can any American, in a time like this fail in his duty. For you know, it's not the glory of going but the disgrace of staying away, that will make every man enlist."

On his way home that night, these words spoken in half jest, or mockery, he did not know which, ran through his mind. They haunted him for several days. He still could enlist because only that day the printed numbers of the men were given and his number had not appeared. Why not go in for active service? He passed an enlisting station, over which was posted in large type, "Join the army now. Men needed for the signal corps." That was what he wanted to do, to go right into the thick of the fight. He went into the office and found a gray haired officer seated at a desk, writing.

"Saw your sign outside and came in to enlist."

"Sorry, my boy, we want men. You're undersized, you know, and won't do in active service. Why not try something else," said the officer trying to hide his amused glance.

He had left the office somewhat disheartened. Now what could he do to make himself useful? Was he to face the disgrace of staying at home? No, he would rather do any menial office than stay at home now. Wasn't there some place in

the army for him? Going home that night he saw in the paper that men were wanted for the quartermaster's division. Here was a chance to do something. This meant that he must give up his place in the law office. Why, he was actually beginning to look upon that musty old office as home and Lawyer Randolph,—he almost had a filial feeling for that blustery old lawyer, who looked at him with ponderous disapproval when he could not see things his way. When he went to say good-bye to the office Mr. Randolph looked at him over his glasses and scowled.

"Well, Barnes, what's up?"

"I've just come to tell you I have enlisted"—

"Enlisted, well, well. I was just thinking of enlisting you as my partner. My boy, you are doing your duty. I know you are not going in for the man's part but do what you can like a man. When it's over the desk is waiting for you, and I, my lad, am believing you will come back the better man."

So he was to have been partner in the office of Mr. Randolph. How he had dreamed of that sign, "Randolph and Barnes!" It had been the best of his dreams, because it had all but come true. But here had failure played him the strangest trick in the disguise of patriotism and success. So he stood by the window, dreaming.

The quartermaster's office was by no means a place to rest from servile work. Every day orders came in for the food and clothing from the camp which was near by. Ammunition was also sent from this office. He had charge of the orders for the ammunition and it was no small job to see that it was properly packed ready for shipment on short notice. As if conscious stricken for wasting time he turned away from the window and began to sort out the order blanks.

"Here, Barnes, see that this ammunition is sent out to the camp. Be careful and don't blow your fool head off," said the sergeant handing an order blank to William. William saluted and took the blank.

Back of the office was a large warehouse. In one corner there were piles and piles of empty boxes waiting to be filled. In another the canned goods were stored row upon row. Near the center of the room the ammunition was kept. William shuffled around pushing an empty barrel in the corner before taking the ammunition from

its place. Projecting from the barrel was a long piece of wire. William failed to notice this as he walked across the room with the box of ammunition and in passing in front of the barrel tripped on the wire and fell. A loud explosion brought the sergeant and several men from the office. Looking down they discovered Barnes lying half buried under a large box. They went over to him and saw that he was unconscious. A doctor was called.

"Pretty badly broken up," he said when he completed his investigations.

William Barnes came to in a hospital. His one faculty of dreaming had not been shattered by the explosion. So for ten minutes he was dreaming. A nurse tip-toed over to his bed and said:

"How are you now?"

"Where am I?—" was his first question.

"You are in the hospital," answered the nurse.

"In the hospital! I have not been fighting yet!"

"No, but you met with an accident."

"No, I don't have accidents. Things just come in the day's routine. But say, why don't you give us a little light on the subject? It's pitch dark in here."

"Well, you see, too much light wouldn't be good for your eyes."

"My eyes. What's wrong with them? They are all bandaged up. Will you tell the sergeant that I'll see about the order the first time I get these confounded weights off my shoulders."

"No, Mr. Barnes, you have been honorably discharged from service."

"Well, thanks be that I have done something honorably. Will you kindly have that published in my home paper. I want my town folks to know it. Say, you know the funny part of all this is that I was rejected in the service and enlisted in the Quartermaster's corps. It all came about at my friend Jack's wedding. I met a girl there by the name of Jane and she made some remark about the glory of going that set me going and here I have made a mess of things, particularly myself. Say nurse, I wish you knew Jane Cassidy."

"Do you," the nurse answered with a bewildered smile as the doctor entered.

"Well, Barnes, how does it feel to look the world in the face once more."

"I don't know doctor, I have not looked it in the face yet. By the way, when is this bandage coming off of my eyes?"

"Barnes, I am afraid you'll have to have it on for some time. You see when that ammunition exploded your eyes got the worst of it."

"Well, Doctor, I think you are just trying to let me down easy. What's the matter with my eyes? Am I to be blind?"

"Yes, Barnes, you will be—"

"Well, thank God, I've given all I could to my country,—but Doc,"—a bit of his old humor flashed through his grim pun. "Literally, I can't see my way through the rest of my useless years." And he lay there trying to think it out. The Doctor felt his service useless here and quietly left the room.

An hour later the nurse stopped at the door, a book in her hand. Then she came into the room. "That you, nurse?" asked Barnes, aware of her presence.

"Yes, Mr. Barnes, I feel in a great way responsible for your accident. I want to do something to help you bear it. May I read you this?" It was Kipling's "If." She had thought the bravery of it would give him courage. As she finished reading, he repeated, "'If you can dream and not make dreams your master'—but I couldn't."

"Oh, yes, you could; you have made your dream of service a life long reality." She objected earnestly, "and I am willing to be to blame for that."

"To blame for what," asked Barnes in bewilderment.

"The glory of going,—I am Jane Cassidy, Mr. Barnes," she said.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '19.

THE DANDELIONS.

WHEN He was a little Boy
He had no painted toy,
Saint Joseph was poor, and so
The little stars turned flowers
To fill His baby hours,
And came to Him here below.

S. M. F., '18.

WHY DE LEAVES TU'N RED IN DE FALL.

WHAT'S dat youse askin' me, honey,—why de leaves tu'n red in Octobah an' why is dis C'lumbus day? Dat's a funny question fer a little coonie lak you to be ponderin' about. But dat's awright, honey; de only way you'll eber know anything is t' ask all de questions yuh can think of. Dem quality folks dat we washes fer ober yonder ain't got nothin' on you when it comes to idees, an ez long ez yo' ole mamma is *heah* she's gwine tuh answea all yo' questions best she kin. I tell you, chile, yo' mammy knows a *right smart*, she do. Dat old nigger, Hambone, say "dere ain't nobody so fond uv music dat he wants to hear a feller blow his own hawn," but you'se glad to know yo' mammy knows a lot o' things, ain't yuh?

Well now, 'bout dis heah man, C'lumbus; he wuz purty much lak you, honey—he allus wanted t' find out things; so when he saw the big sea a-sloppin' de sho'es o' Spain lak all possessed he thinks to hisself thar must be sumpin' in dat ocean somewhar; so he starts right out to find it. He wuz a long time a-gittin' to it tho. He had a lot o' trouble; but I ain't gwine a tell yuh all dat. De school marm 'll splain it to yuh.

But wait a minit—dis country we's a-libin' in right heah wuz whut he find, an' it wuz plumb full uv Injuns, uv big red Injuns, lak we saw to the circus t'other day, yuh know. Umuh, honey, thar wuz nothin' but Injuns an dey wuz ez happy ez a whole passel av niggers a-dancin' on Sat-urday night. Dey libe 'long easy lak, a-dancin' an' fishin' and a-huntin' an a-sittin' 'round de camp fire, an when dey die dey go an' libe on in de happy-huntin' ground. But chile, dem good times come to an end.

C'lumbus wuz good to de Injuns ez he could be, but some other white folks come heah when dey heerd uv it an' stole dis country frum de Injuns. You'll larn all 'bout dat in de li'lle schoolhouse. But my ole mammy tole me sumpin' you won't git in no school. My ole mammy, she say when so many Injuns wuz treated bad an' killed, it make de fairies pow'ful mad. Whew-ew! Case dey wouldn't bring de Injuns back to be killed all over agin, but dey say dey's gwine to stamp dis country red to remind de people dat dis is de Injuns' country. So ebery Fall 'long 'bout C'lumbus day de fairies dey all comes heah an' gits all de war paint off'n de ole Injun ghosts

an' paints it on de leaves. Some o' dem yaller an brown and red an' some dat's real dark an rich is colo'd wid de paint off'n some ole Injun chief. Den de fairies dey makes de wind blow cold an loud lak de Injun funeral song. Ole Jack Frost comes out an' dances wid de fairies on de fields an' de snow falls on de grass off'n his whiskers. Den when de fairies gits de country all painted up dey makes de sun come out. Hit gits real warm an' purty jest lak when de Injuns libe heah afore C'lumbus come. De mist an' de haze begins to smoke an' den I heah my ole missus read one time how Mr. 'Cutcheon say de cawn-shocks all tu'n to Injun wigwams an' de campfires all burn agin.' In de evenin' yuh can see all de homesick Injuns comin' back to have a camp dance. He tell how dey sit on de red leaves when dey bref give out a-dancin'. De red war-paint rubs off'n de ole Injun ghosts an' purty soon de leaf gives way under some ole fat Injun ghost an' comes a-floatin' to de ground. All dat's whut yuh calls Injun Summer.

De fairies do dis fer de Injuns in Octobah 'caus C'lumbus foun' dis country in Octobah. De Injuns come back den an' hants dis country 'cause it wuz stolen frum them. It's de fairies whut's tu'n de leaves red jest to remind folks dis is Injun country; dat's whut makes de leaves tu'n red in de Fall.

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

THE PAINTED GARDEN.

ONCE upon a time there lived a beautiful little princess, Kathryne, who was loved and favored by the fairies. One day she was playing in her garden when she was touched by the sober and drab appearance of the trees and gardens. She became very sad and was almost in tears when she heard a slight rustle beside her. "Why is my lovely Kathryne so sad this beautiful October day?" asked a silvery voice.

Turning the princess beheld Trita, the fairy queen, smiling quizzically at her.

"I am sad because my beautiful garden looks so faded and gloomy," sighed Kathryne. "Can you not make it pretty again, Trita?"

The fairy queen looked thoughtful.

"The seasons must follow in their natural order, but ———. Well, my pretty one, I will think of some way to make it cheerful again.

Now come, dear child, and smile again. There! That is better. Now I must be off."

The jolliest little spright in fairyland was black eyed, roly-poly Merriwink. He was the most beloved and mischievous of the fairies. This night he was poking about in the studio of the castle when he came upon the fairy artist's palette and brushes.

"Heigh ho! What luck!" cried Merriwink. Snatching a brush he tentatively daubed his face with the green, purple and red paints. He peeped into a glass goblet and held his sides in glee when he beheld his grotesque image. He then painted the beautiful statues and made them look like tattooed savages. He soon tired of this and began to look about for new fields. He put his left forefinger to his head, shut his left eye, and pondered.

"I have it!" he cried, "I'll paint the princess' garden. What luck! What a lark! I'll teach that artist a lesson. Merriwink, you are clever, very clever. Ho-ho! Won't everyone be surprised and furious?"

Chuckling, "Heigh-ho! A merry prank!" the naughty fairy stole the palette, tubes and brushes and ran off to Kathryn's garden.

Night and thoughts of the commotion that would be aroused gave zest to Merriwink's play. He tinted the leaves red and brown and spotted them yellow, cardinal red, orange, pink, mellow brown and green. He tinted some of the grasses red or yellow. When all the paint had been used, he hid the box in the crotch of a wide-spreading oak and hurried home.

The next morning the princess went into her garden to play. She looked about her. What a sight met her eyes! The drab, dreary garden of yesterday was glowing with beautiful ruddy colors. She clapped her hands in delight and called to Trita.

"Trita, my darling Trita! What a surprise! It is such a beautiful garden and so different. Trita, please come that I may thank you."

The fairy queen appeared immediately. When she saw the garden her delight and surprise equaled Kathryn's.

"Who could have done this? We must know. First I shall summon my little people. Perhaps one of them painted your garden in order to please you and to gain my favor. We shall see."

The fairy court assembled in the princess' gar-

den. Every fairy was questioned and every one denied any knowledge of the painted garden. Merriwink appeared just as the last fairy had been questioned. The queen summoned him. He came forward reluctantly, with head downcast, just like a small bad boy.

"Please do not be angry, your Majesty," he quavered, "I painted the garden. I stole the artist's paints and the box is hid in the crotch of the oak tree over there."

The queen did not become angry. She was very glad, indeed, to discover the "artist." She told Merriwink that he had pleased her by painting the garden but nevertheless she felt that it was wrong for him to go unpunished when he had really meant to be naughty.

"You must be punished, Merriwink," she concluded. "Let me see—. You have made the garden very beautiful at a time when it was formerly ugly. Merriwink, I command you to travel around the world painting leaves and grasses that are fading."

Merriwink had been standing very solemnly before Trita, but now he grinned and chuckled and danced about singing,

"Heigh-ho! Isn't that jolly? What a lark!"

The fairies laughed with him, because they loved him and liked to see him dancing about. Kathryn brought him a palette and paints and he set off jauntily to decorate autumnal landscapes.

Merriwink is still a jolly roly-poly fairy and he paints the leaves every fall. Worldly folks, who have lost their fairy-seeing eyes, say that the leaves are "turning," but we know that it is the mischievous fairy, Merriwink, at work.

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

THE FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

IF college days my dreams of youth were made,
When to some school of world wide fame I'd go;
And when had passed a week or month or so
My knowledge would be so complete, no aid
I'd need from faculty or friend. Afraid
No more I'd be with learned folk. Rules? No,
Nor study bells, to send me to and fro.
The trials of school by joys were quite outweighed.
A host of friends and pleasures there would be,
And study but a secondary rule.
But I was much deceived in youth, I see.
There must be rules in every earthly school
To be obeyed, and so it's up to me
To study hard or else to be—a dull pupil.—A. C.

OCTOBER.

THE rain-bow's run away and spilt her gold,
 On field and lane, and burnished all the hill;
 With magic Medas touch, then dashing bold—
 She sets afire the wood and valley still.

Each day, the sumac-berries redder burn
 And faint and pensive grows the bird's last call;
 As down the blazing salvia path I turn,
 My heart thrills with the wonder of it all.

CECELIA FITZGIBBON, '19.

THE GAME OF WAR.

JEAN MONIER'S furlough was over. He had eaten his last meal at Flacourt's and was enjoying the quiet of the garden before starting back to the firing line. Life had not been particularly kind to Jean but he had taken it, on the whole, good naturedly. He had been born in the little Belgium village, where he was now spending his furlough. His father and mother had died before he was ten. The padre and villagers had been kind to him, giving him odd jobs in the shops and on the farms, but he had never known a home. He was barely fifteen when Belgium had been invaded but was glad of the chance to enlist. It was two years since then. Already the greater part of Belgium was in the hands of the Germans. His sector, Lawrence, still held its own.

Sitting in the peaceful garden, Jean thought of the horrors of the battle front. Further resistance, he argued, was useless. It was unthinkable that a mere handful of Belgian youths could withstand for long the strength of German militarism. Why, he grew bolder, why should he return to the trenches? True, Belgium was his country, but it had never given him even a home. There were plenty of conquered villages to which he could go. Perhaps, his boyish imagination went on unbridled, he could escape into Holland.

"Here, mon soldat, here are the papers for the French general." The words were spoken in a clear childish voice.

Jean looked up startled. The words, however, were not addressed to him. Two children were playing war. The younger seemed scarcely six. He was a small child with flaxen hair and Jean

noticed that his blue eyes were very serious. The other was older by several years. A broken sword and a shining medal proclaimed him an officer. He was giving orders to his soldier.

"It is dangerous but I can trust you n'est-ce-pas?" the child continued.

"Oui, mon commandant. I will take them to the French general."

The boy saluted his officer, took the imaginary papers and ran breathlessly down the cobble road. Suddenly, he slipped. Jean saw his tense little body for a moment on the cobblestones but before he could reach him, the child was running again. His knees were bleeding and although Jean could not see them, he knew that the little clinched hands were badly cut. On and on the child ran until he reached the place where the make-believe French commander was stationed.

Jean watched the little fellow admiringly. When he returned he picked him up in his arms. "Well done, mon brave soldat," he said.

Then, taking his handkerchief he wiped the blood from the youngster's knees and hands.

"What a soldier you would make. Belgium would be proud of you."

"No, it is I who should be proud to fight for Belgium," the child's face was very serious. "When I grow up I will fight like you. But it is so long before I get big. The war will be over, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Oui, mon pauvre enfant." Jean's voice was tremulous. He had not realized before in what a sacred cause he fought. What did it matter if Belgium had never given him a thing but the right to be born upon her consecrated soil?

Long after the children left Jean sat in the garden. He could not sleep and besides he must start early for the trenches.

The village was very quiet. Jean watched the lights in the houses as they were extinguished one by one. The houses were all homes and in most of them were children like he had seen playing a few hours before. It was for such children, such homes, that Belgium fought. People thought it was the soldiers who were brave, but they were mistaken. The strength of Belgium lay in the hands of her children, bleeding hands like those of the little play soldier.

At daylight Jean was off and in the afternoon he was in his old place on the firing line.

"I have important papers which must be taken

at once to the French commander." Jean's commanding officer was talking. "It is a dangerous undertaking and I would prefer to have some one volunteer. Who will go?"

Jean came forward but the commander shook his head. "No, Jean," he said "you are too young. Is there not some one older?"

"Please, mon commandant," Jean begged, "no one is too young to do something for Belgium. I will go. Say yes!"

The commander looked at the boy's eager face. He could not refuse him.

"Well, it shall be as you wish. Here are the papers and the directions. Good luck and au revoir."

Jean took the papers. "Thank you, mon commandant," he said. Then saluting, he was off.

The next day the French casualty list came into the hands of the Belgian officer. In the list of the dead was the name of Jean Monier. There were no details given. Later, he learned the story of Jean's death from the French commander.

"The poor child got the papers safe into my hands but he'd been wounded on the way, an ugly bullet wound in the shoulder. I don't know how he managed to pull himself along. We got him into the hospital as soon as we could but it wasn't any use. He hadn't a chance in the world. He was delirious a day or so. Then just before he died he said something about a "brave little soldier" and "glad to die for Belgium." That was all. I felt sorry for him. He seemed so young but it's all in the game of war."

NANCY DALY, '19.

A MEMORY.

SEPTEMBER'S calling us to school
Where teachers kindly guide and rule.
For years this month has summoned us,
For years we've made the same old fuss.
But hence 'twill call us never more
The books of learning to explore.
As Seniors now we've heard it last—
It is a memory of the past!
Though to the world's great school we go,
Who will a guiding hand bestow?
How eagerly will each and all
Be wishing for September's call!

AGNES CONNELLY, '19.

MOODS.

THE Autumn comes a shimmering
With golden sunbeams, blue gray sea,
The Autumn comes a glimmering
With colors bright on fruit and tree.

The Autumn loiters lazily
With leaflets, dropping one by one,
The Autumn loiters lazily
Through twilight hush, when day is done.

The Autumn winds blow drearily
Across the uplands, brown and sere,
The Autumn rains beat wearily
Through leafless branches, bleak and drear.

ADELAIDE HOPFINGER, '19.

OCTOBER.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen of world renown. This king and queen ruled over their subjects, "The Seasons," with great kindness and justice. They were the proud possessors of twelve beautiful children, six sons and six daughters. These children were named March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December, January, and February.

The king and queen loved their daughter, October, best of all their children, and gave her the most beautiful gifts that could be obtained. October was a vain child, and loved brilliant hued dresses, so her father and mother gave her wonderful ones of green, brown and red, those being her favorite colors.

One day October felt that she would like to see more of the world, so she left her father's palace and wandered through the land. All those who saw her were much impressed by her beauty, and begged her to remain with them forever, but October would remain no where longer than a month.

The king and queen, becoming worried over October's continued absence, offered her in marriage to any one who would find her.

All the king's subjects, and all the princes from the near-by kingdoms, set out in search of October. One faithful subject in particular, known to all as "Winter," made up his mind to find the fair princess, and claim her for his bride, for he had long loved her secretly.

Winter had not gone far on his quest before he found what he sought. He told October of

the king's promise. The princess was delighted, and confessed to Winter that she too had loved him secretly. Very happy in each other's company they returned to the palace, and presented themselves to the king and queen, who welcomed them with great joy.

Thus it came to pass that October and Winter were married and lived happy ever after. October forgot her vanity in her love for Winter, and laid aside her rainbow dresses for ones of pure white.

DOROTHY KIPLINGER, '20.

MY FIRST ADVENTURE ON A TYPE- WRITER.

MY adventures on typewriters date from the day when I entered the noisy, chaotic editorial room of a Chicago daily to begin my reportorial career. Hitherto, I had known typewriters only as efficient time and labor-saving devices, which formed an essential part of every well organized business office. They were synonymous with efficiency and modern enterprise and connoted a stuffy little office and a very methodical stenographer. But after my advent into the field of journalism I looked upon typewriters in an absolutely new light.

There may have been people who knew less about typing than I did. But of one thing I am convinced, they never attempted to type a story in the last frantic minutes before the tenth edition goes to press. So long as the memory of my first assignment lingers, so long will I remember the typing of my first story. I returned breathless to the office. Inwardly congratulating myself on my success, I looked about for a typewriter on which to record the memorable story I had covered. The ancient specimen which I encountered, I can account for only by the fact that the paper on which I worked boasted that it was the oldest in the city. The noise which the keys made fell unpleasantly on my ears and the letters fell with equally bad grace on the paper. Such a hopeless confusion of letters, spaces, commas, periods and whatever else a misstruck key will write, I have never seen! After a minute's hesitation I inserted a second sheet, then a third, but the copy seemed to be getting worse instead of better. A reporter opposite me sug-

gested that a little speed instead of such fastidious care might not be out of place and comforted me by the news that city editors were used to all sorts of copy. I heeded his kindly advice, albeit my fingers were stiff and unresponsive. What the copy looked like when I finished no longer mattered. I typed on furiously and at last the story was done. I handed it to the copy boy and gave a sigh of relief. Then I leaned back and looked at the typewriter on which I had been writing. My philosophy concerning typewriters had undergone a momentous change. My impersonal attitude towards them had vanished. Henceforth, whether I would or not, typewriters were to play a vital, personal part in my existence and I would not have it otherwise.

NANCY DALY, '19.

* * * *

MY adventures on a typewriter began and ended in a small town business college. From a distance the summer vacation usually seems an endless period of time and such a splendid opportunity to do all those things one can't find time to do in the nine months of the school year. This summer began as every other vacation with firm resolutions to do something definite. One resolution, at least, had the distinction of an attempt at realization. After much debating I had decided upon a short course in typewriting. When I arrived at the business college, I found two other pupils and room for twenty-five more. The first week everything went along very smoothly and I began feeling very proud of myself to think that I was using my time to such good advantage. But the second week the thermometer began to rise. The next week the odor of soggy bread from the bakery next door began to be very noticeable and the one room of the college seemed to grow smaller and stuffier every day. That week one of the two other pupils finished her course and left us. At the end of the fourth week, when the professor, undaunted by the size of his summer school, ordered fifteen more desks to prepare for his winter class, I decided I had better leave to make room for the new furniture. It is very easy to make plans for the summer vacation while one is busy at school and summer seems such a carefree time, but it is a little harder to carry them through.

RUTH O'MALLEY, '19.

To

The Right Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D.



In this its first issue since September 22, with filial devotion, *St. Mary's Chimes* offers sincerest congratulations to you our beloved Bishop. We pray that the golden fruitage of your fifty years' service may mellow to crystal clearness and brilliancy, throughout the many, many days' continuance of your fatherly, friendly counsel and guidance.

THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH AT ST. MARY'S.

"See how you walk circumspectly; not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time, because the days are evil."

The above words taken from the epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians furnished the text for a sermon by the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Notre Dame University, on October 6. Seldom have the students of St. Mary's been privileged to listen to so inspiring a discourse.

In a day and land ringing with impressive speeches, grave admonitions and weighty messages to young and old alike, Father Cavanaugh's sermon was arresting and vital in its appeal, and holds place among the masterly utterances of eminent men on the Great War.

Father Cavanaugh made clear the words of St. Paul in their application to our own day:

The tremendous expenditure and greed for money and the fearful loss of life occasioned by the war, are only apparent evils. It was before the war that the greatest evil existed; the money now used to wage righteous warfare was then squandered in sinful pleasure; then, the same

soldiers, who now fight so courageously on the fields of Flanders and France, were weak and undisciplined. They will return better, stronger men, and the world will be renewed in virtue because of their manhood.

Especially applicable to young women was the point that the modern woman is as much in need of spiritual rebirth as the men, and the strength of its appeal was that girls endeavor to profit by the opportunity to make themselves worthy of that new manhood that this great world-purging war may be indeed a blessing.

THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The announcement on Sept. 29th, of an informal talk by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, was greeted with eagerness by the students. Father Smith chose for his subject "The Power Behind Modern Popular Novels," and he made clear the commercializing effects of publishers and press in behalf of the otherwise unreadable productions that flood the literary markets today.

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OCTOBER, 1918

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

The spontaneous and universal sorrow which marks the death of a great Catholic prelate is the world's unconscious acknowledgment of the Catholicity of the Church. Within the past month the State, no less than the Church of America has been bereaved of four of its greatest leaders, Cardinal Farley of New York, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Bishop Currier, Titular Bishop of Hetalonia, and Bishop Chatard of Indianapolis. Whereas a single epithet, "a priest above all things," describes each of these great bishops, and the tremendous episcopal duties and responsibilities of the Church in America were common to them, they yet possessed that diversity of gifts spoken of by St. Paul and exercised them with a zeal and individuality which he might well have inspired. Service to God was the impelling force in all their lives, and without attempting a compromise between two masters, they exalted and sanctified their service to country by their fidelity to God. All of them have held positions of honor and trust in the gift of the government, two of them at least were figures of international importance in the world of education and economics. And of this service, this influence America is bereaved. But to the Catholic, this loss is not a loss of power but only a transference of it. The unhampered and perfected activities of our great dead in the Communion of Saints have but begun. We need representatives at the high Court of Heaven today as never before. And who will question the providence which has called these great ambassadors before the throne of God to plead the causes of Church and State to which they had devoted their lives?

EDUCATION AND THE WAR.

Very often in history we read that certain rulers were able to keep their subjects in a state of oppression because of their ignorance and lack of education. This has been seen especially in the history of Russia. But what can we say of Germany, one of the most advanced countries in science and education in the world? Can we say that the Germans are in better condition than the formerly benighted Russian peasants? In this we can realize that all education is not desirable but some is unmitigatedly evil. The question then resolves itself into one of true education or no education. After the terrible example of false education before our eyes it would be safe to say that most of us would agree in advocating true education or none at all.

Germany erred in letting her reputed great men teach that the individual person did not count, that the state was not formed for the citizen, but the citizen for the state. In fact we may trace her error back four hundred years to that arch-rebel, Martin Luther, who defied honor, truth, purity, and even denied religious liberty to the subject, saying, The Prince should choose the religion of his realm. How autocracy must have smiled when Liberty and Democracy were forced to flee from all the lands of Lutheranism! The task of education is to develop the mind of the individual to see truth, to deepen and broaden the character by truth, and strengthen the will, to follow truth in life. If this is not accomplished education fails in its purpose of making man a desirable unit for civilized society as German education has failed to make her a fit associate for the rest of the civilized world.

WOMAN'S PATRIOTIC BIT.

The woman of today is holding positions foreign to the domestic sphere partly from her own desire, sometimes because necessity demands it and again because it is her patriotic duty. Some one must fill the places left vacant by those who are bearing our country's arms. The only patriotic field for the boys under draft age is in the school, so it is for the women to take up the duties of the older men. However, it is mis-

taken patriotism for any woman to let her zeal for helping "Uncle Sam" lead her to neglect those duties peculiar to her alone. If she has small children her first duty is to them. I think no pains should be spared by a mother in endeavoring to make a real home for the little ones. Many homes are broken by this war but let us make of those left as perfect homes as possible. What memories are sweeter or what pictures are painted in more time-defying colors than those of home? The children must play their part in this war too, but they will be better fitted for the tasks awaiting them if the mothers do not make mistakes in fulfilling patriotic duties.

CURRENT POETRY.

The poet we love is the one who speaks of those things nearest our hearts. Today, the stricken heart of a warring world is beating in rhythmic sympathy with her sorrowing children. Hence, it is only natural, that the poet should weave his songs about some phase of this now universal theme. During the past months, a new tone has come into the current poetry. It has become less bitter, more hopeful and inspiring. Take for instance, "The Offering" by Olive Cecelia Banks. Without a hint of distinction, she places the whole of humanity's offering upon the self-same altar of retribution,

"Our dead are they, friend, foe alike—our dead."

Again, in Edward Shillito's poem, "To the Youthful Dead," we find him singing the glories of all the sons of earth. Surging patriotism coupled with undaunted bravery is pictured in William B. Wharton's "To England" and "The Knights" by Abbie F. Brown. In the latter, we also find comparison of the historical heroes with those of today,—

"No more we glory in the past,
And yearn to see those kings of men,
The peerless knights arise at last,
And epic deeds are done again."

In a little poem called "Candles," Allen Tucker has simply yet prettily, shown the growing connection between religion and patriotism, when he pictures the flags amidst the candles in the cathedral of Notre Dame. Much interest has been

aroused by Joyce Kilmer's last poem, "Rouge Bouquet." He has well adapted his theme to a sort of military meter. Louis Dodge in his poem, "The Returning," has beautifully expressed the hope, that whatever may happen, our soldiers will return to us, the living, better men, and the dead to live unchanged, our boys.

ELIZABETH McDOUGAL, '20.

MEMORIES OF JOYCE KILMER.

Among the most treasured memories of my college life are those of the two occasions upon which I was privileged to hear Joyce Kilmer speak. The memory of the man remains with me more strongly than his lectures for I can only recall the subject of the last, which was "The Man Without a Country." This was a eulogy on George Washington and extremely patriotic in tone. At the end of both lectures Mr. Kilmer complied with the requests to read some of his poems. The first time he chose several from the little volume, "Trees and Other Poems" and the second time he read from "Main-street and Other Poems," which he had in manuscript just before publication.

When I first saw him I wondered what "that boy" was doing on the lecture stage. He appeared to be in his early twenties, but upon inquiry I found that he was about thirty years old. He was of medium height with dark brown hair and a rather plump regular featured face. His eyes were very alight and animated and his whole person radiated energy. I can recall no peculiarities of manner unless extreme naturalness and simplicity may be so termed. He talked little of himself and did not seem to regard his poetic ability as of the most serious consequence in the world. He possessed a great reverence for all things spiritual and his love and devotion for the Blessed Virgin were very touching. There seemed to be an intimate bond between himself and the saints, especially St. Michael, whom he implored, "Saint Michael, teach me how to fight!" It is the ultimate answer to that prayer which has set the heart of America aching for the loss of a hero and a poet.

ADELAIDE HOPFINGER, '19.

A STATION MASTER'S QUERY.

I SAW the passenger pull out,
 This morn and got to thinkin' 'bout
 The many folks on board today.
 What errands take them on their way?
 Some now I know are leaving home
 Perchance in other lands to roam.
 It always makes me feel just sad,—
 I reckon, though, it ain't so bad.
 But some how when the lads go by
 Gay in their khaki, I could cry.
 Instead I cheer and wave my flag,
 Give them a magazine or fag;
 And hear their cheering answer back
 As they fly onward down the track.
 I sit down by the window sill
 And ponder on the problem still.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '19.

GLEANINGS.

The usual opening reception was given to the new girls in the Bertrand parlors, Sunday evening, September 15. Readings, piano and vocal numbers by the members of the Senior class were features of the evening.

October devotions were opened with a Sermon, Rosary and Benediction by Rev. J. McGuire, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University. Father McGuire explained the beauty and efficacy of the Rosary and urged all to use this powerful weapon to assist the boys "over there."

While on his furlough, Colonel George W. Freyermuth of South Bend called at St. Mary's.

In the interest of the Fourth Liberty Loan, Miss Jenkins, one of the ablest of South Bend's four-minute speakers, addressed the student body of St. Mary's, Wednesday, September 25.

One of the most inspiring features of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive at St. Mary's was a program given by a band from Camp Custer, on the campus, Saturday afternoon, September 28.

St. Mary's has taken active part in Fourth Liberty Loan by introducing Four Minute Talks on the subject, in all the English classes throughout the school. The two best speakers in each class have been chosen to appear before the student body.

News that the little Juniors would entertain Sunday, September 29, aroused great expecta-

tions which the big Juniors, instead, fulfilled. The Junior Class dressed as children gave a delightful informal program, entitled, "The Junior Commencement Exercises."

The patriotic work carried on by the students last year proved a stimulus to energetic summer work, report of which has come from time to time to St. Mary's.

The Fourth Academics entertained the members of the College and Academic departments with an informal dance in St. Angela's Hall, Friday evening, October 4. Music was furnished by the class orchestra.

Gymnasium work this year has taken the form of military drill under the efficient direction of Miss T. Hennesey. The students have entered into the work with enthusiasm, and present a very martial appearance in uniform and military formation.

The following former students were guests of St. Mary's during the past month: the Misses Marie Broussard, Anne Dolan, Anita Hubbell, Marcella Mersman, Helen Holland and Mrs. Loraine Lenz-Carroll.

On the eve of first Friday, the Rev. J. S. Carrico of Notre Dame, gave an instruction on the "Love of God," to the Catholic students of St. Mary's. This was the first of a series of talks to be given each month.

The Rev. Charles Miltner, C. S. C., delivered the sermon at the Solemn High Mass on the Feast of the Seven Dolors, the patronal Feast of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

The fact that some fifteen hundred soldiers are domiciled scarcely a mile away, has not ruffled the even tenor of life at St. Mary's; on the contrary, news of military discipline encourages more earnest attention to duty on the part of the students.

Old friendships have been renewed and new ties are in the process of formation as indicated by the sounds of happy voices and gay laughter that comes across the campus during recreation hours.

Best wishes for the future St. Mary's sends to Mr. and Mrs. William D. Ahern of Livingston, Montana, who were married on September 10. Mrs. Ahern, a former student, was Marie Harvat of Livingston.

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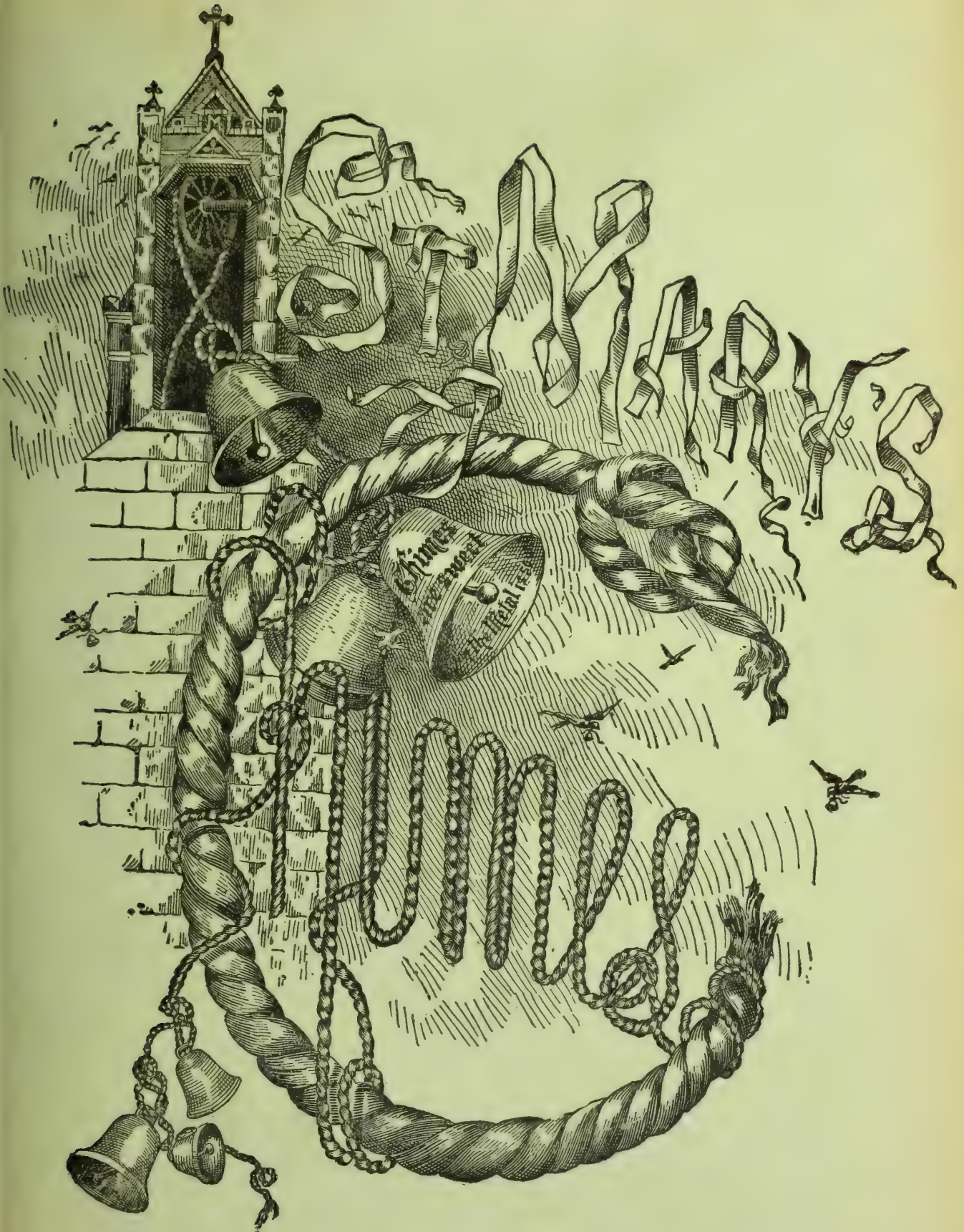
I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft law will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the very greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

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HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,
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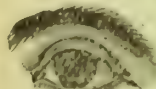
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GRACIOUS, LORD, WE THANK THEE

FOR the sunshine and the rain,
For the fields of golden grain,
For the pleasure and the pain,
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the lonely days and sad,
For the joyous days and glad,
For the sunny hours we had,
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the music of the streams
Woven into poet's dreams
With the moonlight's silver beams,
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the starless nights that came,
For the nights with love aflame,
When the heavens spelled Thy Name,
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the promises of Spring,—
For the bluebird on the wing,
For the song the robins sing
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the summer's roses red,
For the fragrance sweet they shed,
For the cloudless skies o'erhead,
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the Autumn's purple haze,
For the beauty of her ways,
For the fruitful harvest days
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the winter, white and drear,
For the woodlands, gaunt and sear,
For the passing of the year
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the loved ones gone before
Who will walk with us no more—
Bowed with grief, with hearts full sore,
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the friend whose trust is strong,
For the foe who does us wrong,
For life's struggle, short or long,
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

For the Truth that makes men free,
For the love that leads to Thee,
For the life that is to be
Gracious Lord, we thank Thee !

S. M. A.

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Vol. XXVII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., November, 1918

No. 3

WOODROW WILSON.

WILSON, our President, who through the cloud
Of war against a people barbarous, rude,
Has led us safe with strength and fortitude
To peace, you are our chiefest hero vow'd!
Now is Columbia's head uplifted, proud
Of you, who for her rights to Justice sued,
While Marne's dark stream with heroes' blood imbued
And Flander's field, resound your praises loud
And Foch's immortal feats; yet much remains
To battle still; Peace has her clamorous cries
No less renowned than War; new foes arise
Who strive to bind our souls with selfish chains.
Strong man of war, till war and wrong shall cease
Be you our chiefest strength—the strength of Peace.

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

BROWNSON, THE PHILOSOPHER OF AMERICA.

FIFTY years ago Sidney Smith asked with much cleverness and some truth, "Who reads an American book?" A host of novelists and a goodly number of poets and essayists have, since that time, robbed the question of its truth. America's output of literary and scientific writing during the past half century is enormous. What of its more speculative work, its philosophical achievement? Has America, in the stress of political organization and the pressure of industrial pursuits, had time to produce a philosophy? In the minds of many, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the exponent of Transcendentalism is our philosopher par excellence. The error of this opinion is evident to anyone who knows anything of Emerson and anything of philosophy. He ignores the fundamental aim of philosophy, the resolution of all things to a single cause, and thereby, through conscious and persistent inconsistency, bars himself forever from the domain of sound philosophy. A thinker more broad, more powerful, deeper, though less popular, is Orestes Brownson, a man whose every faculty of speculative thought made him the superior of Emerson. Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* George Parsons Lathrop says of him: "One of the most powerful minds, the most intense personalities, in American literature is that of Orestes Brownson, whose distinguish-

ing trait, at first glance, is the broad range of interests, of thought, and the knowledge over which his intellect plays with abiding and almost equal strength."

Brownson was a contemporary of Transcendentalism in America. He saw its beginning, its growth and its decline. The Reformation had forced two mighty tendencies of thought, the one primarily supernatural and religious, descending through Lutheranism, Calvinism, Presbyterianism and Methodism to American Puritanism; the other pre-eminently rationalistic and philosophical, descending through Hobbes, Locke, Kant and Hegel and culminating in the ultra-empiricism of the Transcendentalists. The former held in more or less strictness, the doctrine of the salvation of only the elect, the utter depravity of human nature, and in the silence of reason, salvation through faith alone. The latter, priding itself on breadth and freedom of scope, declared divinity in human nature, deified humanity and emphasized the intuitive and mystical. In America the conflict was the struggle of Calvinism in all its forms against Universalism, Unitarianism, and the advocates of the Church of the Future. The father of American Transcendentalism was the well known Unitarian divine, Dr. William Ellery Channing, its political

reformer, Robert Owen, and its philosophical exponent, Ralph Waldo Emerson. With these men Brownson lived and labored prior to his conversion to Catholicism. According to the opinion of his son, Brownson referred to Emerson when he said: "One man, and one man only, shared my entire confidence and knew my most secret thoughts. Him, for motives of delicacy, I do not name, but in the formation of my mind, in systematizing my ideas, and in general development and culture, I owe more to him than to any other man among Protestants." Brownson was a charter member of the first Transcendental Club, the Symposium formed in Boston 1836 which numbered among its members Channing, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Bancroft, Theodore Parker and Ripley.

Orestes Brownson was born in Stockbridge, Vermont, September 16, 1803. His parents were Congregationalists, earnest and upright people who inculcated the highest principles of honor into all their children. Educational advantages were slight, and the boy took his training into his own hands. Gifted with a deeply religious nature, yet brought up without religion, he passed a youth darkened by struggle with doubt and perplexity. From the age of nineteen onward he sought solace in various creeds and philosophies, religious and political, searching and preaching in New York, Vermont and Massachusetts. By 1840 he exerted a political influence so powerful that Van Buren blamed him, because of a revolutionary Essay on the Laboring Classes, for his defeat in the campaign of that year. The result for Brownson was political disgrace. However by 1843 he not only regained his former popularity but attained the zenith of his power. The following year, flinging away political ambition, popular approval, the sympathy of friends, he entered the Catholic Church. The remainder of his life was spent in adjusting himself to his new heritage and in defense of the truth which he was so long discovering. He died at Detroit, April 17, 1876. His remains are buried in the college chapel at the University of Notre Dame. The words of his epitaph express in a most worthy manner the measure of his achievement. Translated from beautiful Latin, they are: "Here lies Orestes A. Brownson who humbly acknowledged the true faith, lived a complete life and bravely defended his native land with his pen. Although his body was obedient to death, the labors of his mind survive, immortal monuments

of his genius."

Brownson was a man of almost perfect and equal physical, intellectual, and moral development. Nature endowed him with a robust constitution. His heart expanding, considered and loved all things. He possessed an intellect certain, healthy, vigorously logical and capable of marvelous insight. His personal library now among the treasures of the University of Notre Dame, testifies not only to the extensive range of his knowledge, but to his mastery of several languages. His autobiography, "The Convert," reveals a man simple, practical rather than speculative, frank, unrelenting to error, docile as a child to truth, yet with a freedom and independence of spirit enjoyed by few. Sincerity to self predominated his whole life. His philosophy was his life. Whatever fettered his freedom in the search of true philosophy, he broke and trampled upon.

Brownson's great instrument in the search of truth was his pen. Twenty large volumes edited and published by his son Henry F. Brownson, contain his works, discourses on politics, philosophy, religion and ethics, all printed according to the development of his thought in the leading magazines of his time, such as the *Gospel Advocate* and *Impartial Investigator*, the *Christian Examiner*, and the *United States Democratic Review*. *The Brownson Quarterly Review*, which from 1838 to 1876 he edited intermittently, being at times its sole contributor, became a power in the country. But the work which tells the story of his life is "The Convert," or "Leaves from My Experience," written in 1857. In the preface to the second edition, Henry F. Brownson says that had his father lived to write it himself, "he would have told those who, twenty or thirty years ago, were daily foretelling his next change of faith, and who assumed that his was a restless mind that could never be made to work in subordination to the Catholic Church, that for thirty years no thought had ever entered his mind which could by any possibility be construed into a doubt of any doctrine of that Church, or a hesitation to obey her authority; that his mind was not restless, though ever active, and no more restricted in its freedom by the authoritative definitions of an infallible Church, than the cautious mariner by the charts and beacons that guide his course." A study of "The Convert" will be of advantage here.

The problem of Brownson's life was to dis-

cover the power behind the universe and finding it, to force the stream of human energy into its channel. His instrument was reason, and his life the expression of conviction. Brought up in accord with the logical teaching of the Protestant reformers, he received no religious training in childhood, and as a result of his natural need of faith, he passed a youth made miserable by darkness and doubt. He turned first to Presbyterianism for relief, abjuring reason in the hope of faith,—through the desire to believe. Doubt continued unsolved even at the hands of the ministers, reason asserted itself more and more until Brownson, unable to recognize in it anything but God's greatest gift to man and the proper channel for divine and human intercommunication, was forced to submit to its authority. In this manner he passed from a supernaturalist to a rationalist. He left Presbyterianism, spent several years in study without any creed, until influenced by the teaching of Dr. Channing, he embraced Universalism. Where he found Presbyterianism too narrow, he found his new religion too broad. The denial of any vindictive punishment and the indiscriminating salvation of all, which was plainly contradictory to Scripture, led him to reject all Christianity,—the necessity or possibility of a Savior of mankind, and all revelation. Through Universalism, still descending, he passed to pure and simple naturalism, and even anti-Christianity.

Robbed of the supernatural, but retaining an immense capacity for service, for worship, he idolized humanity, serving the creature rather than the Creator. The problem of the next world concerned him little and he set about to make for man a paradise on earth. The social and political world at that time was stirred by attempted reforms of Robert Owen and Fanny Wright. Spurred by the writings of William Godwin and the Saint-Simonists, Brownson identified himself with this movement. From Scotland where he had been manager of a cotton mill, Robert Owen came to this country to materialize his ideal of World Reform. Because by introducing wise regulations into his factory, he bettered the condition of his employees, he concluded that he could relieve mankind of all hardships and misery through industrial reformation. The three great evils of society, he held, were property, marriage and religion. Through the working man's party he aimed to destroy them.

Brownson was a husband and a father and he could not heartily accept theories so repulsive. Yet he worked with Robert Owen.

Brownson soon realized the religious need of the human heart and returned to religion, though to a purely natural one. Impelled by the power of Channing, who in the meantime had changed his creed, he became a Unitarian divine in 1832. For the first time he undertook the study of philosophy and theology. Accepting Benjamin Constant's instinct theory of the origin and development of religion, and withdrawing himself from socialistic dreams, he determined to build the Church of the Future, an organization which through its liberal doctrines derived from the best to be found in all religions, would embrace all humanity. Thus Catholicity was good in its day, but like all things else had become worn out. Protestantism had served its purpose in destroying Catholicity, and it, too, was dead. Another Moses or another Christ was to establish this new religion, this Church of the Future, as he called it in 1836, or the State, as it was termed in 1840. The notion was the same, for there was but one order of creation, and that the material. Brownson worked ten years with this end in view, considering himself if not another Messiah,—Dr. Channing perhaps was that, a great precursor of him.

Suddenly Brownson turned to God upon Whom to build. Thrust back upon himself and his own resources by his political disgrace, he saw humanity through the medium of party strife—a disappointment, far less than he had thought it. The progress which he now sought led him straight to the door of the Catholic Church. Progress he must have. Yet there can be no progress without liberty, no liberty without order, no order without authority, no authority without a Church. "When I believed in no God," he says, "I believed in no authority." If religion is a development in the course of progress, how, without progress preceding it, can the Church come into being? In some way religion must precede progress, since it is the only possible cause of progress.

In solution of the problem, Brownson introduced his new philosophy. Although he refused to admit having originated a theory, the truth is that he worked out his principle "*ens creat existencias*," "*being creates existences*," before he ever heard of Gioberti from whom, because of the similarity of their systems, he is said to have

borrowed. Brownson found man less than he would have him, dependent, a mere creature. His task consisted in finding a means to raise him from his position. Having no creative power, man is unable to lift himself, to grow, to progress. He observed that development in all life, vegetable, animal and human, consisted of three parts, the nature of the growing thing itself, a substance outside upon which it feeds, and the all important element, the union of the relation between them. He transferred what he discovered in the physical order to the intellectual, and proceeded to construct a theory of knowledge. Though at this point he was assisted greatly by Cousin and Leroux, he went further than they. Man cannot think, he says, without thinking what is not himself, i. e. without the concurrence of the subject, which is his own mind, with the object, that of which he thinks. Both are absolutely necessary. But since that which is in man has no power in itself to raise him, his elevation must depend on the nature of the object. Formerly Brownson held that man communed with God through humanity; but this is saying that man remains unchanged, for humanity is but a collection of men. Here he was forced to give up the idea of progress or the doctrine of no God except the God in man. He chose to retain the former. God communicated with man through Providential Men, those whom He elected to a supernatural state; among whom were Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates and Christ, who in turn communicated with the ordinary man. In this manner Brownson bridged over the immense chasm between the material and the spiritual. From history he found that the true channel for this communication, the authority to teach it, lay in the Catholic Church, and he embraced her. Instead of destroying the philosophy which brought him to her bosom, he further developed it, and used it as a means of defending her.

A study of the "Essay in Refutation of Atheism," published 1873-4 in the *Brownson Quarterly Review* reveals, if not all, an important part of Brownson's philosophy. Considering the age of heresy a thing of the past, he sets down atheism as the great evil of the day, and the religious struggle a controversy not between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, but between faith and unbelief, between Christianity and infidelity, between the worship of God and the worship of nature, which pantheism he proves to be pure atheism, in a

word, between theism and atheism. He accomplishes the refutation and at the same time establishes theism simply through an analysis of thought. To understand him it is necessary to keep clearly in mind the distinction between reflective and intuitive thought and to remember that when he speaks of thought he means intuitive thought. For the sake of clearness we quote freely. "The analysis of thought," he says, "gives us three elements, all equally really (and equally essential), subject, object and their relation," i. e. the thinker, the objective reality thought of, and the union of the two. Contrary to most modern philosophers, and this is what makes him orthodox, he analyzes the object rather than the subject, for the object is the active and creative part of thought. He divides the object into the ideal, the empirical and the relation between them. Likewise "the analysis of the ideal gives three inseparable elements, all also objectively real, namely the necessary, the contingent, and their relation," thus reducing the categories to two, the necessary and the contingent. "These categories are correlatives. . . . They do not imply one the other, but each connotes the other, that is to say neither is cognizable without the other." Since "there is and can be no intuition of necessary and contingent as abstractions, . . . the necessary must therefore, since we have proved it real, be real and necessary being," and the contingent, contingent being or existences. "What is not real and necessary, self-existent and independent being, is either nothing or it is from being and dependent on being" existence which is produced from nothing by the creative act of being. Thus all relations are resolved into cause and effect. Hence the ideal judgment "ens creat existentias," "being creates existences." "It is not pretended that all judgments are ideal, any more than it is that every cause is the first cause. . . . The relation of the ideal judgment is only eminently the cause in the empirical judgment, in the sense in which being is the eminent cause of all actions, in that it is the cause of all cause." We note in passing that Brownson's insistence here on the existence of secondary causes saves him from pantheism. The last step in the argument and the one in which many philosophers do not follow him is: "Existences, not existing in and of themselves, are neither cognizable nor conceivable without the intuition of being. The analysis of the relation brings us face to face

with the Divine creative act," and therefore with the Creator. But since this Being independent and necessary, has created, It must possess intelligence and free will and the last complement of a rational nature, personality. "Thus being, real and necessary, being in its plenitude, being in itself, is God, and creator of the heavens and the earth, and all things visible and invisible."

Essentially synthetic is Brownson's method, as is demonstrated by an analysis of any one of his essays. For convenience, however, we will consider the one just treated. To start with, he had a masterful mind capable of deep philosophical insight. But he also knew so thoroughly the principles of philosophy as well as its history that he was fully qualified to handle any of its problems. Having shown that theism must take the defensive, that theism is natural to man, he points out how certain modern scientists have tried and failed to disprove theism from the fact that both theism and atheism are outside the domain of science,—the study of things in their proximate causes. Then, after showing the grounds for the existence of God as first cause, he shows how God is the final cause, the end for which man was created, and, consequently man's obligation to worship. Before closing he refutes the most widespread errors of the day and answers accusations made against his own philosophy.

Brownson's philosophy has aroused considerable controversy, some approbation and a great deal of adverse criticism. He has been variously accused of ontologism, pantheism and even atheism. The Rev. Wm. Turner in his "History of Philosophy," and the Rev. Geo. M. Sauvage in the article on "Ontologism in the Catholic Encyclopedia," both regard him as an ontologist. Ontologism is the theory of knowledge which makes God the direct object of intuition and the medium through which all things else are seen.

It has been condemned repeatedly by the Holy See, and Brownson fought it as a grave evil. Some of his teachings are undeniably ontological; but he never consciously meant to teach the ontologism generally understood and condemned by the Church. Brownson does not say we see God in being directly any more than St. Thomas says we see Him directly as the cause of the universe. By placing the ideal on the side of the object and by making the object and not the subject active, he feels that he avoids this error. "We do not dissent from the Thomist philosophy," he says; "we accept it fully and frankly, but not as in all respects complete." St. Thomas proved the existence of God from arguments of cause and effect. Brownson, holding that modern philosophers in exploiting the notions of cause and effect, had weakened this argument in that it failed to prove the world an effect, set about to demonstrate the fact of casuality. It is this reinforcing and enlargement of scholastic teaching that makes him one of the greatest of modern philosophers.

Whether because of jealousy on the part of Catholics or suspicion on the part of non-Catholics, Brownson has never come to his own. Still he has rendered invaluable service to America as its foremost Catholic philosopher. He proved that the way of reason is the way of faith. As the Star led the Astrologers of old, so the light of reason illumined the way for this seeker of Truth to worship the Light of Lights. He searched all philosophy to find the proper object of his mind and soul; and he found it in Catholicism. He resolved Protestantism into its elements and exhausted the truths of natural religion. Descending, he sounded the depths of human insufficiency and dependence, and then on the dead forms of worn-out creeds he climbed to the bosom of truth and rested in the arms of the Church.

MAY AGNES HILLEKE, '18.

NOVEMBER'S SWEEPING-DAY.

NOVEMBER is clad in her work-a-day dress;
'Tis dingy and shabby and brown,
But she likes it far more than the crimson and gold,
Of a bright-colored Autumn gown.

For, clad in this garment so faded and worn,
She brushes and whisks with a vim;
The Winter is coming and all of her house
Must be spotless to welcome him.

She sweeps all the corners and crevices bare,
(The neatest of housewives, you know,)
Then as a surprise, spreads out on the floor,
A soft, downy carpet of snow.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

THE SERVICE FLAG.

ONE star in a field of white,
 With its border of loyal blue;
 Tells that he loves the right,
 And the flag that he holds so true.

But what if the star be gold?
 In the battle he took his chance,
 And thus the tale is told,
 That he died on the field in France.

ALICE JOHNSON, '21.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

BETTY BAKER breathed a sigh of relief and sank limply into the big leather chair opposite her room mate, Grace Clark.

"Well, thank goodness, Gracie dear, those old curtains are up! If there is anything more perilous to life and limb than hanging curtains while endeavoring to stand on a wiggly table, I have yet to experience it."

"Do you know," replied her friend, "I wouldn't half mind returning to college, if it were not for this awful hub-bub that ensues the first week."

The girls had been room mates at Lewiston Hall for three years. Class mates often wondered that such staunch friendship existed between girls of so distinctly opposite types. Grace was tall, with blue eyes and light hair that bespoke descent from the sturdy Norse people, with an even disposition and dignified manner. Betty was smaller and darker, with curly black hair and roguish black eyes. She was either in the heights of delight or the depths of despair. There was no happy medium in Betty's disposition.

"I'm mighty glad that you left some of those freaky posters at home this year, Grace, they were an eye-sore to me."

"No remarks if you please, Miss Baker, but speaking of pictures, it seems to me that you have narrowed your court of admirers considerably. At least I fail to see some of the beaming countenances that were displayed on your side of the wall last year—"

"What! Haven't you heard!—Why, I'm—I'm engaged! Oh, Bob is the most wonderful man. And he is driving an ambulance in France."

Then followed a catalogue of Bob's accomplishments.

"Aren't you just a wee bit afraid that absence will make the heart grow fonder—of some one else? They say the French girls are distractingly pretty."

Just then a knock came at the door.

"Come in," called both girls.

"A letter for you Bet, you're the luckiest person. I've been here three days and never a line as yet. Nothing for you today, Grace,—but I must run on to class for I was late yesterday and you know what Prof. Barkly will say." With this, Edith West, class friend of the girls, was gone.

"It's from Bob," squealed Betty, as she tore open the envelope.

She read in silence for awhile, then she began aloud.

"Yesterday morning while I was tinkering with my engine, a little French girl came up and stood near by watching me work."

A little frown began to pucker the brow of the reader but she continued:

"She was a very pretty girl (no exception to what one often hears about the French girls) I really didn't think you would care, Betty, so I talked to her, in fact we had quite a conversation. She knew some English and I put my crippled French vocabulary to use."

Betty's voice began to tremble as she declared, "I hadn't ought to care—but I do, I do! Grace, do you imagine those French girls are as beautiful as everyone says,—I know I really shouldn't mind—but Bob's so big and brave, I can't blame the French girl any."

She read on: "When I had fixed my engine I took her home, as she lives just down the street from our barracks, and would you believe, dear, that was the first ride she had had since the war!"

By this time there was no mistaking the lump in the reader's throat. After every few words she would exclaim, "I hadn't ought to care—but I do—I just can't help it."

As she turned the final page she read:

"I was over to see Babette (that's the little girl's name) last night and am invited to have dinner with her grandmother and herself tomorrow—Am I going?—yours truly never needs a second invitation. But, honestly, Betty, I knew you wouldn't mind—for she's only six years old."

"Lovingly yours, BOB."

MARY FRANCES JONES, '21.

THE ODES OF THE BIBLE.

THE ode is, by definition, a poem characterized by sustained noble sentiment and appropriate dignity of style. In thought it is frequently narrative, with, however, the intensity and intimacy of emotion peculiar to the lyric. As to structure, it is formless. The very dignity proper to the ode demands of it an appreciable and impressive length; a quatrain of very perfect poetry could not be called an ode. From its nature, the ode is peculiarly fitted as a form for occasional poetry: the elegy, the commemoration poem, the song of triumph, the jubilee tribute are ordinary themes for odes. Milton's "Lycidas," "In Memoriam," Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" and "Adonais" by Shelley are the most familiar odes in our language.

The Bible is from every point of view the greatest book that has ever been written. Considered as a history it tells the unparalleled story of God's Chosen People. Undoubtedly their successes and failures were most significant as well as most dramatic. The intensity of triumph or repentance into which they are variously plunged breaks out at intervals in the Scripture into the purest poetry, the most moving odes in literature. For in her odes Israel has monuments to most of her memorable events. Dignity wins this position of repute for the ode while its typical formlessness gives it a pliancy that makes it conformable to all occasions. Etymologically the word ode means song and stands for the most musical form of lyric poetry. Prof. Moulton of the Chicago University says, "If flight be the regular movement of lyric poetry, then the ode is the song that can soar the highest and remain longest on the wing."

After the Israelites had spent four hundred years in exile and had degenerated from favorites in the Egyptian court to the slaves of Pharaoh and the objects of his tyranny, God listened to their cry of distress and gave them, in Moses, one of the world's greatest leaders. He confounded and terrified Egypt until she was glad to release these strange people and two million, five hundred thousand Israelites marched out of the country. A pillar of cloud guided their march by day and a pillar of fire by night. The sea banked itself in walls to give them passage

through its bed and returned in time to destroy their pursuing enemy. Then the Jews realized what had been done for them and burst forth into a song of thanksgiving and triumph.

"Then Moses and Miriam and the children of Israel sang this canticle to the Lord: and said: Let us sing to the Lord: for he is gloriously magnified, the horse and the rider he hath thrown into the sea,—The Lord is a man of war, almighty is his name."

The song rings with joy and freedom and by its form and development evinces the culture of which it is the fruit. It has a three-stanza prelude devoted to the great deliverance, followed by an augmenting device in which a retrospect of events alternates with verses of praise to the Lord. Its adaptation to music is evident and one can readily imagine the thrilling scene of the day when choirs of men and women sang and danced on the desert sand.

Evidence of the influence the Canticle of Miriam had on subsequent literature, appears in the Benedictus of Zachary in the New Testament. It is a triumphal song of the new law. The world had been looking for a Redeemer since the sin of Adam, but it saw no evidence of being rewarded until the time of Zachary. As he was offering sacrifice in the temple, an angel appeared to him and told him he would have a son who was to prepare the way for the Messiah. The news was unbelievable to Zachary. He doubted and was struck dumb. After the birth of John, the Baptist, Zachary's power of speech returned and found utterance in his Benedictus.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people:

And hath raised up an horn of salvation to us, in the house of David his servant."

Emancipation is the spirit of this poem as it is of the canticle of Miriam. Both poems are introduced by a description and praise of the works of the Lord. Their bodies are elaborations of their preludes into which ejaculations of prayer are set forming a definite poetic device. Their occasions too are analogous, but as the spiritual is to the temporal. Miriam's canticle marks the beginning of a new earthly kingdom for God's chosen people, just as the hymn of Zachary heralds the reopening of their spiritual country.

Although Israel was loud and elaborate in her pledges of fidelity, her fervor soon cooled and her religion became corrupt. Her children

mingled with idolatrous nations and took on their practices, and they grew slack in their government and were overpowered by their pagan neighbors. As their oppression grew heavy they realized their transgressions and repented. God had compassion on them again and sent them help. This time he used an army without weapons and brought about the downfall of their enemies through the instrumentality of women. Because of the encouragement and prophesy of Debora, Israel went out against Jaban, the Chanaanite oppressor and routed his army. Jabel, the faithful Jewess, completed the victory by killing the great general Sisara, as he slept. The canticle of Debora is a poetic resumé of the victory. Power and lyrical beauty make this one of the most elaborate of Biblical poems while the patriotism and strength of it is a beautiful tribute to Jewish women.

"The mountains melted before the face of the Lord, and Sinai before the face of the Lord the God of Israel,—My heart loveth the prince of Israel; O you that of your own good will offered yourselves to danger, bless the Lord."

Graphic and detailed description of the action and setting of the scene make a vivid picture.

"War from heaven was made against them, the stars remaining in their order and courses fought against Sisara."

The effect is softened and beautified by digressions in which the heavens, bystanders and the actors themselves are addressed. The form of this canticle has served as a model for the Magnificat of the New Testament in which Our Blessed Mother sang her triumphal hymn. She, too, was telling a woman's victory and was another instrument in redemption of a kingdom but the "Kingdom was not of this world." Here is a song of the soul and of the spiritual triumph that Debora's victory prefigures.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord.

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior."

The same love of her people is portrayed. The victory is described with the reminiscent form of the canticle of Debora, so closely imitated as to emphasize her familiarity with the Bible.

The patriotism of Israel is immortalized in four psalms describing great crises of her history. They are sometimes called her "National Anthems," and since the history of Israel is a history of her religion, they embody her religious

triumphs and defeats. Two of these, psalms one hundred four and five, are companion odes which the Church has entitled "Confitemini Domini" on account of their introductory words.

The first one reviews historic events from the time of the covenant of Abraham to the entrance of Israel into the promised land. It commemorates the Jewish exile in Egypt and could have been used by Josue as a battle hymn. The entire psalm is a catalogue of God's favors. Its prelude is a strong exhortation for the glory of God and is followed by the rehearsal of His providential care for Israel in the past. The poem appears in the light of an inspiration to bravery which was so necessary to Josue's numerous wars and in it there are many beautiful descriptions of God's protecting care.

"As far as the East is from the West, so far hath he removed our iniquities from us.

"As a father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear him, in all the earth."

The second "National Anthem" is a supplement and a confession of the sins and ingratitude of Israel. It opens with praises, prayers, and contrition. The Jews realized their punishment was merited by their sins and were ready to make amends. The climax of the lyric is a fervent plea for mercy.

"Save us O Lord, our God: and gather us from among the nations that we may give thanks to thy holy name, and may glory in thy praise."

The call of Juda gives inspiration for the third great "National Anthem" and is one of the most powerful of sacred lyrics. The familiar pendulum movement of Hebrew poetry is successfully used in this psalm by alternating the prophesy of Jacob in relation to the Messiah with verses that tell of national ingratitude.

"A generation that set not their hearts aright and whose spirit was not favorable to God."

The usual historic review is present and assumes a spirit of jubilation and rejoicing appropriate to the reign of David. The splendor of the scene is quite conceivable as his choir of two thousand trained voices rendered the hymn with a pomp and grandeur well calculated to appeal to national patriotism.

God's forbearance came to an end at last. Nabuchodonosor destroyed their cities and carried them into captivity. The fourth "Na-

tional Anthem" is of this period. It is a heart broken so full of pathos, contrition and loneliness. Its form is one of the simplest of the Hebrew songs but this takes nothing from its beauty. It is the one hundred thirty-sixth psalm and its first verse is a recognized literary expression.

"Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept: when we remembered Sion"

The suffering of exiled Israel is evident from the lines that follow and make up the entire theme.

"On the willows in the midst thereof we hung up our instruments. For there they that led us into captivity required of us the words of song.

"How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?"

As there are occasions in the lives of individuals, as well as in those of nations, which determine their course, so out of the crucial moments of personal as well as national history the inspiration of occasional poetry may arise. The life of Israel's greatest king, the author of some of her greatest poetry, is an instance of this.

David's lament for his son Absalom is the greatest elegiac poem that has ever been written. When we compare it with our own masterpieces Adonais does not hold, in all its beautiful lines, the depth of feeling that David has put into one powerful sentence. Shelley calls upon nature to mourn with him, reviews his sorrow in all its detail and finds consolation in pantheism. David bears his sorrow alone. His emotions burst forth, throbbing with paternal love and end in silent resignation, yet one does not feel that there is any despair in them. Where Milton says in "Lycidas,"

"He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept and weltered to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear,"

one master stroke describes the attitude of David's bereavement.

"Would to God that I might die for thee, Absalom, my son, my son Absalom."

David has also immortalized an occasion of his spiritual life by the fiftieth psalm. As a man, he fell from grace, but as a saint he rose from that death and the "Miserere" stands, "the greatest act of contrition ever written."

In it, brief concise sentences, made up of simple words plead for mercy and beg for a new life while they promise amendment and reparation.

"Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy. And according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my iniquity."

In companion psalms, one hundred two and one hundred three, the philosophy of Israel is defined. Psalm one hundred two epitomizes Jewish psychology, ethics, the concept of God, and the spirituality of the soul. In psalm one hundred three the material world is described and the doctrine of creation set forth.

"Who stretchest out the heaven like a pavilion: who coverest the high rooms thereof with water, who makest the clouds thy chariot: who walkest upon the wings of the winds."

The splendor of David's court occasioned much music in its ceremony. Undoubtedly one of these majestic displays called forth the sixty-seventh psalm in which a prefiguration of the Church of Christ by Israel's glory is described in exquisite poetry.

The eventful reign of David was followed by the still more glorious one of his son, Solomon. Its prosperous greatness is immortalized by a lyric which Van Dyke calls the "Royal Ode." Although the style of it is not as lyrical as many of the psalms and is more reflective than spontaneous, it contains many beautiful figures referring to Solomon in prefiguration of Christ.

"And he shall continue with the sun, and before the moon, throughout all generations.

He shall rule from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. . . .

He shall deliver the poor from the mighty: and the needy that had no help."

The spirit of the ode then is primarily occasional and its mood is always dignified. With this point in view, apparent digressions of poetry in a book of history resolves themselves into indices of the great movements of the nation and of critics in its individual life, while they give an appreciation of the intellectual life and of the religious and political spirit of their time, as well as they define the stage of civilization from which they have sprung.

So thoroughly is the ode a form of occasional poetry that a study of the odes of the Bible, apart from their context, will afford a fair knowledge of Jewish history. As God is the dominant note in the history of the Jews, their relations to Jehova are the subjects of most of their poetry, and it is fitting that in the praise of God written under His inspiration, literature should find its greatest odes.

MARY DALY, '18.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

SWEET girl, adieu.—
 Word literally true—
 It is to God that I relinquish you.
 The gate of your white life, apocalyptic pearl,
 Swings quickly to
 And you have passed from me into God's keeping.
 Already in this first immortal hour
 Your young years, which like petals did upcurl
 In promise exquisite, unfold, unfurl
 To perfect, heaven-blown and forever fadeless flower,
 Your lovely, blossomed self. O, child, why am I
 weeping?
 God saw you ripe to sudden fruit, to this swift reaping.
 Adieu, sweet girl.

S. M. M.

THE MAKING OF THE OLDEST.

“OH, Charlie! thay, come other—Huh?—
 well, ist a minute till I ask my mamma.”

In a twinkling, little Jack Messner's chubby legs had traversed the space between his own home and Charlie's front steps.

“She sayth I can sthay for fifteen minutes ith I'm good—but they, what I wanted to know is this, Charlie,—is you new baby a boy like us or a girl like Mary Louise?”

“Why, its a boy. Just my Luck, ain't it? I suppose he'll always be stickin' around just a pester to me. I wouldn't mind half so much if it wasn't for the looks of him. Its awful. Mamma says he'll be pretty in a few days, but she said that two weeks ago, and he's still so scrawny and red, I'm afraid to touch him.”

“It ith purty tough on fellers like us. But thay, Charlie—I though you wazn't afraid of anything atall.”

“Well, of course, I'm not afraid of him—I just said that part. Why Jackie, I'd pick him up and carry him all over the house er bring him out here and show him to you—only mamma won't let me.”

Jackie had scarcely breathed an admiring, “Wisht I wuz as big as you,” when Charlie's grandmother, radiant with pride and joy, came hurrying up the front walk.

As she paused a minute on the steps, Jackie demanded to know when he could see his new, little neighbor. Grandmother chuckled, settled her spectacles and decided that he could come in with her if he would “not put his hand on top of the 'darling's' head nor his finger into the dear

child's eyes.” Jackie promised eagerly, then hurried in after grandmother. Charlie came more slowly.

Inside the nursery, the old lady cooed and smiled over a tiny pink bundle, then thrust one end of it under Jackie's very nose. A wrinkled little face made its appearance and the bundle made a queer little cooing noise. Jackie gazed dumbly for a minute, then, as he realized that poor Charlie must ever claim this strange creature as his brother, slowly raised his big, blue eyes to give his friend a glance of heartfelt understanding and sympathy.

Grandmother decided that Charlie might like to hold his “precious angel brother,” and Charlie, remembering his late boast to Jackie, stuck out two rigid little arms. Grandmother placed her bundle thereon and stepped back, the very personification of complacency.

The eyes of the now thoroughly wakened baby opened wide and his little hand fluttered out to light softly, daintily, on terror-stricken Charlie's nose. Then, while Charlie stared, baby's lips parted in their first smile. Something inside of Charlie melted, leaving him warm and shaky all over. He could think of nothing to say.

Grandmother settled the difficulty by taking the baby and sending the two boys out of doors. When they regained the open air, Jackie put a solacing hand upon Charlie's shoulder and offered unlimited sympathy in a muttered, “I'm ith awful thorry, Charlie. Wish I could help you.”

Charlie turned reproachful eyes on him.

“What are you sorry for me for? Hain't I got a new little brother that is so sweet you feel your heart go right out of you whenever he even touches you. Do you know, Jackie, I've been thinkin' how hard I'm going to have to work so he'll grow up to be as good and sweet as he is now. Why, Jackie, I'll have to always be good myself so I won't learn him nothing bad. Oh, it's just goin' to be about all a little feller like me can take care of. But say, Jackie, ain't he the cute little thing. Just you wait 'till I get a man made of him. Bein' the oldest in a family is an awful responsibility—”

Jackie, looking rather subdued and solemn, went home to puzzle over the miracle he had seen, while Charlie sat on the step, to ponder awhile on the future.

MARGUERITE WARD, '21.

A Page of Verse.

OLD GLORY.

YOU love my blue and red and white,
You know my story;
I stand for everything that's just,
For Liberty and Right,
Humanity is in my trust,
For me men die, or live, or fight.
I am Old Glory.

RUTH FOSTER, '21.

THE SKY MOTHER.

ALL night I guard and watch the sky,
Where all my sleeping children lie;
Across the blue their beds are strewn;—
The stars are they;—and I, the moon.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21

HALLOWE'EN.

RUSTLE of leaves in the air,
Whisper of witches nigh,
Ghosts on the dark hall stair,
Hallowe'en am I.

MARY McNAMARA, '21.

THE STUDENT OF '18.

LAST year Geology was bad
Now Politics and Logic be;
A real "Per Sec." I think I need
As school is labor now for me.

GENEVIEVE BROUSSARD, '21.

THE WIND.

THE flowers' seeds I scatter,
The leaves I toss on high;
As through the world I wander,
The autumn wind am I.

MARY JONES, '21.

SKY PILOTS.

I LIVE up in the sky
Away from you so far;
Each night you see my light;
I am a shining star.

I too, live far away,
And you will see me soon
Lighting the whole wide world;
I am the big full moon.

ESTHER BURKE, '21.

"THE SERVICE FLAG."

A FIELD of snowy white
By band of crimson edged,
With one brave star of blue;
A life for country pledged.

ESTELLE BROUSSARD, '21.

THE VICTIM.

WHEN autumn winds begin to moan,
When days grow dull and murky,
I'm saddened by the thought of doom,
I'm the Thanskiving turkey.

LUCILLE MILLER, '21.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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NOVEMBER, 1918

PEACE AND PEACEMAKERS.

Some months ago a Presbyterian minister in Wisconsin startled non-Catholics by announcing that among the churchmen of the world Cardinal Mercier has stood out alone in the crisis just past as a pastor to his people, giving them an interpretation of war and directing their moral and spiritual attitude with regards to it. It is well that the world should recognize the magnificent courage of the Archbishop of Mechlin, it would be better if it also understood that such level-eyed fearlessness and flawless consistency as his is but the fulfillment of the apostolic duty to feed the lambs of Christ's flock. It is one aspect of the Church's universal ministrations to her children, through her ministers, one evidence that the Church, like the Sabbath, was made for man.

There is no problem of society, no condition of humanity, no exigency of life for which the Catholic Church does not, by the very nature and reason of her being, furnish a solution, a remedy, a relief. She offers the only thinkable explanation of war, she understands the necessary conditions of a permanent and congruous peace. The delirium of joy with which the signing of the armistice was received is past; but horns and whistles and bells are an outlet; but for gratitude, for thanksgiving she has the Te Deum. It would seem that a Church which so well understands the hearts of men, and whose specific inheritance is an inheritance of peace must know much about the making of peace. It is well understood that the peace council which will meet shortly at Versailles is to be thoroughly representative, not only of nations but of political parties within nations. More, it is to be representative of men and the ideals of men. One man in the world combines without conflict the interests of all

these, Pope Benedict XV. Setting aside the question of religious belief, the historic permanence of his position, the number of his subjects, the impersonal character of his influence all make it eminently fitting and proper that he should be considered at this moment among the plenipotentiaries of the world. And if religion is to be considered, which, please God it will be, there is no single person in the world who represents so large a body of Christians as the Pope of Rome. The Peace council to convene about the fifteenth of December in France can do no greater honor to Christianity, nor distinguish itself as peacemaker more highly than by inviting to its table Pope Benedict XV, successor to the Prince of Peace.

THE FIGHTING LINE.

Struggle is the impelling force of the world. Battle is the business of existence; "the life of man upon earth is a warfare" and all humanity is mobilized for the conflict. And although "Killed in Action" will be the epitaph of every man, death can but transmute all life into immortality and be thus swallowed a thousand times in victory. War bears a singular resemblance to sanctity; the fighter is blood-brother (though mayhap prodigal) to the saint. That the Isle of Saints has a gallant record for pugnacity may illuminate, if not prove this point. From the patriot of smoke and thunderbolt who directed the battle with outstretched arms of prayer—and won it, too—to the poet-king who brought the Ark of Jehovah to its victorious resting place with songs of triumph, from the disillusioned and illumined soldier of Pampeluna to the maid who now walks clothed in the lilies of France, the honor role of the Saints blazes with the splendor of its fighting line. It is a thought to stir the blood, to thrill the heart, to quicken the spirit. The cross of a Constantine, the mantle of a Martin, the great sword of a George are no mean trophies in these days of souvenirs and decorations.

November first is the day for the official review of the Hosts of Heaven, the liturgical dress parade of all the Saints. Faith is the passport which admits one to this glorified spectacle. What an immortal sight it is! With reverent pride and proud reverence one watches the age-long line of kings and peasants, soldiers, young girls, chil-

dren, all bearing the arms of spiritual conquest and clad in the uniform of sanctity; and one's Catholic pulse throbs to exaltation with the everlasting meaning of it all. Patriotism is fused and beatified in the marching song, not now the Marsellaise nor even the Star Spangled Banner, but "Salvation to our God Who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb;" and war receives its ultimate solution in the mighty cry of, "Who is like to God." Here indeed, is subject for a song of arms and heroes.

WOMAN'S SERVICE.

While our attention is drawn to the European battle-fronts and we eagerly watch the progress our soldiers are making we cannot overlook a great and, if we may say, a more important change taking place behind the battle-lines.

We hear much about the service of the young woman and we decide that with this war, we have not the soldier-problem alone confronting us but also the consideration of the problem of the young woman.

We were playing an active part in this war only a few months, when we realized what a vast change the army discipline was making in our young men; we could see that it was not only producing physical material that was a credit to any nation, but it was making men think and act. Not only is this change true of the men of the country, but also of the women.

The languid, ease-loving girl of the past is found now only in books. The idle and frivolous woman of yesterday is learning for the first time what the true meaning of life is. The woman of today has awakened to the fact that this is her war and that she has responsibilities.

During the past two years women have been filling the places in industry, in the commercial and business life which the men of the country have left vacant.

Now how are the young women, who are so nobly serving their country, helping this new human relationship? It is not difficult to discover how the motherly woman with the gray hair and winning smile gains the confidence and affection of the boys with whom she come in contact. She has all the grace and guidance that the name "Mother" can carry with it and this mother-instinct alone wins her confidences.

Some of our women, trained in social work, have an added high purpose in entering the service. These women are making the comfort, the physical, and moral welfare of our boys, the supreme business of their lives.

We must not overlook the great numbers of young women, who are still in college. While they cannot participate in active service, they are preparing to meet the great realities and problems that are to be solved in the next few years. Their prayers and their optimism are the unheralded strength behind the lines.

This change in our interests and this entering upon new activities must not mean for young women any of the loss of womanliness, of gentleness, because these qualities play too vital a part in the development of the highest type of manhood. When the war is over and the just peace is proclaimed, every man or woman who has had a part in this glorious achievement will face the world with a light and happy heart and a strong sense of growth and added strength of character.

OUR LITTLEST ALLY.

High above the plains of Romagna and thirteen miles from Rimini, is the little state of San Marino. This little country, entirely surrounded by Italy, has the distinction of being the oldest republic in Europe. For sixteen centuries this republic has existed. Its almost impregnable position and the peace-loving, liberty-loving character of its people, and their poverty also, have secured San Marino's existence. Then, too, a state of only thirty-eight square miles inhabited by eleven thousand people, is not very tempting to ambitious monarchs. Although San Marino is officially neutral, yet many of its youths have volunteered for service in the Italian army.

The history of San Marino is very interesting. About the middle of the fourth century, Marino and Leo, two stonecutters of Dalmatia, crossed the Adriatic and wended their way to Rimini to help the Christians, ordered by the pagan rulers to rebuild the walls of that city. They did help the Christians both temporally and spiritually. And when their work was finished, Marino and Leo retired to the two mountains which bear their names. Later, Christians followed Marino to his mountain home. Finally, the

inhabitants of this high peak decided to found a free state, and true to the counsel of Marino, they have never sought to enlarge their territory by force of arms. Almost all the nations have respected the little republic. In seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, Napoleon offered a large tract of land to San Marino but it refused the gift.

In the beginning of its history, the followers of Marino recognized the abbot of the monastery, later the Airingo or assembly of the heads of families, and still later the Council General, as the head of the government. The Council General is composed of sixty San Marinesi who are elected every three years. From their own number the council elects, every six months, two consuls or captains-regent whose duties are of an executive character. They may be re-elected only every three years. Besides the council general and the two captains-regent, there is a council of twelve which judges criminals in preliminary proceedings and all cases of the third grade, an economic committee of nine, a secretary of foreign affairs and home affairs. In order to avoid all partiality and unfairness, three foreign judges are chosen.

In this little state, September third, the feast day of St. Marino, and the fifteenth of September and of March are festival days. On the fifteenth of September and of March, the bells of the government palace announce the hour of the election of the new regents. Often as many as twenty strangers come to witness the inaugural procession and to be present at the Mass. On week days the streets are thronged with people bringing their cattle, chickens, eggs, vegetables and wine to the market.

Although this peaceful little republic is mediæval in its dress, customs and manners, it is very modern in public institutions. Two theatres, a good hospital, an excellent school system including a university and a museum, a public bake-shop, a home for chronic invalids, a mutual aid society for the benefit of the working people, and a Red Cross Society, exist here.

WAR LETTERS OF THE MONTH.

The letters which appeared in print a year ago and those of to-day are different not only in nature but in the purpose for which they are printed. Previously letters were given

to the public chiefly, I think, because of their literary merits, whereas, to-day the subject-matter plays the more prominent part. War is the one subject upon which the whole world is thinking so that any of information about it attracts the ear and eye of the people. That is why the letters of to-day are war letters and why they are read with such interest. What if the author is a person never heard of before by the reading public? If he or she has something to say upon this world-absorbing subject the public is ready to hear it.

The magazines express this universal interest in their subject-matter and this month we find much war news presented in letter-form. Among the letters are those by an officer's wife, a nurse in a French base hospital, the father of a soldier and a soldier aviator. The letters from the base hospital were written by an American girl, who, although not a trained nurse, offered her services to the French before we entered the war. She is representative of many of our self-sacrificing girls and women who went to France, not for mere romance, but to help and work. From her letters we learn that this was the first hard work she had ever done. She had previously devoted herself to pleasure but in the base hospital she did the hard, unskilled labor. Between scrubbing and sterilizing, she learned to bandage and care for the convalescents. Her letters, apart from entertaining, teach us about the conditions and life in such hospitals. She tells touching and amusing incidents which show the heroism of the wounded, the patience and perseverance of the nurses. For example, the wounded Africans abhorred bandages. One giant among them (they were all giants,) as soon as the nurse turned aside, pulled the bandage off his leg seven consecutive times.

The officer's wife inspires all who read her letters with added enthusiasm to do everything within their power to make this war of ours a success. Her spirit is contagious and after reading what this one woman is doing—trying to make a home all it should be, saving, conserving, sacrificing, giving freely, gladly doing all that Uncle Sam asks, we feel that this is the part for every American woman to-day.

A father gives splendid advice to his son in "Letters to a Boy." He is an emigrant father and ably places in its true light the Prussianism under which he grew up and the Americanism under which his son is growing up. In Germany

it is rank and uniform which command; in America it is the man, such as Lincoln in his old stove-pipe hat.

Lastly there are the letters of a young aviator to his old mother. These illustrate the American spirit—the spirit of honor, of righteousness devoid of hatred and baseness. All of the letters express America's spirit, each in its own way treating a particular phase of it. It is the spirit which General Pershing has summarized in the words, "the utmost for the highest."

MAGAZINE STORIES OF THE MONTH.

Many phases of life are revealed to a reader, during an afternoon in the library, among the current magazines. Here, we may visit with the learned and the wealthy, or we may parley with an urchin in his alley. We mix with good and bad alike, we encounter simple and puzzling circumstances, we meet commonplace and extraordinary people. And we go away, refreshed or depressed, from our contact with these new and varied acquaintances.

Just such a marked contrast are the impressions received from Helen Raymond Abbott's story, "The Eternal Balance" and "The Marrying Time," by Hearty Earl Brown. Even the titles suggest this difference. The first story deals with the mysterious events, connected with the life of a certain eminent surgeon, who, in his ambitious search for new theories, sacrifices the life of a patient. Only his assistant knows of the slight, but deliberate slip of the knife, which resulted in the patient's death. For days afterward, the doctor is haunted by an apparition of the short, hairy hand of his victim, and the suffocating odor of the anesthetic used in the operation. Although Doctor Crawford refuses to repeat his crime, and later saves a life by the application of his new discovery, the hand returns, bringing with it the spirits of all those patients, who have died under his knife. The story ends in a rather uncertain way. The faithful butler, Simpkins, finds the doctor dead, at the foot of a trap-door, whence he has been forced by these over-powering spirits. Although intense in interest, it leaves one with an uncanny, puzzled impression, divided between sympathy and loathing for the central figure. The theme is at once psychic and scientific, extraordinary and mysterious, yet it deals with ordinary life characters.

Very unlike this is "The Marrying Time." It is a simple and wholesome little story, drawn from a quaint, village life. Although it is not as fascinating and intensely interesting as "The Eternal Balance," its characters are real and pleasing. And the queer little romance gives one a restful and secure feeling.

Somewhat similar is "Culture" by Margaret Ashum. This story presents the transformation of two important characters of a small town into two unimportant characters in a large town,—their illusions and their realizations. It is simple and uneventful, but it pictures well the essential difference between real society and sham society. Although it develops the trite theme of two perplexed villagers in a large city, it has an unusual, and hence, a refreshing climax. The young couple do not return to the quiet refinement of the village, but resolve to absorb the new "culture" of the city-folks.

Still more enjoyable is Howard Brubaker's clever story, entitled "Uncivil Government." It is laid in the realm of boyville, accordingly the style is peculiar to that special locality. The author relates the efforts of a number of real boys to establish a "United States, all their own." An interesting political campaign ensues. The presidency totters between "Ranny," whose father owns the "seat of government,"—a lumber shed, and "Link," whose father is County Treasurer. Log-rolling, bribery and all other forms of political crime are brought into play. In the lust for votes, an amendment is added to the constitution, admitting girls into the "United States of Lakeville." As a result, neither "Ranny" nor "Link" secure the presidency, for one of the girls carries off the honors. A period of "uncivil government" follows, in which the boys decide to secede from the "United States" and establish a "Lakeville Pleasure Club," for gentlemen only. The story is so true to life, so amusing and refreshing, it makes one long again for the realms of boyville and the sweet-scented sawdust of the old lumber shed.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

On November 12, St. Mary's gave welcome to the Rt. Rev. Eugene Julien, D. D. Bishop of Arras, France; Msgr. Alfred Baudrillart, Vicar General of Paris and Rector of the Catholic University of Paris; Msgr. Charles Guillart,

Vicar General of Arras, and Abbe Patrick Flynn, Vice-rector of the University of Lille. The distinguished guests were accompanied by the Very Rev. Gilbert Francais, C. S. C., Superior General; Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., provincial; Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame; Rev. Charles Doremus, C. S. C., and Brother Joseph, C. S. C. of Notre Dame.

The Bishop addressed the students from the front steps of the college entrance, and from there he was escorted to the Community Church and gave his blessing to the assembled Sisters. National colors were everywhere in evidence, and "Vive la France," "Vive la Amerique," and "Jeanne D'Arc" were frequently repeated. Although the dear Bishop spoke in French, he showed himself sufficiently familiar with American student ways and desires, to propose a holiday, an announcement most vigorously applauded.

PATRIOTIC CELEBRATIONS.

MONDAY, NOV. 11—2 A. M.

Cast your sighs and cares away.
This is Victory's holiday.
Whistles blow and glad bells ring
Peace at last! Come dance and sing.

RUTH FOSTER, '21.

The prolonged notes of the city siren, the report of guns and the reverberating peal of Notre Dame's ponderous, swaying bell combined to break the still hours at St. Mary's, and in a trice, "Peace," "Armistice signed" sounded through the corridors. Lights were flashed on, and while some whispered a hurried thanksgiving, others of more vivacious temperament gave vent to vigorous manifestations of joy. After breakfast, out-in-the-open, fuller liberty was given and the air resounded with cries of jubilation. At 2 P. M. the student-body formed in procession, encircled the campus, proceeded down the avenue to the gate, thence to the flag pole, concluding the demonstration with the "Star Spangled Banner."

Old Glory on its eagle-topped staff was held aloft at the head of the column, and banners bearing the words "Wilson," "Foch," "Pershing," "Haig," "King Albert," "Diaz," surmounted by national colors appeared at intervals. Khaki-capped-and-coated girls formed a military escort

and their drummer marked time for the orderly march.

While enroute, national airs and popular war songs proved how thoroughly alive to the situation St. Mary's really is.

* * * *

Equal enthusiasm was manifested during the United War Work Campaign. On October 29 Mrs. E. M. Foley and Miss Constance Ball of Indianapolis, charged with the Student Division of the campaign visited St. Mary's and organized a local committee of ten members to conduct the "Drive."

Working on the request that the money to be raised must be a voluntary, personal offering, entailing some sacrifice on the part of the students, not obtained by appeal to parents, etc., the committee devised and carried out the following plan:

FIRST DAY—The "Drive" opened with four-minute talks by the Misses Cecelia Fitzgibbons and Ruth O'Malley before the society of the Children of Mary, and endorsed by the members of the faculty who were present.

SECOND DAY—Misses Anne Kelleher and Gladys Rempe of the committee spoke to the student-body, after which their call for volunteer speakers received eager and ready response. Vocal and instrumental selections were added quota and the national hymn, the climax of the meeting.

THIRD DAY—The students were addressed by Sergeant Wm. J. Miller, an artillery man, who took active part in the fighting at Chateau Thierry. Sergeant Miller's vivid pictures and earnest plea in behalf of the boys were fuel for the heated appeals delivered by committee appointment in the separate study-halls on the fourth day.

FOURTH DAY—Assignments: Collegiate Hall—Speakers, the Misses Elizabeth Williams and Loretto Grady; Academic Hall—the Misses Adelaide Hopfinger and Helen Mills; Preparatory Hall—the Misses Mary McNamara and Helen Delaney.

FIFTH DAY—The "Grand Rally" in St. Angela's Hall, which had been hung with numerous Posters, U. S. A. Flags, and Allies Colors. There between dances and patriotic songs, pledges were signed to the amount of \$1300—116% "over the top" of St. Mary's goal.

SIXTH, SEVENTH AND EIGHTH DAYS—Given

to collections, the signing of pledges by those not present at the Rally, and to the raising of pledge to the amount of \$1410.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20—Total amount reached, \$1500, through the generous contribution of \$100, by the students of St. Joseph's Academy, South Bend.

NOTES.

Two novenas of Holy Hours were made by the Community and students for preservation from the universal epidemic of the "Flu." And through the CHIMES we publish thanksgiving for the gracious safeguard of St. Mary's from the ravages of that disease. Cases were comparatively few and well controlled.

Under the direction of the separate class entertainments Sunday evenings have been made extremely delightful, the most novel were two original Morality Plays, "Why the Flu Flew" and "Everygirl," written and staged by members of the Sophomore class. Music for the occasion was furnished by the "Colored Ladies' Orchestra."

The Revs. W. Bolger and Eugene Burke of Notre Dame gave interesting sermons during the month.

The Rev. D. A. Feeley, of Harvard, Ill., was a recent guest of St. Mary's.

The Rev. Father Salmone of LaCross, Wisconsin, was the guest of St. Mary's during which time he gave many intensely interesting and instructive talks to the faculty and students. Father Salmone puts heart and soul into his words. His cultured grace of manner, gentle, earnest delivery and excellent command of English combine to make his exposition of the Eastern peoples and customs wonderfully clear and forceful.

The moving picture "The Little American," starring Mary Pickford, came as a welcome diversion from studies, on the evening of Oct. 10.

St. Mary's students always enjoy the visits of the Rt. Rev. Glass, Bishop of Salt Lake City, and the one of Nov. 4 proved no exception.

The Seniors entertained the members of the College department Friday evening, November 1, with an informal card party and dance.

The Seniors and 3rd. Academic classes presented a charming program in honor of the three anniversaries which occurred during the same

week, Columbus Day, Founder's Day and Riley Day.

The first Senior "dinner" of the year was given Saturday evening, October 19. The table was decorated with autumn tints, with clever place cards, putting each guest faults in "glass houses." Mother Pauline and Sister Claudia were the guests of honor.

Since Founder's Day fell on Sunday, the usual holiday was relinquished. This was partly compensated for by a half holiday on the date previous.

Saturday morning, October 19, the Freshmen elected the following officers:

HELEN DELANEY.....	<i>President</i>
HELEN JOHNSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
CATHERINE JOHNS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
PATRICIA SULLIVAN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Officers of St. Rita's Literary Society are:

LORETTA GRADY.....	<i>President</i>
LORETTA VAUGHNEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANCES KENNEDY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
CALISTA BAKER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

There are two "free days" in our treasury of holidays: one by request of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Eugene Julien and the Rev. members of the French delegation, and the other for the success of the United War Work Campaign Drive at St. Mary's.

On October 30 "The Pride of the Clan" with Mary Pickford in leading role was greatly enjoyed.

Exceedingly clear and beautiful were the views given in connection with the lecture on Alaska by Mr. Raine, who spent many years traveling in that country.

The beautifully calm and peaceful preparation for death by our late companions, Hazel Herman and Nora Carrico were edifying examples of lives spent in childish innocence and simple, loving devotion to the practices of Faith. What unspeakable joy must have been theirs at the welcoming embrace of the Sacred Heart, of His and their Blessed Mother. Requiem Masses for the repose of their pure souls and that of Mary Kinney (class '17) were said in the college chapel, —the offering of the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

Loving sympathy is extended to former students, Marie McCarthy, Ruth Layden, Lenore and Bernadine Murray, on the recent deaths of their dear ones.

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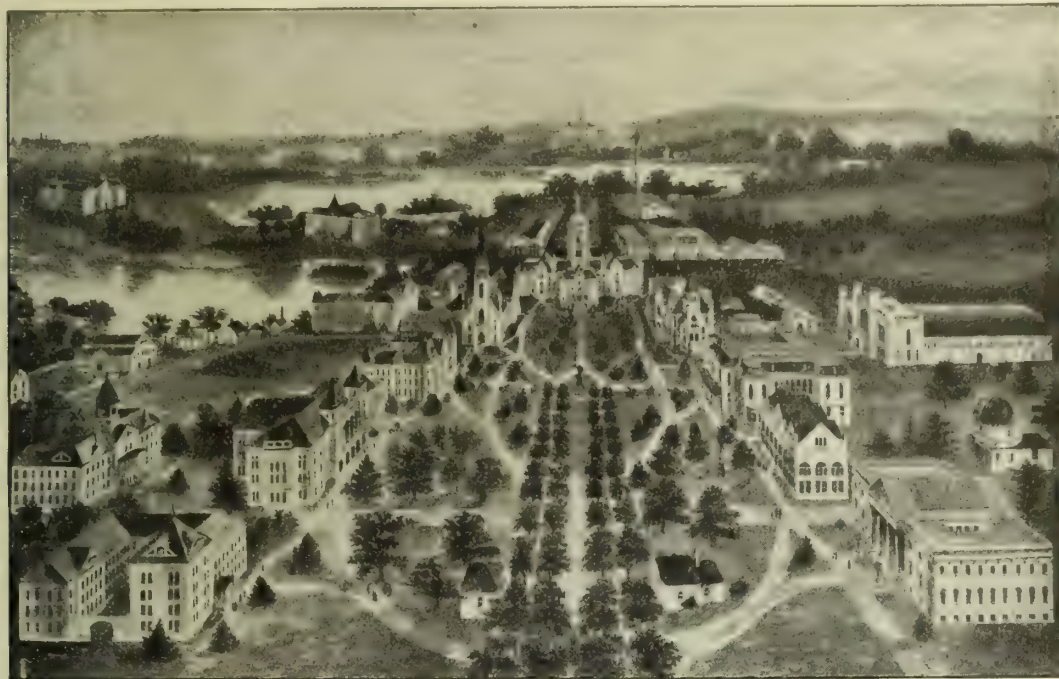
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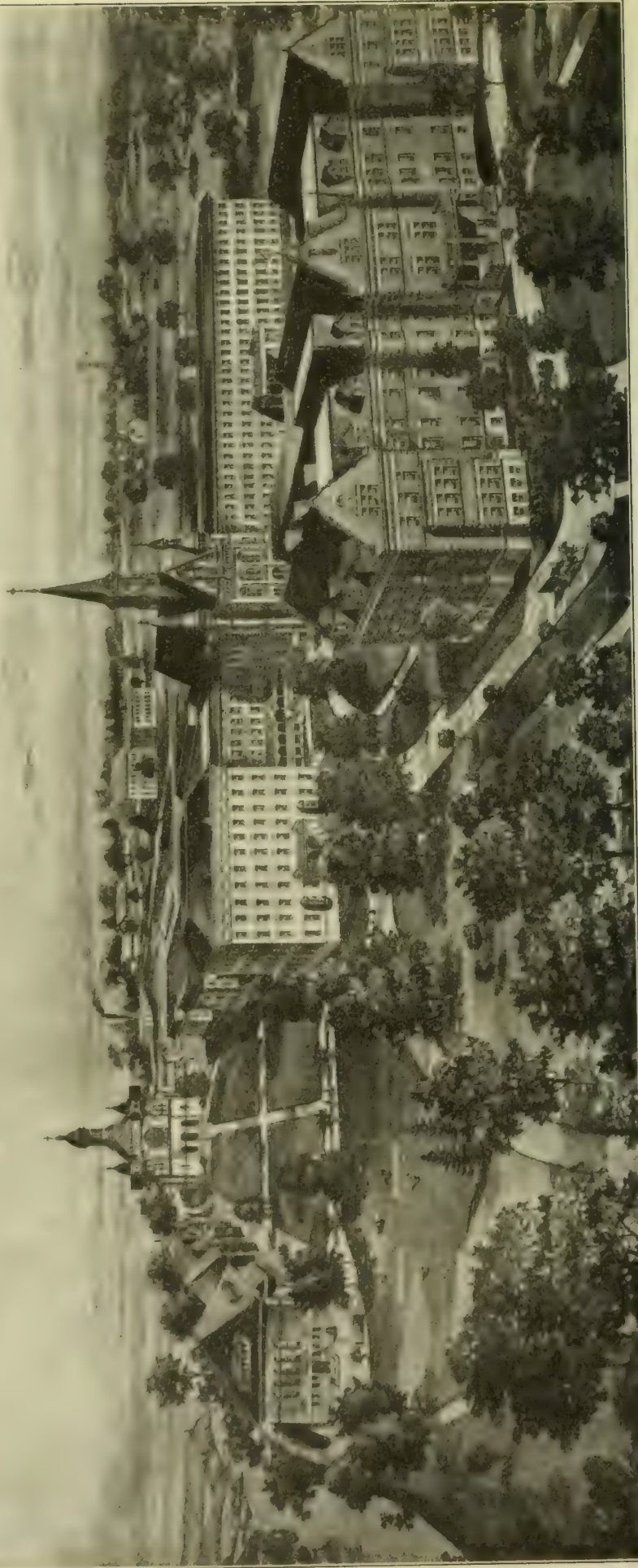
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Peace on Earth.

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Vol. XXVII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., December, 1918

No. 4

A KISS

ONLY a kiss on baby's face,
Only a kiss with a mother's grace.
So simple a thing that the sunbeam's smiled,
And the fairies stopped in their dances wild.
Only a kiss, but the face was fair,
And nobody knew what love was there,
Nobody knew—but mother.

ETHEL WHITE, '21.

"JEHOVAH WILL BLESS THEE."

THE great hall of the inn glowed hospitably. Men were grouped about the fires relating the hazards of their travels. There was a great hubbub of voices. The tireless servant boys ran hither and thither. The inn-keeper had never housed so many guests before.

A small, frail boy slipped into the room and crept hungrily toward the nearest fire. Clad in a vari-colored tunic, he drew his ragged brown mantle close about his narrow shoulders. His abundant gold-blond hair fell in tangled disorder and his pale blue, lack-lustre eyes showed only a shadow of intelligence. A livid scar on his left cheek emphasized the whiteness of his thin face. His mouth was weak and loose.

The newcomer was David, an orphan who took care of the inn-keeper's three cows, and occasionally helped in the kitchen. Because of his affliction and foreign birth, he was the object of the jests, ridicule and abuse of the children. Even the older people shunned him because they believed him cursed by God and possessed of a devil.

Tonight, drawn irresistibly by the warmth and good-cheer, he had braved the inn-keeper's wrath and entered. As he came within the circle surrounding the fire, Zaro, a wealthy merchant, saw him. David's unkempt appearance and evident lack of food annoyed Zaro. He shuddered and drew back. The boy was a half-wit. He summoned the landlord. "What dost thou with

one whom Jehovah hath cursed in thy house?" he asked. "Who, thinketh thou, will remain under the same roof with one who is displeasing to the Lord?" David, frightened and miserable, looked about the room beseechingly. But Zaro was a man of wealth and his word had weight. The inn-keeper seized the boy roughly by the shoulder and hurried him from the room.

David stumbled, leaned against the wall for support, and then groped his way almost blindly, through the streets of Bethlehem and beyond the gates. It was a clear, crisp, starlit night. A pale new moon was rising above the horizon. The wind was sharp and penetrating.

"I accursed by Jehovah, I am displeasing to the Most High. Will He never forgive me and let me be as other boys? Jehovah is cruel. The winds are so cold. No food. The curse of the Lord makes people so unhappy," David muttered.

He was tired out by the time he reached the hills at the edge of the village. He looked about with the cunning of a wild animal. He heard the familiar sound of cattle stamping. He followed the sound and stopped before the entrance of a hillside cave. A sheepskin hung across the opening. Drawing it cautiously aside, David peered within. The rock-hewn interior was dimly lighted. The floor was covered with straw. An ox stamped restlessly in the left corner. Beside him,

stood an ass, that winked dubiously at the intruder. In the right hand corner, six sheep were gathered together. An empty manger stood idly against the far wall. Water bags and jars, a shepherd's crook and the yoke for the ox lay upon the floor, beside the manger. Fresh straw was stored in an upper section built over the sheep-fold. A ladder of cypress boughs led to this loft.

Seeing no one within, David entered, threw himself upon the straw and presently fell asleep.

A few hours later, a stirring among the animals awakened him. He started up and then crouched down, trembling and frightened, at the sound of human voices.

"—Thou art weary and spent. We will seek no further, but abide here for the night. It is only a stable, but it will shelter thee," said a deep, kindly voice.

David half-rose again that he might see the owner of the voice. A man entered, carrying a lantern and assisting a woman, who appeared very weak. By the light from the lantern, David saw that the man was of middle age. The woman was of medium height. Her veil being loosened, he saw that she was very beautiful, but tired and pale.

The child stared at her so fixedly that the woman felt his gaze and turning saw the figure on the straw. She stepped back, and drew her veil about her. The man had noticed the figure too and he raised his lantern that he might see who it was. David, forgetting his fear and impelled by some power within him, came from his hiding place and stood eagerly, pathetically before them.

"Please do not be troubled. Jehovah will not curse you because I am here. I will go. I will not harm you. The houses and the inn have no room. Rest and sleep in David's house. Do not go. Come, there is fresh straw and—and—. Say that you will stay."

The woman smiled gratefully. The man blessed him with a glance.

"This night Jehovah will bless thee for thy hospitality," she said.

David was filled with happiness. Jehovah would bless him. But He had cursed him. Could it be possible? He looked at the woman

who smiled. Yes, he felt sure that it could be possible Jehovah would bless him. The woman was so kind. He had never been treated in this manner before. David felt that he must do something for them. He brushed against a water jar. There! He knew what he could do. They should be his guests. He would go to the well and bring water for their feet. He picked up the jar and stole quietly from the cave. He retraced his steps through the town and reached the well, after several futile attempts to draw the water, he fell upon the stones sobbing weakly. He was so disappointed. The words of the woman flashed into his mind. Jehovah would bless him. He struggled to his feet and tried again. He succeeded. Filling the jar, he made his way, slowly and laboriously, to the cave.

When he came within sight of the cave, he saw that it was filled with a wonderful, golden light. It was not like any light that he had ever seen. He remembered the legends of the time when Jehovah dwelt in the Holy of Holies. He felt that such a light was caused by the presence of the Most High. He was here, in the cave, waiting to bless him as the woman had promised. David trembled and glowed with anticipation. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he set down the water-jar. He bathed his hands and feet and sprinkled his hair. That was what the priests did when they entered the Holy of Holies. He clasped his hands, bowed his head and entered.

In the center of the cave, a Babe lay in the manger. The beautiful woman bent above Him. David stood and filled his eyes with this sight. His heart leapt with joy and overcome, he cast himself prostrate upon the straw. A weight was lifted from his poor, confused little mind, and the woman motioned him to her side. Suddenly, emboldened, he stretched forth his nervous, frail fingers and touched the soft warm hand. The Infant's fingers seemed to close upon David's. A warm, happy glow thrilled him. The mist seemed to clear from his dull, stupid brain, and the curse from his starved child's heart. He dared to lift his face, transformed with love and radiant with gratitude and look upon the Child. He knew that Jehovah had blessed him.

THEN AND NOW.

WHEN nature hid her colors gay
 For sparkling robe of snowy white,
 The moon unveiled her silverest ray
 And silent awe stole over night.
 Lo, music breaking sound's surcease
 Announced with joy—the Son of Peace!

When earth was stained so dark and red
 And battle's smoke veiled heaven's blue,
 When noble nations had been bled
 The tyrant, slavery, to subdue
 Lo, music marking war's surcease
 Announce with joy—the word of Peace!

AGNES CONNELLY, '19.

FREE VERSE.

THERE is unquestionably a renaissance of poetry in America today. Within the last few years, a wave of interest has swept over the country, witnessed to by the enormous and ever increasing output of poetical publications, volumes of verse, anthologies and magazines devoted exclusively to poetry. This renaissance is in truth a "new birth." It is not only a reawakening of interest in all poetry; but a birth of new ideas as to the form of poetry, its subject matter and its mission to humanity. Many would have us believe that new canons of art are superseding the old in this reawakening, that the conventional rhythm and rhyme are outworn and that all things, even such as we considered repulsive, are in reality beautiful and subjects for song. This renaissance is a revolution.

But revolutionary ideas in the realm of poetry are not the exclusive possession of the twentieth century. We find Wordsworth, at the close of the eighteenth century, attacking the foundations of conventional poetry by his new doctrines of subject matter and diction. In the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, he says that when a man writes in poetry, certain ideas and expressions are expected in his work; but that in these poems his readers will not find that for which they generally look in poetry. His purpose was "to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate and describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men"—by men of humble and rustic life, because such, he said,

expressed themselves in a language more permanent and philosophical than did those of the higher classes. These ideas concerning poetry and those equally unusual that came out in the further developments of the Romantic movement of the nineteenth century in England undoubtedly revolutionized the attitude toward poetry; but the innovations of Walt Whitman in America and his influence have been the occasion of a greater and continual readjustment of mind in the reading public. Besides the Whitmanites, the English Romanticists of the last century are exceedingly tame. Though revolutionary ideas in poetry are not new, those in America today are unique.

About the middle of the last century, the work of Walt Whitman came as a shock to readers of poetry. Boldly ignoring the sacred and traditional conventions of poetry, Whitman hurled forth a type of verse, unprecedented in lawlessness of form and content. The question immediately aroused in the mind of his readers was, "Is this poetry?" And to this question there were many answers. Some denied that it was poetry at all and styled him, "a shoddy newspaper correspondent without the necessary faculty of style," who saw only phenomena and the appearances of things. On the other hand, there were those enthusiastic over the new verse, who characterized its subject matter as "the beauty of the world as it now is" and its rhythm as "a strange, irregular cadence, charming the ear like the sighing of winds or the lapping of waves on the shore." During his life time, Whitman was not received as a great poet in his own country. It was England who helped him in his days of sickness and neglect at Camden; her men of letters responded to his need. He himself said that he probably owed his life to this help from abroad. But if Whitman did not enjoy America's recognition in his own day, it cannot be gainsaid that he is receiving his share of adulation at the present time. There is a widespread Whitman craze. Free verse writers parade him as their champion and model. Among his coteries, such comments as these are not infrequent: "We have drunk of the universe in Walt Whitman's poetry;" "Whitman is the arch-type for builders to come;" nor do his admirers hesitate even to place him with our truly great, for we find Whitman uncompromisingly ranked with Homer, Shakespeare and Milton. Consequently,

it is possible to get an insight into the general characteristics of contemporary *vers libre* by a consideration of the specific nature of Whitman's work. The outstanding characteristics of his poetry are its seeming formlessness, lack of rhyme, peculiar rhythm and unusual content. Whitman abandoned form to such an extent that his poetry is almost formless. Although rhyme and meter are absent from his verse, it possesses a certain natural chanting rhythm. A tone of sensuous enjoyment or exultation prevails. In his "Song of Myself," he says, "I am the poet of the body, I am the poet of the soul," but there is little of the soul in his poetry. In fact, the physical element is so conspicuous that it has evoked the condemnation that "his chief interest was in his own sensations." Noble passion and high intellectuality are wanting in his work. As regards his selection of subject matter, he was radically inclusive. A pantheist in spirit, he reasoned thus: "God is everything; everything is God—a miracle, a divine wonder. How can I best affirm this? Not by praising the stars and beauties of nature, already admitted to be marvelous; but by singing God in the mouse and the grass and the pismire and in Walt Whitman, John Smith Everyman."

Within the last six years these principles have been very actively revived and have given rise to a form of poetry, generally known as *vers libre* or free verse. Strictly speaking, the term designates a body of poetry, which has developed since 1912. It is characterized by an absolute disregard for the old poetic forms and by a bold departure from the conventional rhyme and meter. The free verse writer has not violated form alone; but has made substance yield a new significance. He has introduced into poetry a great deal of material, which a decade ago would have been sternly rejected as utterly foreign to its province. In his defense of this freedom the poet is ready with his reason. He says that, in order to attain the most perfect expression of himself, he cannot be restricted by any such hindrances as the traditional poetic school seeks to impose upon him. He demands absolute and unconditional freedom as his right. The poet's reason may satisfy the poet, but a student of the philosophy of literature recognizes in free verse an effect of which certain phases of our national development are at least the partial cause. Such relation of cause and effect is evident from these

facts. Free verse is an American literary movement, confined practically to the United States. The United States has both in theory and practice the broadest notion and the widest use of liberty, political, social and religious of any nation today. Its government is republican, its philosophy largely materialistic, its religion atheistic. These last two are not established conditions of the American mind and soul, but only transition states. They represent the national strivings for ultimate solutions of the metaphysical questions of life. They correspond in the development of the nation to the scepticism of youth in the life of the individual. But such a combination of conditions, if it finds literary expression at all, will either find or make a somewhat restless, not to say lawless form of expression. Free verse is just such a lawless form. It is not a finished form, nor, it is almost to be hoped, a permanent one; but rather the expression of the natural state of development, unrest and fermentation. Literature is a reflection of life,—poetry is only its more intense reflection; hence free verse is an exaggerated expression of these conditions. One might almost call it the "wild oats" period of our poetical literary history.

Though each poet is a "law unto himself," free verse writers divide themselves broadly into two groups, the Social-Revolutionists and the Imagists. Among the well known exponents of free verse Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Frost and Amy Lowell may be taken as representative. Masters and Frost may in their more radical work be considered Social-Revolutionists. Their writings are the poetry of what Socialism is the politics; critical, if not openly rebellious toward conventions and moral laws, and morbidly garrulous about the weaknesses of humanity. When one remembers that Socialism has grown in the last decade to be a national party in politics, one is not surprised to find its insidious principles parading in such pseudo-poetic garb.

Robert Frost, though radical in his views as to substance is conservative as to form in most of his work. He believes in the effectiveness of colloquial speech. In the "North of Boston," a collection of scenes and incidents from New England life, he makes constant use of the spoken rather than the literary word. His most recent work, "Mountain Interval," is an exemplification of this theory. With its appearance, critics are beginning to question Mr. Frost's proposition

that one subject is as desirable, one word as beautiful as another. Mr. Frost writes in formal as well as in free verse. If we compare anyone of his best poems in free verse with one in formal verse, we can then decide which is superior, which it is that has the touch of the poet, which is the better poetry? "Not to Keep" is a good example of his free verse. There is undoubtedly strength in this poem; but the question is, does it not contain other and greater possibilities which might have been realized had it been done in formal rhyme and rhythm? His preference for the colloquial speech is evidenced in the lines:

She had to ask, "What was it dear?"

"Enough,

Yet not enough. A bullet through and through
High in the breast. Nothing but what good care
And medicine and rest—and you a week,
Can cure me of to go again."

The last lines are the expression of deep feeling;

The same

Grim giving to do over for them both.
She dared no more than ask him with her eyes
How was it with him for a second trial.
And with his eyes he asked her not to ask.
They had given him back to her, but not to keep.

How does this poem compare with "The Road Not Taken," a poem of twenty lines in formal verse? The simplicity of it is delightful—it is so easy, so smooth, so natural. In it are embodied the potentially infinite vision and intense feeling of the true poet. When we finish reading it, we wonder if Mr. Frost has not looked into our own hearts—it is so personal in its appeal.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth
Then took the other, as just as fair.

In the last lines we find a strong and direct expression of the spirit of the whole poem:

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood and I,
I took the one less traveled by
And that made all the difference.

Edgar Lee Masters, who is extremely radical in his views both as to form and content has produced some singular work of the Social-Revolutionary type. His collection of poems, the "Spoon River Anthology," has evoked more criticism

than any of his works. These poems may contain good character drawing and dramatic force; but they are often blasphemous and at times so offensive as to preclude the possibility of their being poetry. But Masters is a poet of power when he wishes to be. He has given us a remarkable poem in "Simon Surnamed Peter." In some ninety lines we read his singing praises of the Prince of the Apostles and at once we cry out, "This is poetry—this man is a poet." There is music in it and there is strength. We are admitted to the vision of the seer. Peter, flesh and blood, stands before us at the words:

You Peter, a wave, a star among clouds, a reed in the
wind

A guide of the blind

Both smiter and flyer; but human always, I protest
Beyond all the rest.

The whole poem is so manifest, so simple and withal so deep, so incisive, so powerful. It would seem that the poet will not be hushed in his song which rises in power,

You warder and jailer and sealer of facts and decrees
To use the big keys

With which to reveal and fling wide all the soul and
the scheme

Of the Galilee dream —

until it closes in the superb lines:

You were called by Him, Peter, a rock, but we give
you the name

Of Peter the Flame.

For you struck a spark, as the spark from the shock
Of steel upon rock.

The rock has his use but the flame gives the light
In the way in the night:—

Oh, Peter, the dreamer, impetuous, human, divine,
Gnarled branch of the vine!

Little of Master's work in free verse can compare with this or with "The Loom," another example of his formal verse.

Unlike the writers of the Social-Revolutionary group, the Imagist does not deal with problems of life. He merely presents images for their emotional effects, reproducing them in rapid succession as a series of sensations, while the spectator or reader is left to form his own associations and supply his own interpretation. Imagism, like modern painting, leaves out of its picture all personal interpretation on the part of the poet. It omits all those comments, reflections, emotions and overtones proper to ordinary poetry. The poetry of Imagism finds its impetus in the psychology of sensation, the only

aspect of philosophy to which scientific attention has been devoted in America for the last thirty years. The fact that Thomas Edison and his followers define thought as highly developed sensation and soul as a bundle of sensations, explains but does not excuse such glorification of sensation as forms the bulk of this type of poetry. Amy Lowell is an exponent of the theory of Imagism. She has written such quantities of free verse that one is justly doubtful of its quality. Most of it begins with some slight poetic impulse which, when spread out over half a dozen pages, ends by being very tiresome prose. Such lines as these from "The City of Falling Leaves," are representative:

Leaves fall
Brown leaves
Yellow leaves
They fall
Flutter,
Fall again.

In themselves they are only an emphasis of the obvious so characteristic of the free verse poets. But whatever may be said of the poetic possibilities of Miss Lowell's verse, its woefully ignorant allusions to "bold investigations hid in confessionals" and the like show inexcusably bad taste and misinformation in a Bostonian and lack of freedom from prejudice in an apostle of freedom for poetry. Mr. Kilmer well expressed the general feeling towards Miss Lowell's verse when he said, "But no one reads Miss Lowell's writings—I have too much respect for her good taste to believe that she herself reads them."

In following up the work of any of these writers of free verse, the necessary conclusion is that it is a rudimentary and not a final art-form. It would seem that the poet resorts to free verse; because his thought is not yet perfect in its crystallization; because his emotion is not at its height. On the other hand, the poet whose theme is complete, whose message is part of his soul, sings his song into the smooth, regular rhythms of formal verse. Certain effects in poetry are impossible without the use of regular rhythm and rhyme. Poetry means singing, a lifting of the spirit, an arousing of feeling; but free verse rarely fulfils this purpose. It may serve as a medium for ironic comments on the life of man, for grotesque pictures of the common "stage, where every man must play a part,"

but as a means of translating the soul into the heights of religious experience, to the depths of suffering or to the region of ecstasy, free verse is doomed to failure.

Free verse involves a great danger, which it is not difficult to perceive. It demands a freedom, which not infrequently ends in license. The poet is always a person of strong feelings. It is this which goes to make him a poet. Therefore he needs the restraint of some definite form to keep his emotions in proper bounds, otherwise he is apt to offend. The greater the poet, the deeper his feelings, hence the more danger there is that he will commit some excess in consequence of his very power. Free verse gives him too much liberty. On the other hand, if a poet confines his emotions within a certain form, this danger is largely eliminated. Form serves as a chastening restraint. It tends to purify.

Though one is forced to pass over the larger body of free verse productions in themselves as undeserving of the name of poetry, nevertheless he cannot fail to see that the movement may be of some real benefit to poetry. Greater flexibility, greater virility will result from the present movement. The poet will have a larger scope for his powers, as a result of the renewed interest in the entire world of experience. Gæthe's words, used to describe the ultra-romantic excesses in French literature in his own day, might well be applied to the free verse situation: "The extremes and excrescences will gradually disappear; but at last this great advantage will remain, besides a freer form, richer and more diversified subjects will have been attained, and no object of the broadest world and the most manifold life will be any longer excluded as unpoetical."

MARY D. McDOUGAL, '18.

THE SNOW OF PEACE.

AFTER years war-torn and anguished
Peace had at last been gained,
But the weary world still languished,
Her face with battle stained.

To free the world from her sorrow,
To hide her wounds and woe,
To be a pledge for the morrow
God sent the merciful snow.

LUCILLE POTTER MILLER, '21.

PEACE.

AT Heaven's portal that November morn,
 Our God looked down upon the earth forlorn,
 Before Him knelt Saint Michael, warrior-knight,
 With Andrew, Mark, and George—a heavenly sight—
 Said Jeanne, her hair entwined with fleur-de-lis,
 "A victory and honored peace, pray we."
 God heard and smiled; He cared not to withhold
 A joy from her, His warrior-maiden bold,
 "I give," He spoke,—and loved her with His glance—
 "Peace to the world and victory to France."

MARY McNAMARA, '21.

THE VENEGEANCE OF WAR.

"JUST a minute, Sergeant, there's a souvenir for my boy," said Gene L'Autier, as he stopped to pick up a bright object from among the debris of No Man's Land. He put the trinket in his pocket with some three or four others, and went on with his companion. The two men were silent for a time, during which a rush of memories flooded the soul of Gene L'Autier. The past four years with its riot of events and vicissitudes marched through his mind in review. He recalled how in the Spring of 1915 he had bid good-bye to his wife and little son of eight months and left his old home in Virginia to answer the call of the patriot and warrior.

The L'Autiers were indeed an American family of the early day, Gene's great-grandfather having come over from France with Lafayette at the time of the Revolution. After the war he remained in this country instead of returning with his comrades to his native land. And there in Virginia not far from the historic Yorktown the L'Autiers had dwelt since the days of seventy-nine. They were a fine family of real Americans but along with their growing spirit of the new land thrived the old love of "la belle France." And when the grand old Motherland in 1915 found herself in such dire danger from the invasion of the Hun, young L'Autier felt it his duty to go to her aid. Being an American citizen he could render assistance at that time only by joining the now famous foreign legion composed chiefly of Americans and known as the Lafayette Escadrille. Later when his own

country went into the big war L'Autier was transferred to the Rainbow Division. And as he now reviewed the events of those four years the deeds of the division filled his heart with just pride. Then the ecstasy of a victorious peace and the hope of "home again" fired his soul. He was living in exultation. Peace, wife, home, child! these were all that he could think of now.

* * * *

"Ooh Ma, you're going to have a whole lot o' nice things for Christmas, ain't you?" exclaimed Gene L'Autier, Jr. as he surveyed a table of fruitcakes and holiday sweets in his mother's kitchen. And he kept on talking as fast as he could in an effort to distract his mother whilst his little fingers dug a hole in the icing on this cake and extracted a nut and a decoration from another. It was Christmas Eve and the mother was too busy with her culinary preparations to give her boy the usual attention.

"Say Mamma, does Old Santa Claus have 'chine guns like my Daddie shoots over in Saint Francis?" The lad always insisted that his father was in Saint Francis, not in France.

"Oh, no, dearie; why a big stocking like Mamma's wouldn't hold a real machine gun. Santa just has airguns and popguns for little boys."

"I mean little ones, Ma?"

"I don't think anybody has 'chine guns except Uncle Sam" answered the mother indifferently as she went on with her cooking.

"Aw, shoot! Then I whisht my Daddie 'ould send me one of his'n."

The boy's mother and his old grandfather had told him many stories about the war and about his father and the Huns. He knew the Lafayette Escadrille from A to Z until he was in his own way a very good authority on most any phase of the war. And a small munition outfit was what he most wanted in his stocking that night when Santa would come on his Christmas round. An expression of disappointment came over his face when he was told that Santa had nothing but popguns and airguns. So great was his distress that for the moment he forgot to pick any more raisins out of the fruitcake. With all that he knew about real fighting he could never be happy with a mere popgun. He soon forgot his sorrow, however, in the presence of the tempting sweets.

"Look, Genie-boy," said the mother holding out to him a big slice of plum pudding, "now run out and talk to Grandpa while Mamma fixes up for Christmas."

"Ouch, this is hot! Bye Mamma, I'll be back 'fore long and help you to fix Christmas. I can talk to Grandpa any old time and Christmas don't come but once a year. Bye, Ma!"

Christine L'Autier smiled to herself as the little fellow went out the door and her thoughts went back to their first Christmas four years before, when little Gene's father was at home. Even then the child had insisted on being in his father's arms as he helped the mother "fix" for their first Christmas. A tear rolled down her cheek. Little Gene had helped prepare for every Christmas since then, but there could be no real Christmas without big Gene, too. This mood passed, however, as quickly as it had come. Christine was soon her old cheerful, hopeful self such as she had by dint of determination been those four long years since her husband went away to war. Noisy steps outside told her that the boy had finished the slice and was coming back. She smiled as she thought how like big Gene he was—the same cheerful, winsome, irresistible Gene as his father. She could, of course, get along much better without his help but, after all, what would Christmas be unless Gene had a hand in the "fixin'?" And as the little busy body appeared again in the doorway his fond mother smiled him welcome.

* * * *

It was very early on Christmas morning that

Gene L'Autier, weary and war-worn but joyous as he had never been before got back from France to his old home in Virginia. Grandpa had gotten up very early to make a fire under the yule logs in the fireplace and to light the candles on the Christmas tree. He had promised his grandson numerous times the night before that he would call him that morning very early; "the first wink you wake up, Grampa" was the injunction. And just as he was going up stairs to do so the door bell rang. When he opened the door who should be there but his own son, Gene L'Autier. Briefly, this was the greatest Christmas for Grandpa. For four years he had prayed with all his faith and fervor that he might live to see his son home again. And now the old man was unspeakably happy that his prayer was answered. After greeting his boy with all the fondness and love of an old parent and leaving the husband and wife alone he went upstairs to call little Gene.

As he stood for a moment looking at the sleeping boy tears of joy stole down his furrowed cheek and lost themselves in his long gray whiskers. Presently the old father, chiding himself for getting to his second childhood so soon, dried his eyes, and woke the child.

"Is it tomorrow, Grampa?" asked the sleepy boy, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes, honey, it's tomorrow. Merry Christmas to you!"

"Oh, is it Christmas, Grampa? Christmas Gift! I got you first," exclaimed little Gene, now thoroughly roused.

"Let's don't put on my shoes, Grampa; I'm going down to get the gun that Santa Claus was goin' a bring me. Come on, Grampa!"

Instead of waiting to be carried down in the arms of his grandfather as usual the boy half tumbled down the stairs in his haste to see what Santa had brought. The old man had said nothing of the surprise that was waiting, and on reaching the foot of the stairs little Gene was not only surprised but shocked to see his mother in the arms of a strange man, a soldier.

The glad father greeted his little son as he went toward him to take him in his arms but the boy ran and hid behind his mother.

"It's Father, Baby, go and kiss Father," urged the mother. The child held out his hand, but drew it back quickly in distrust of the stranger.

"It's Father, Gene; don't you love your Father?"

"No," said the child decisively. Then spying his Christmas tree in the corner of the room he forgot the soldier and his mother and ran off to inspect his presents.

Gene L'Autier stood stricken to the heart. Time and again he had pictured to himself the gladness with which his boy would come to him. His wife tried to remind him that little Gene had never had a chance to know him and love him, but with little effort. The father had not anticipated such a reception. The four years of hell he had just finished were as nothing to this moment of staggering, blasting anguish. War had been hard enough in its waging in many ways but intolerably harder now in having made him a stranger to his child. He had done his duty bravely, fully—and this was his reward! This was what his patriotism had done for him! He had been ready for death everyday since he left his home, but not ready for this blow from his child.

"O, the vengeance of war!" he muttered between breaths, "the vengeance of war!" The wife was weeping. The old grandfather had observed the scene in silence, with something of his son's emotion.

Then of a sudden little Gene, who was in-

dustriously exploring his Christmas tree called, "Mother, what kind of a gun is this?"

"Why, that's your air-rifle, dearie, that Santa brought you last night while you were asleep."

"Ma" returned the disappointed boy, "just send it back to Santa. If he wont bring he the 'chine gun like I wants he can keep his ole guns. I'm goin' to git a real gun from my Daddy in Saint Francis. I can't be no sojer lak my Daddy wid a gun like this."

"Here, son, how will this do?" asked the father as he took from his pocket a bright, handsome revolver. The boy came over to see, forgetting in his interest his fear of the stranger.

"Is that a real gun?" he asked enthusiastically.

"Yes, Child," said the father as he took the now unresisting boy in his arms, "that's a real gun, that's been in the war. It belonged to a big German officer I captured, and I saved it for my little Gene when he gets big; but you can have it right now if Mother doesn't care? I have some other souvenirs for you in my pack."

The boy examined it for a moment, musing with his child's mind—"a real live gun from the war?—then you'se my Daddy from Saint Francis, ain't you?" and clinging to his prize he clasped his arms tight about Big Gene's neck and whispered into his ear, "O Daddie, you'se much better'n Ole Santa Claus."

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

BACK HOME AGAIN.

BACK home again from Flander's land,
Back home from battle's roar,
To where you're happy just to be
Upon Columbia's shore.

Our captain's back to his small farm,
Our sergeant's at the mill,
And privates from our regiment
Are now in office drill.

Back home to my old Hoosier State
Where weeds, in fields, that grow
Are sweeter with their thorny flowers
Than Flander's poppies' glow.

I'm proud I've gone and done my bit,
In France some time to roam;
But I am prouder still to say
America's my home.

ADA COSTELLO, '19.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

HIC JACIT.
(A Morality Play.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PUELLA PRIMA. CONSCIENCE.
PUELLA SECUNDA. IDLENESS.
PUELLA TERTIA.

TIME—8:45 P. M. the night preceding Tuesday morning.

PLACE—a Sophomore's room.

Three girls are discovered seated around a table.

PUELLA PRIMA DICIT:

My friends, we must adjourn—the hour grows late,
The hall is still—please pass another date
Stuffed well with almonds.

PUELLA SECUNDA: Here it is, subside!
Your strident tones much woe to us betide
If Sister chance to pass along this way.

PUELLA TERTIA:
How lovely that your laundry came today!
Is your theme near completion? Mine, alas,
Is under way—that's all. But it will pass.

PUELLA PRIMA:
This date's exceeding good—pray pass three more.
Oh my, this English is an awful bore!

PUELLA SECUNDA:
My dear girl, work, and get your little theme

PUELLA TERTIA:
A duller task I'd never, never dream.—
But what is that? Strange noises 'neath the bed!!

PUELLA PRIMA:
A mouse beneath the coverlet I dread!

PUELLA SECUNDA:
A mouse, you say?

PUELLA TERTIA: A mouse!

PUELLA PRIMA: Yes, yes, a mouse!
I fear he's eating up a georgette blouse.

PUELLA SECUNDA:
Don't climb the chandelier just yet—be calm;
'Tis not a mouse, and not a German bomb,
Nor yet a man,—just listen—

PUELLA PRIMA: Oh my blouse,
All trimmed in beads, and eaten by a mouse—
(*She weeps*)

PUELLA TERTIA:
But hear——!
(*A voice from beneath the bed.*)
I suffer most untold abuse,
Just wait, my girls, till all these bonds are loose.

PUELLA SECUNDA:

Don't faint—*nil faciendum*—nothing doing!
I cannot have you two at once boo-hooing.
Whoever you are beneath the bed, come out;
We want to know what mischief you're about.

PUELLA TERTIA:

I shake, I quake, my heart goes pit-a-pat—
A strange, majestic, gloomy figure that!
(*A figure emerges from beneath the bed.*)

PUELLA SECUNDA:

Ye gods! what see I here—as big as life
And twice as natural, with burdens rife—
'Tis Conscience, whom I thought at home asleep!

CONSCIENCE:

Yes, I! With very heart-break I must weep
To see you all so dilatory still,
Get you to work, and do it with a will!
Oh, what indignities! Bound there was I,
Once-honored Conscience; books were piled up high
On top of my fair form, while deep'ning dust
Upon them gathered—furthermore I must
Consort with outlawed "ponies." Woe is me!
While that insinuating wretch can be—

PUELLA TERTIA: (*Peeping behind curtain of door*)

Good Conscience, pray don't raise your voice so
high—
I see the Omnipresent speeding by.

PUELLA SECUNDA:

"Insinuating wretch"!! Don't look at me!

CONSCIENCE:

While *that* wretch, I repeat, can ever be
In highest feather, wantoning your time,
Distracting you from pursuits more sublime;
Ah, look at him shrink back in trembling fear
And seek to hide, the moment I appear!

PUELLA PRIMA: (*perceiving Idleness*)

Why, Idleness, I did not even know
That you were here: I pray you, quickly go!

IDLENESS:

Proud, prating Conscience, I am master now
Of all these three—why should they care to bow
To your dictates and leave my easy rule?

CONSCIENCE:

But Idleness belongeth to the fool:
Come Sophomores, you're mine! I'll tide you
through
Examinations all your life if you
But yield yourselves to me.

PUELLA PRIMA: We are not used
To you, and Idleness has well amused
Our passing hours.

IDLENESS: Now, that's the way to speak,
But I'm too tired to argue (*yawns*.)

CONSCIENCE: You are weak!!
But see, 'tis nine o'clock—the bell will ring
While we to no avail are cavilling.

OMNES PUELLAE:
The bell! And we have not yet done our themes!

CONSCIENCE:
For Idleness had thrall'd you in his dreams.

OMNES PUELLAE:
Oh dear! What ever are we going to do?

CONSCIENCE:
Nil Desperandum! I, once scorned by you,
Shall, heaping coals of fire, yet save your name.

PUELLA PRIMA:
Dear Conscience, what a blessing that you came!

CONSCIENCE:
Tomorrow morning, waking ere the sun,
With my friend Early Rising, I shall run
To all your bedsides, drag you forth from bed,
And you shall get your themes.

PUELLA SECUNDA: (*shrieks*) Oh look, he's dead

PUELLA TERTIA: Who's dead?

PUELLA SECUNDA:
Why, Idleness! He gasped for breath
While Conscience spake, and then succumbed in
death.

CONSCIENCE:
He never was much good, you must confess.

OMNES PUELLAE:
Alas, its true. *Hic Jacit Idleness!*
(*Electrics ring and lights go out.*)

CLARA LESEGUE, '21.

PEACE.

WITH measured beat of drums,
With wild tumultuous joy that comes
To hearts but lately torn
By grief, the crowd greets Peace new-born.

With silence eloquent
Of love supernal, with heads bent
In awe some few before
The crib the Prince of Peace adore.

NANCY DALY, '19.

SANTA CLAUS CROBEE.

LITTLE Don and Dorothy had been put to bed earlier than usual for the traditional night-before-Christmas reasons. Mother Dora sat in front of the fire-place weeping softly and staring with unseeing eyes at the bare Christmas tree in the corner of the living room. The rays from the shaded lamp shrouded the room in soft light and the dark furniture toned into the deep coloring of the oriental rugs, making a harmony of soft colors and shadows. She did not have the heart to add the sparkling tinsel and the colored candles which would transform the tree into the thing of beauty and delight it was meant to be.

Her mind wandered back over the years and she recalled a maiden, whose tell-tale finger boasted of but one ring, the deeper band having not yet been added. Beside the maiden strode the man of all men. It was the first Christmas since their engagement, so the personal joys of each were intensified by the other's keen appreciation. She knew that her man was a soldier, but in the happiness of their meeting and courtship she had never reflected seriously upon the sterner duties which this calling implied. The country being at peace with the world she had not troubled herself to conjure up possible horrors of war. She was oblivious of all save that her Donald was a West Point graduate, a handsome man of military training and an officer's bearing.

They had been window-shopping together. The streets were brilliantly lighted and filled with a throng of happy people, gay with the joy of Christmas time. As they threaded their way in and out they chanced to pass close to a florist's window, where, just in the center of all the hot-house splendor was a small evergreen.

"Oh! Donald, see the little tree. Doesn't it just breathe the Christmas spirit?—you know, I have never lost my childish fancy for Christmas trees. They thrill me through and through. A tree is all that is necessary to put me in my seventh heaven of delight on Christmas day."

"Do you mean it?"

"Oh, indeed I do. I get a certain joy from them that no amount of elaborate presents can give me. They bring back memories of the years when I used to wait so impatiently for the tree bearing the answers to my Santa Claus notes in

which I had demanded every possible thing of which the childish fancy can conceive."

"Yes, I have heard your mother tell of the time you insisted upon having the moon."

"Mother loves to tell that. Well, I have ceased to long for the moon. I would be satisfied now with a Christmas tree."

"I have it!"

"What, a Christmas tree?"

"No, an idea. Let's celebrate by having a tree."

"All right; we will have it sent up to my house and then we can fix it up tonight."

"Splendid!"

Whereupon they entered the flower shop and Donald gave the order for a Christmas tree.

This first tree had been such a success that they decided to continue the practice. Thus it was that the Christmas tree had become an institution in the Crobee household.

How well she remembered their first Christmas when they had decorated the tree together and then, with elaborate secrecy, hung each other's presents on it to be left unopened until Christmas morning. Each gift seemed to be chosen with the intent of serving both. There was a volume of Byron's poems for him which they would read together in the long winter evenings, and a new library lamp for her which would light up their home.

The next year, there were other gifts over which they conspired in entirely unnecessary and childish secrecy. There were a red and green ball, a lettered plate, and a crooked spoon from the big, proud Donald, Sr., the pink slumber robe from the radiant mother Dora, with a wee jacket and bootee to match from grandma. To quote mother Dora.

"Everything was just what he needed!"

By and by dolls were ranged along side of horns and miniature trains for Donald's baby sister. Those were happy days and as mother Dora mused over them she forgot for a moment the ache in her heart and her face lighted up with the joy of those past days.

Then came the war.

That first Christmas the little family was separated in body but united in spirit and on the tree beside the American toys hung little remembrances from France, for Daddy was over there. He had gone as a part of the 42nd Rainbow

Division, so called because it arrived on the scene, just when the cause of freedom looked the darkest, and brightened the outlook as a rainbow does the clouded sky.

Winter passed and spring came, then midsummer, and with it a letter from France, bidding Dora to have everything in readiness for "by God's grace I'll eat my Christmas dinner at home." This wonderful epistle was read and reread. The children danced about and shouted over the prospect of having their Daddy for Christmas. Young Donald bragged and boasted of the fact so much that he became the center of a group of young hero-worshippers, all very jealous because their fathers were not soldiers. Little Dorothy went about the house clapping her hands and singing,

"Daddy's tummin' home, Daddy's tummin' home."

At night the same little refrain served as a lullaby to put her dollies to sleep. Immediately Dora began her preparations for the home-coming, for it never occurred to her to doubt Donald's assertion. To her, his word was law; to her, it was impossible for him to be mistaken.

Then close upon the heels of this wonderful letter came the report:

"Captain Donald B. Crobee, Company I, R. B. D.—A. E. F. missing in action."

That was all.

The very uncertainty of it was what was bringing that far-away look to Dora's eyes so often, that her friends feared for her. If he had been reported "severely wounded" she could have been brave and prayed for his recovery; if he had been reported "dead" she could have borne her loss and prayed for his soul; but "missing in action"—she prayed and knew not for what she prayed. By day she pictured him as hiding in some dug-out waiting to be rescued, as dying of starvation in some lonely place. By night she dreamed of him wandering alone over No Man's Land, or the victim of German tortures.

Oh, if she only knew!

Then came November bringing peace and joy. With the rest of the townspeople she thanked God for his mercy and when she saw how He had seen fit to spare so many from the suffering she had endured, she again believed in His all-wise goodness. Rousing herself from the melancholy state into which she had fallen she decided to live,

and to do it bravely for the sakes of little Donald and Dora and for the sake of the missing one.

For more than a month she had bravely kept to her resolve, and been smiling and cheerful and had staunchly refused to let the blue devils gain dominion over her spirits. In so doing, she had obtained some small degree of cheerfulness for herself, but when Christmas eve came and with it the Christmas tree her memories had all returned. The sense of her loss seemed to crowd in upon her and overwhelm her. She felt oppressed and alone and it seemed that she was not strong enough to overcome these feelings.

How desolate and dreary that little evergreen looked. To think that she had boasted that it was all that was needed to make her entirely happy. What a small material thing to pin one's hope for happiness upon! It seemed that she could not touch that tree.

Her eyes wandered listlessly about the room and, in their wandering, lighted upon that volume of poems, which she had hung for her husband on their first Christmas tree. Taking it up she opened it caressingly, a faint reminiscent smile hovering on her lips. The fly leaf bore his name and hers and just below was the outline of a tiny hand, traced at a time when its owner had been bent upon interrupting the reading. As she held the covers, the book fell open, of its own accord, to a much worn page and looking down she read:

"All who joy would win,
Must share it.—Happiness was born a twin."

How familiar it was. They had discussed that bit of optimism together. She had been reading aloud and when she came to this the idea so pleased her husband that they had stopped to discuss it. Donald had suggested that Tiny Tim was a living example of this maxim while she had contributed Pollyanna. They had both readily agreed it was the truth and had taken a solemn little vow

to practice it. At the thought of her vow she straightened abruptly. What was she doing? Sitting here neglecting the tree and thus meaning to spoil the children's Christmas, just on account of her own selfishness. She arose and in a short while the tree was resplendant with all the little treasures so dear to childish hearts. Her own heart was much lighter as, having attached the last tinsel ball, she sat down to rest a moment before going upstairs.

The log in the fire-place had ceased to crackle and send out sparks and was burning with a steady red glow. Resting in its soothing warmth, Dora pillowed her head on her arms and fell asleep. The midnight express came and went but the whistle did not wake her. An automobile hummed past the house but Dora slept on. Then a brake squeaked and a car stopped. The gate creaked on its hinges and a familiar step sounded on the porch outside. Dora continued to sleep oblivious of all that was happening. Finally the door opened and a manly voice sang out:

"A Merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Crobee."
"Donald!"

It was.

The first moments were too full for words but soon speech seemed inadequate to tell it all; how Donald had been captured by the Germans and released in the mutual exchange of prisoners, how he had rushed home in an effort to fulfill his promise and help with the Christmas tree. And he had helped, quite transformed the little tree so that as mother Dora looked at it, she thought it beautiful now.

Don and Dorothy were wakened out of their rosy dreams, not by sleigh-bells and horns, but by a rough face on their soft, smooth ones, strong arms about them and a "Merry Christmas" which was Daddy's own. Santa had come.

MARY MARILLA BROWNE, '20.

CHRISTMAS.

RING out your joyous news, ye bells!
And with your glorious tidings fill
The land, on mountains, hills and dells,
For Christ, our Lord, today was born,
May God the Father give again
On this our newest Christmas morn,
To earth His peace, good will to men.

RUTH O'MALLEY, '19.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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DECEMBER, 1918

THE WORLD—PEACE MAKERS.

At Paris on December 17, representatives of the powerful nations of the earth will assemble to arrange for a Conference which will insure permanent peace and right liberty to all peoples; hence, the eyes and ears of the world are straining to catch the slightest operations of that august assembly.

Prophets in the long ago with straining eyes and yearning hearts sighed more eagerly for a promised peace; sighed and sang in words of trustful love, causing all hearts to be lifted up and all voices to join in chorusing "Peace" throughout the land. Prophet succeeded prophet, taking the keynote and sending down the ages harmonious echoings of God's covenant to "crush the serpent's head."

World-Peace Makers! True, the final verdict and pronounced sentence upon the world must be the fiat of the Peace-Table Jurors and Judge, but what of the peoples' part as witnesses at the tribunal? What of the prophets today,—men and women of prominence and influence?

Unfortunately there are some who "sit by the waters of Sion," not silently, but selfishly mourn aloud and send their lamentations broadcast, decrying every move, every act of such as have proved themselves leaders during the crisis of war. Others, the majority, are men, who realizing the sacredness of the trust with which they have been empowered, throw aside political differences and righteously upholding the powers that are, labor strenuously for a universal good.

And the peoples' part? The answer was given by the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, Pope Benedict XV, when he exhorted all his children to pray earnestly that light to see the right and strength

to do it be given to those who must decide a future course for the war-wrecked nations and for the whole world.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF MECHLIN.

There is no title more fitting, to describe the position Cardinal Mercier holds in Belgium to-day, than that of the Good Shepherd. It is the title of an article in the *Century Magazine* for November, by John Reville, S. J., in which the writer indicates this great bishop's right to this name so closely identified with divinity.

Cardinal Mercier stands out in defiance to the autocracy of Germany pleading the rights of his people. As a priest, country man and scholar he presents his cause with pity for his flock, indignation at his country's ruin and knowledge of the enemy's purpose.

To understand more fully what an important part this holy man is playing in the great war, we must look into his life and character. Désiré Mercier was born at Braine l' Allend in Wall-broom Branbot, November twenty-first, 1857, of Franco-Belgian parents. His paternal grand father, Francis, was elected Mayor of Braine. His father, Pierre Leon, although country born and country bred was skilled in painting, literature and mathematics. He was a noble man who loved justice and liberty above all things.

Cardinal Mercier is well known in educational circles. After completing his education at Rom-bout's College, he went to Louvain University to study philosophy and theology. Pope Leo XIII selected him to erect a chair of scholastic philosophy in Louvain University to which students of all countries were attracted. His winning personality made him a favorite master in the University and a shining light in the educational world.

When war broke out Cardinal Mercier was in Rome. Hurrying home he found his cherished University in ruins, his people scattered, the land devastated by the advancing German army. With righteous indignation he stood boldly before the ruthless invaders, who cowered before this superior power and left that small territory around Mechlin and its Cardinal alone. Certainly like the Good Shepherd of old he would lay down his life for his flock if occasion arose.

Although Cardinal Mercier has been lauded as an educator, this is not his greatest glory. The thing which makes him stand out to-day is that

he is above all a priest. In every circumstance the memory of this high office has shown itself in his action. He does not hate his enemy but demands restitution from him.

With tenderness of heart he seeks the suffering and dying; "grieving in their grief." The same spirit which prompted him to defend his people would rather suffer death than have needless sorrow fall upon them. What then must be his sorrow, as he looks out over the desolate fields of Belgium, to see not a home or person, only ruin?

Should we not as Catholics take pride in the part such a noble churchman as Cardinal Mercier is taking in the war? Surely in him will the world recognize the heroic sacrifice the Church has always made and bless the "Good Shepherd of Mechlin."

THE YOUNG MILITANT.

"Forward, March," comes the command from out the little barn along the alley, followed by the uninterrupted beat of two tiny feet over the rough boards of the barn floor. The victor is now guarding his captives, two stray frightened chickens huddled in the corner of the pony's stall. "Lower Masts," comes the orders an hour later, from out the haymow. From his crow's nest on the top loft of the barn, the daring sailor watches out over the stormy waves of hay in search of an enemy's periscope. The cherry-tree holds in its topmost branches the young adventurous aviator, who clings to the swaying branches as to his falling machine. The barefoot militant in blue overalls accomplishes really great achievements in engineering. As a civil engineer he explores every wood and field surrounding the village, surveying skillfully every track and pathway of the rabbits and opossum. Every turn in the nearby creek is definitely marked and located on his mental map of the countryside. By some original simple device he sounds the depth of the brook before he and his companions dive into its cool waters on a hot summers afternoon. As a mining engineer he goes into the heart of the earth, not in search of gold or silver, but of some new species of worms, which he has lately discovered best to attract and ensnare the blue gills.

Who would not say that this young militant does not feel parallel thrills to the man in actual

service, although he may stand on the street corner and watch with envy the parade of khaki and blue go by? Some mothers say to inquiries of their sons, "Why he has just entered military training." No, he hasn't if he is a true average man. He began his training many years ago, perhaps in his father's little farm or along a country lane. The great preliminary training not only for a militant, but for life are wanting to the man who has missed the educational experiences of boyhood.

When the dream bubbles of youth burst and the boy enters the hum-drum busy life of manhood, he forgets that on a larger scale he is just beginning to live in reality many adventures long past. It may be the unhistoric wars of many a young militant that made Pershing's army so gloriously victorious in France. The majority of American boys scoff at the ideas of tutors and governesses. Give each a little yard or a small room and leave him alone and there he will make a world. This young militant is an historic personage. What if his victories are not chronicled in text books, what if he fights some of his greatest battles alone, unknown even to his highest commander, his mother. He has within him the making of a soldier, a hero, or even a saint and in his hands the future of the world is safe.

LAST MOMENT GIFTS.

There are those who would prove the insincerity of Christmas gifts by pointing out as an example, the last moment purchase of a present, for someone from whom we had not expected a gift. To me this proves quite another spirit. It shows that there is one more friend than we had counted upon having. It is an instance of the real Christmas spirit of peace, love and goodwill. The objection must rather be against the inconvenience of a last moment purchase, than annoyance of possessing a new friend. There may be of course some mercenary spirit in Christmas gifts, but this belongs to the few rather than to the majority; while it may be true that if we have a real friend, an interchange of gifts is quite useless or unnecessary. Still we usually do not have a host of such friends, but only one or two. And before we become celestial beings, the only way that we have of knowing our friends is by their actions and remembrance of us.

Allow me to suggest a gift not usually in vogue in these days of the lost art of letter-writing. Suppose that for Christmas day we send each of our friends, a real letter, a product of care and thought. There can be no better remembrance, for it will be truly a part of our own selves. This surely will bring us closer to the hearts of our friends than would a fancy handkerchief or a decorated hatpin holder.

POETRY REVIEW.

I know you too like to get lost in some antique, out of the way Japanese-shop, where you can just revel in bewitching silk Oriental lamps; in dainty-tinted lacquer-ware; in funny Japanese men, that blow grey "puffs" of incense-smoke from their little ugly faces; and in the thousand and one other tiny 'treasurers that are always hidden in such places. Did you ever play "getting lost" in any place or thing when a Japanese-shop was miles away? I did once! It was in a pile of magazines and November ones at that—enough to make me dreary and creepy like a November wind! But just as I was turning the pages of *The Literary Digest*, I caught sight of something about Japan and that was next best to my heart's desire. Amy Lowell, who has been described as "the high-priestess of free verse" had two beautiful scenes from old Japan. As I read "The Ladies," I could see the Japanese ladies—"Wisteria Blossom," and the rest with their "ten attendants" as they walked together, looking at peonies, and I could smell the peonies with their "rose-flat" and "incurved petals."

I went on looking for pretty things and found them in Carl Sandburg's "The Year"—a miniature pageant of the seasons. He does not label each season but delicately suggests it and we know instantly that the "storm of white petals" is spring and "The hoar frost and silence" belongs to winter.

After I had finished reading just a few poems and was puzzled over all of the beautiful things poets must think, I caught a glimpse of John Gould Fletcher's "Moods." In two lines, he gave the clearest image of all that I was puzzled over, because truly "a poet's mood" must be like "fluttering butterflies in the rain," in order to catch

the sweetest joys and sorrows in this world and then to give us such exquisite pictures.

David Morton's, "An Old Lover" in *Harper's* is reminiscent, touching and beautifully pathetic in every line. This old sea-farer is described as talking of the "old schooners lost" which he called "by their names." The "Old Lover" was his ship the "Island Queen," which he had "lost off the cape." One line, which described the old seaman as he told his old sea stories, was particularly good—

"The god of speech was neighbor to his lips."

Some one has said, that the purpose of a poem is to "record an emotional impression." Eleanor Hutchinson's "Hearts-a-Singing" in this month's *Harper's* did this. It is a bit old-fashioned in its expression of a personal emotion and has the faintest musical effects, that makes one want to sing it. The last two lines:

"For when two hearts are singing
What need is there to speak?"

seem to sum up the entire thought of the poem. Before I realized it, the little refrain in "Hearts-a-Singing" was singing within me, because this pretty little lyric was contagious.

Before an hour had passed, I realized that I had discovered little treasurers—not in a Japanese-shop, but in the way of pretty, delightful poems that were hidden away in November magazines.

CECILIA FITZGIBBON, '19.

JACQUELINE.

If proof were needed of John Ayscough's versatility as a writer or his ability as a novelist, his latest book, "Jacqueline," would furnish abundant evidence of both. His novels are never merely novels, they are always studies besides, historical, romantic, psychological perhaps, but always idealistic. Viewed from one angle, "Jacqueline" is an interpretation of the character of an arbitrary young girl as it develops under various forms of the vocation of absolute consecration. One may care for this intense laughter of the De Bohuns less because he likes the gentle Ancient of *French Windows* more, but one must recognize this story of her tragic self-effacement as a novel unusual in theme and faultless in style.

PROGRAMS.

The following program was given complimentary to Mother M. Perpetua, Superior General, the afternoon of November 17:

Selections.....	ST. MARY'S ORCHESTRA
Hungarian Dance.....	<i>Brahms</i> M. O'LOUGHLIN.
The Lord Is My Light.....	<i>F. Allitson</i> F. GUTHRIE.
Humoreske.....	<i>Poldini</i> M. PURMAN.
Selections	ORCHESTRA
Fugue—Dixie.....	<i>Mano Zucca</i> E. BROUSSARD.
Deep River.....	<i>Burleigh</i>
The Americans Come.....	<i>Fay Fester</i> S. JOBST.
Souvenir da Wieniauski.....	<i>Haesche</i> M. DEL R. BLANCE.
Fantasia Impromptu	<i>Chopin</i> G. SOLDANI.
Selections	ORCHESTRA

* * * *

The following delightful "War Program" was given by the students of the Department of Expression on the evening of November 25:

- I. Peace—*Edwin Markham*.....HELEN MAGINNIS
- II. Poems by *Robert W. Service*:
 - Young Fellow, My Lad.....DOROTHY FRANK
 - Thanksgiving.....MARGARET WIDDEMER
 - The Fool.....MARIE HUMPHREYS
 - Revelations.....MADRIENNE FLORENCE
 - Jean De Prez.....HELEN MINIHAN
- III. { Not Me..... }
 { When the War Would End }—*Anon.*
ELIZABETH LONGLEY
- IV. Five Stars and a Golden Cross.....*Will Ferrell*
 KATHERINE SCHMALRIED.
- V. Laughter of Leen.....*Conrad Richter*
 HELEN SMITH.
- VI. Old House in Flanders.....*F. M. Hueffler*
 EDITH HESSELL.
- VII. I Have a Rendezvous with Death...*Alan Seegar*
 ESTHER CARRICO.
- VIII. Poems by *Joyce Kilmer*:
 - Roofs.....CECILIA WOLTER
 - Rouge Boquet.....BEATRICE REA
 - The Peacemaker.. }
 - The Service Flag. }MILDRED KENNEDY
- IX. The full Measure of Devotion.....*Dana Gatlin*
 LUCILLE MILLER.

NOTES.

Sunday, November 10, Father Eugene Burke, C. S. C. of Notre Dame, gave an interesting sermon on the Holy Hour. He explained the beauty and efficacy of this pious practice and urged all to faithfully keep the Hour of Adoration. Other sermons during the month were given by the Revs. Daniel Hudson, C. S. C. and Francis Wenniger, C. S. C.

Mrs. Diedrich gave a delightful recital in the assembly hall, Saturday afternoon, November 16. She possesses a voice of rich quality, ranging between a dramatic and lyric soprano. Her program was well selected and rendered with perfect ease. It was one of the most enjoyable recitals of the year, and Mrs. Diedrich's first appearance at St. Mary's. We sincerely hope she will come again.

On Thursday afternoon, November 21, Saint Mary's had the pleasure of entertaining three distinguished guests, Bishop Keating of Northampton, England, Mgr. Barnes, formerly editor of the *Dublin Review*, now chaplain at Oxford University, and Bishop Hickey of Rochester, New York. Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C. of Notre Dame introduced Bishop Hickey who gave a short address to the students. Bishop, is an old friend at Saint Mary's and always a welcome guest, he concluded his remarks with the modest assertion that, "he was only preparing the way for the 'greater lights' who would follow." Dr. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame introduced Bishop Keating with a few well chosen remarks. Bishop Keating returned some of the many compliments bestowed on him by Dr. Cavanaugh and then gave a very interesting talk on Catholic Education. Mgr. Barnes, gave his audience a clear idea of the work of the K. C. chaplains among our boys "over there" and his own work as director of the spiritual welfare of the American boys.

Thanksgiving vacation passed entirely too fast for the girls who spent those days at Saint Mary's. In the midst of the gayety and revelry lessons were put aside. On Tuesday night, November 26, the first of a series of parties was held in Saint Angela's hall,—an informal dance. The hall was artistically decorated and the "Rag Pickers" never played better.

The Juniors and Seniors were granted a late sleep on Wednesday morning a privilege much coveted by the other girls. In the afternoon South Bend was filled with Saint Mary's girls and after a gay time they hurried back to school to make ready for a card party to be held that evening.

Among the recent guests of St. Mary's were Mrs. Gertrude Cavanaugh-Shea, the Misses Helen Holland, Mildred Crull, Margaret Sullivan, Lucille Scanlon and Broussard.

On the evening of December 5 the Rev. H. W. Hengell of Madison, Wisconsin, gave an "especially prepared for St. Mary's" lecture on "Making the World safe for Democracy." Father Hengell also gave an informal talk on the morning of the 6th.

"Happiness and Health" is the prayer-toast offered by St. Mary's for Alice Roth, of Fowler, Ind., who on Thanksgiving Day became Mrs. John J. McGuire.

Saint Mary's students were veritable Movie Fans on Friday and Saturday, November 22 and 23, when "My Own United States" and the "Victim" were shown in Saint Angela's Hall. "My Own United States" was full of patriotism and spirit, and one of the most enjoyable "movie" Saint Mary's has had this year. "The Victim" a photo play in nine parts, illustrating the sacredness of confession, is one of the first productions of the Catholic Art Association of America.

The Freshmen have been waiting their chance, to say a few words to their dignified college sisters. Sunday evening, November 24 an opportunity was given them, and they displayed much ability. We expect great things from our Freshmen. On the following Sunday evening, December 1, the Academics again displayed their talent and entertained very cleverly. Many different and alluring "coiffeurs" were noticeable in the audience.

The Metropolitan Opera Company gave a recital on Friday evening, December 6.

On Saturday evening, November 30, the Gamble Company gave a pleasing recital in the Assembly Hall. Mr. Gamble is a favorite at Saint Mary's.

"Poets of the War" and "Cardinal Mercier" were the subjects of the lecture of Dr. James J. Walsh on December 3 and 10.

"An Evening with the Stars" one of the B. R. Baumgardt popular lectures, given on November 21, measured in full to their reputation,—interesting and instructive."

Solemn Mass on December 8, St. Mary's feast, was celebrated by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., assistant chaplain, with the Revs. Charles Doremus and Francis Wenniger of Notre Dame, as deacon and subdeacon. Father Wenniger's sermon forcefully illustrated the great prerogative of our Blessed Mother. He also addressed a few touching words to the members of the First Holy Communion Class.

The First Communicants were, Miss Grace Montgomery, Marie Schlacks, Harriet Farrell and June Kearns.

The students of St. Mary's enjoyed a rare musical treat in Mrs. Edythe Brosius' Harp Recital of December 9. Beautiful tone quality combined with excellent musicianship and a clearing personality, have made Mrs. Brosius a prime favorite wherever she had appeared. She is the type of artists of which the country may be proud, occupying a position of the first rank in the harp artistic world, St. Mary's assures Mrs. Brosius, always a warm welcome.

Recently death claimed two members of St. Mary's household,—Sister Mary Teresina (Teresa Zahm) and Sister Mary Evangel (Margaret Canty-Boland); the one for long a most patient sufferer of an acute malady, the other, like St. Aloysius, gained her virgin's crown in the short space of a few years.

Sister Teresina, for years a teacher of Art at St. Mary's and other houses of the Congregation, was the sister of the well-known Rev. Albert Zahm, C. S. C., author. She has two sisters, also members of the Community,—Sister M. Angelita of St. Paul's School New York and Sister Angeline, who is employed at St. Mary's. To these and to other relatives the CHIMES unites the sympathy offered with congratulations on Sister Teresina's saintship in Heaven.

Heartfelt sympathy is extended to Margaret McIlwee and family, on the loss of her soldier-brother, who, on his return voyage, died at sea; To Katherine and Mary Brazill (students) on the death of their beloved sister.

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I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

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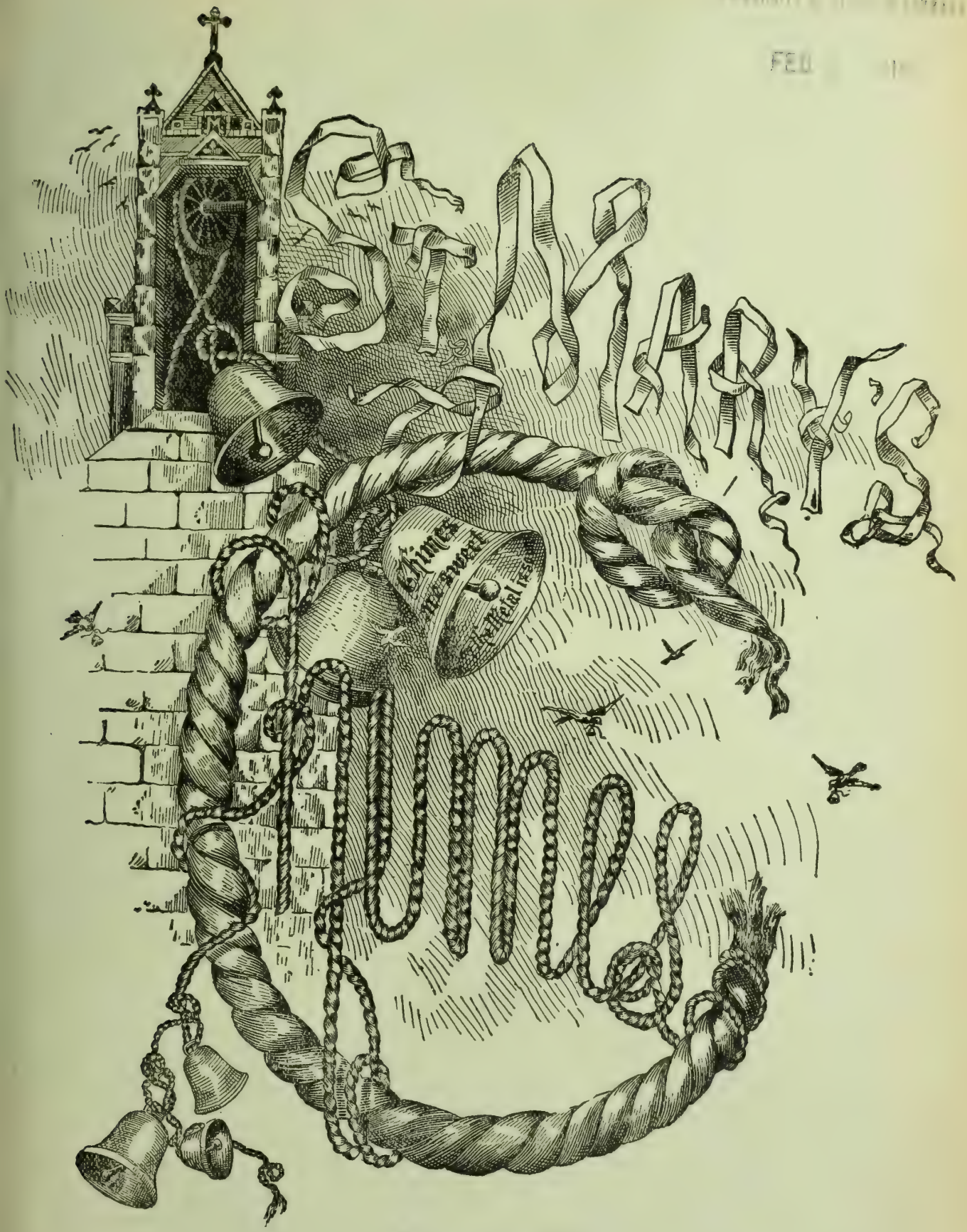
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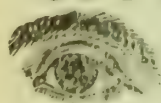
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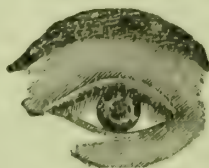
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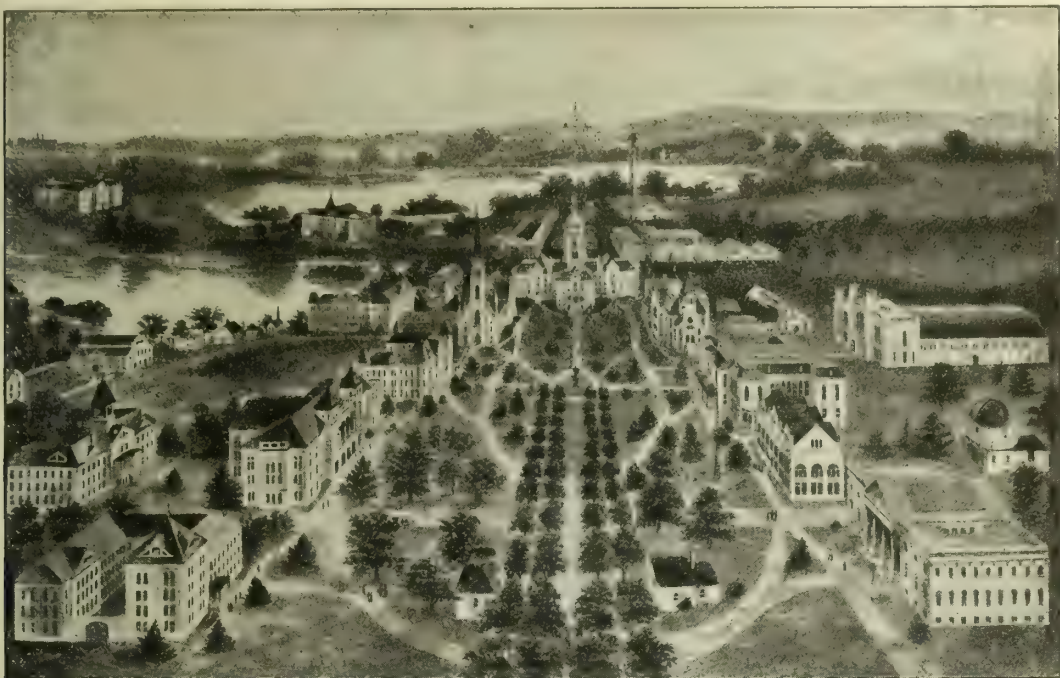
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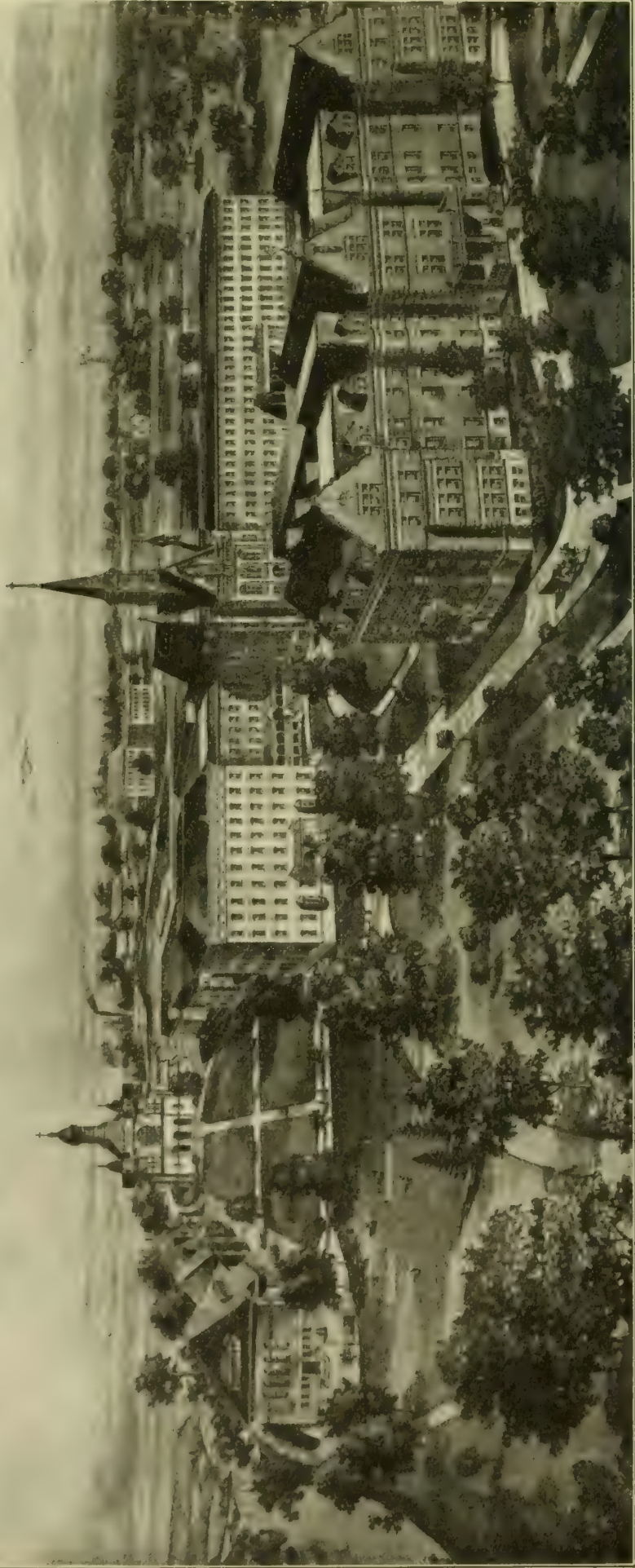
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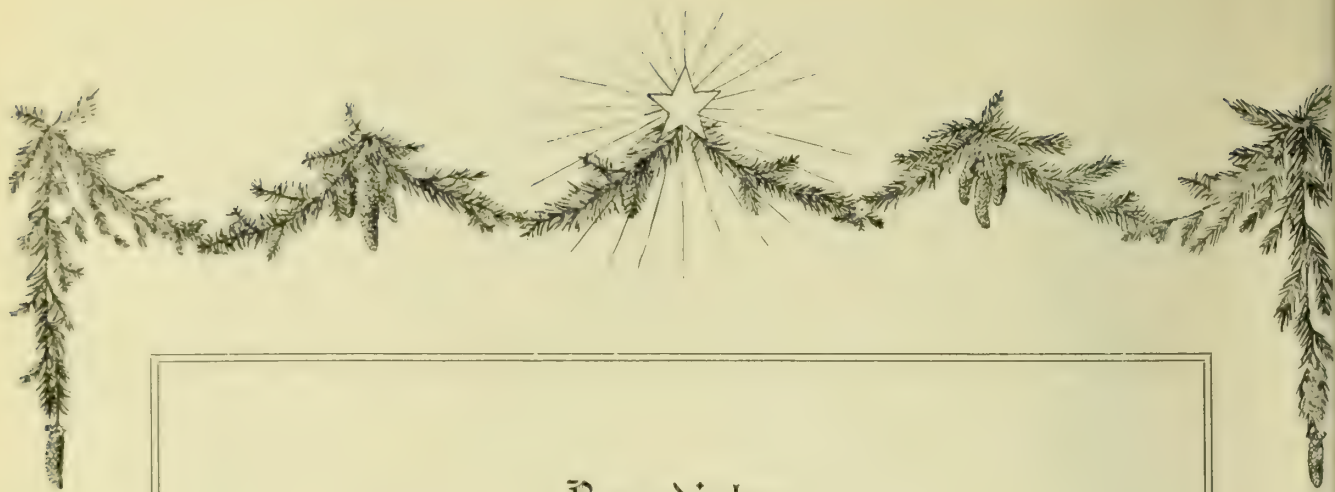


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Benedictus.

*Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; because He hath visited and
brought the redemption of His people:*

*And hath raised up an horn of salvation to us, in the house of
David His servant:*

*As He spoke by the mouth of His holy prophets, who are from the
beginning:*

Salvation from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us:

*To perform mercy to our fathers, and to remember His holy testa-
ment,*

*The oath, which He swore to Abraham our father, that He would
grant to us,*

*That being delivered from the hand of our enemies, we may serve
Him without fear,*

In holiness and justice before Him, all our days

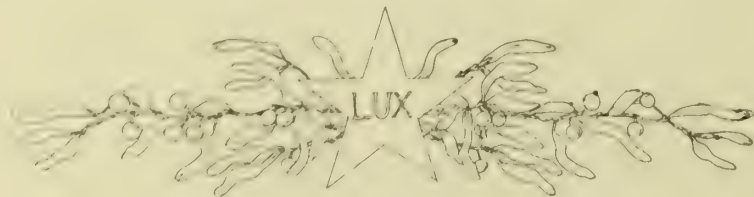
*And thou, child, shall be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou
shall go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways:*

*To give knowledge of salvation to His people, unto the remission
of their sins:*

*Through the bowels of the mercy of our God, in which the Orient
from on high hath visited us:*

*To enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death;
to direct our feet in the way of peace.*

St. Luke I, 68-79.



ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., January, 1919

No. 5

EARTH'S BENEDICTION.

On an altar of dull blue twilight
The myriad star-tapers glow;
And sighings of soft wind-music,
Responses whisper low.

The incense is fir and balsam,
Snow-robcs of purest white;
The fairest of Heaven's children,
Love, is the acolyte.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

MARCUS AURELIUS AND THOMAS á KEMPIS—A COMPARISON.

MARCUS AURELIUS, emperor of Rome when she was still mistress of the world, and Thomas á Kempis, priest and monk, living when Europe was on the eve of the Renaissance, although absolutely unlike in the estate and occurrences of their lives, were united on one essential thing, their view of the meaning and worth of life.

Marcus Aurelius reigned in the second century A. D., a transition period in the history of the Roman empire. A reaction from the stern principles of Stoicism had already set in. The severe discipline and simplicity of life, which had been the key to the political and martial success of the early Romans, had given way to a love of luxury, and a prevailing licentiousness unparalleled in history. Suspicions, jealousy, and intrigue were rife within the empire, and the far-reaching provinces lay restless under the Roman yoke. Christianity, despite relentless persecution, numbered her converts among the thousands. Rome had passed her golden age, and with the death of Marcus Aurelius the empire became a prey to the civil strife and barbarian invasions which were the beginning of the end.

In such a century, Marcus Aurelius lived and reigned. He was born in the year 121 A. D. His family claimed descent from Numa, the second king of Rome. Both his parents died when he was very young, but his childish remembrances of them is beautiful. In his "Meditations" he says that of his father he learned "both

shamefastness and manlike behaviour," and his mother taught him to be "religious and bountiful." In his childhood he was noted for the gravity of his disposition and the seriousness with which he viewed life. At the early age of twelve he adopted Stoicism as his philosophy, and with remarkable tenacity held and practised the rigorous tenets of that creed throughout his life. Although as he grew older, his rank required him to attend the law courts, festivals, and other ceremonies, his heart was always with his books.

At the very beginning of his reign, wars broke out on every side, and much of his time was occupied in keeping the eastern provinces in subjection, and preventing invasions of the barbarians from the north; nor was he spared domestic troubles. Of his six children, the only one who survived was Commodus, who undid all his father's good work, and added his own name to the long list of cruel and vicious tyrants who reigned over Rome. While engaged in another campaign against the barbarians, Marcus Aurelius died in the year 180, A. D. As a soldier and a statesman, he was both successful and prudent, but the strong point of his reign was his administration of justice. Here it was that the wisdom and prudence of the philosopher most clearly showed, for in every way he tried to uplift his people. The great blot on his name, and one hard to explain, is his treatment of the Christians. It is evident that he knew of them only from hearsay, and false hearsay at that, which is perhaps one reason why he took no measures to give them a just hearing.

The life of Marcus Aurelius was a paradox. With a disposition that loved obscurity and peace, he was born to greatness and the tumult of wars. In his "Meditations" he has left us an intimate account of his inner life,—the story of a gentle, noble, and spiritual soul seeking perfection. And the thoughts, the feelings, and ideals in the "Meditations" are like nothing so much as that great book of the spirit, "The Imitation of Christ" by Thomas á Kempis.

The fifteenth century, in which Thomas á Kempis lived, was also one of restless activity. The world was on the threshold of a new era,

not an era of civil strife, slow decay, and destruction as that which followed in the wake of Marcus Aurelius, but a period of new life, the era of the Renaissance. In the century of Marcus Aurelius, Christianity was still in its cradle, and paganism, with all its attendant evils, was the dominant creed. At the time of Thomas á Kempis, the light and the spirit of the true faith had for centuries flooded all Europe, and the Christian world stood now on the eve of the Reformation.

The spirit of devotion and zeal which prompted the Crusades had exhausted itself with the brave attempt of St. Louis to release the Holy Land from the yoke of Mohammedanism. The Gothic cathedrals had been built; the popularity of the miracle play was declining; and a new impetus had been given to classical learning. St. Thomas Aquinas, the scholar, had summed up, in his great work, the substance of Catholic theology, and Dante, the poet, had crystallized that philosophy in his great allegory of the human race, "The Divine Comedy." Francis, the saint, "the poor little man of God," his life a flaming torch of love for his Creator, had fired thousands of souls with the desire for the spiritual and the real. And now Scholasticism gave way to Mysticism, which swept over men like a flame leaving them with a burning desire to attain the new life of the spirit, a mystical union with the Godhead.

Influenced by this new life of the spirit, Gerhard Groote established, at Deventer, Holland, the Brethren of the Common life. Mysticism, also, entered into their rule, but in such a practical form, that they became known as the Brethren of the New Devotion. Their asceticism was no morbid outburst of fanaticism, for they became great teachers and leaders of men. Under their inspiration and guidance, the characters of some of the most famous thinkers of the Middle Ages were formed.

Thomas á Kempis is the most widely known and best-beloved of those scholars to-day, for his book "The Imitation of Christ," the story of the soul's yearning for the spiritual, holds a universal appeal to mankind. Thomas á Kempis was born in the year 1380 in Kempen, a small diocese of Cologne. Of his life there is little to be said, for unlike Marcus Aurelius, he was no ruler of a great empire, nor did he fight great battles in a worldly sense, but he fought and won the harder

and more inconspicuous battle of self-conquest.

Until he was thirteen years of age, he lived with his parents, and then journeyed to Deventer where he spent seven years in quiet study and devotion under the inspiration and example of Florentius, one of the most influential priests of the order, for whom he entertained a great love and respect. Then, encouraged by Florentius, and with his recommendation, he determined to enter the Order of St. Augustine. After seven years spent in the novitiate at Mount St. Agnes, he was ordained, and until his death, in 1471, he remained in the monastery at Zwoll.

He devoted himself chiefly to preaching, the duties of the confessional, and transcribing, to which he attached great importance. He loved to be alone, and it was in the solitude of his cell that he wrote with such profound sympathy and keen insight "The Imitation of Christ," an expression of the religious yearnings of humanity.

This slender little volume, which the world has known by heart for the last four hundred years is instinct with human life. A soul speaks to souls in it. This is the essential difference between the "Meditations" and the "Imitation of Christ," for in the "Meditations" Marcus Aurelius addresses his own soul. The universal appeal of the "Imitation" lies in its poetic and philosophic expression of the spiritual wants and soul yearnings of all mankind; while the charm of the "Meditations" is in the intimate frankness and sincerity with which the author tells his own spiritual aspirations and ideals.

But in their philosophy, their ideal of self-control and conduct, the two books are very much alike. They are both based on the fundamental fact of man's dependence on God. Thomas á Kempis attributes everything to God, for we have nothing, that we have not received from Him. "This," says Thomas á Kempis, "is that grace by which all vain-glory is put to flight." All things proceed from the Governor of the universe, is the belief of Marcus Aurelius. Men are but tools, shaped to fit a certain purpose. If they adapt themselves to that purpose it is well, but the Administrator of all will make good use of them, whether they will or not.

But while the Christian's mood is one of utter humility and subjection, with a clear knowledge of the nothingness of self without God, the Roman's temper shows more confidence and reliance on his own ability to attain his ideal.

However, it is most remarkable that Marcus Aurelius, without the faith of Christianity, should so clearly realize the fact of man's dependence on God, and see in the ever-changing conditions of the world, however incongruous they might appear, a harmonious working out to one end, the glory of God.

Both books emphasize the idea, that the attainment of perfection is only secured by complete mastery of self. "If every year we rooted out one vice," says Thomas á Kempis, "we should soon become perfect men." And Marcus Aurelius, believing that in self-control was the root of all virtue, argues with himself in simplicity and sincerity to view all things in their true nature, and thus, seeing their worthlessness, not to yield impulsively to every passing desire.

No ancient philosopher held an ideal of conduct that so nearly approached the Christian ideal. And Marcus Aurelius not only held this ideal, but also tried to attain it without the foundation of faith and love which Thomas á Kempis had. Faith, indeed, he had, but faith without hope in a personal God or a future existence. His love was a mere law of his reason and a means to virtue. The Christian died to self to find God. The Roman died to self to pass into nothingness. For Thomas á Kempis, Christ was "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and he says "Without the Way there is no going; without the Truth there is no knowing; and without the Life there is no living." Taking Christ for example, he followed the royal highway of the cross. For Marcus Aurelius, his own reason pointed the way.

Both regard the praise and blame of men as worthless. "Let not thy peace be in the tongues of men," warns Thomas á Kempis, and Marcus Aurelius says, "that which is praised, is not thereby made either better or worse."

Another point of emphatic agreement in the books is a firm conviction of the transitory character of the world. Both authors agree, that if a man would save his life he must lose it. To find perfect peace complete renunciation of selfish aims and pleasures is necessary, but in such self-sacrifice the Christian's gain is infinitely greater than his loss, while the reward the Roman hopes for is a tranquillity that passes into annihilation.

Both look upon unkindness and annoyance with the same magnanimity, holding the world to be a large community in which men must help one another to attain the end for which they were

created. "We must bear with one another, help one another, comfort one another," was the belief of Thomas á Kempis. "Love those men whom thy fate it is to live with; but love them truly," says Marcus Aurelius.

That two books written at such different times, and under such varying circumstances, by authors whose religious beliefs were so radically opposed, should be so similar in their underlying philosophy and ideals is very remarkable. For nine hundred years, men have been reading the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius. If time is the one certain test of the enduring quality of literary art, the requisites of greatness must be present in this very personal revelation of the spiritual life of a man struggling to attain perfection. But there is lacking, in the "Meditations," that sublimity of motive, exalted feeling, and the inspirational faith with which Thomas á Kempis has dealt with the same subject, in his "Imitation of Christ." The basis of Christianity has made the "Imitation" more truly universal than the "Meditations," for Marcus Aurelius has given us no adequate reason, why we should strive for perfection, while Thomas á Kempis offers the only true reason, which is so well stated by St. Augustine, "Our hearts were made for Thee, O God, and they are restless until they rest in Thee."

It is the perfect book of the spirit for all men of all times and creeds. Besides the Bible it is the most widely read book in the world. It was the favorite reading of General Chinese Gordon, and Stanley, the explorer. George Eliot read from it every day. Dean Church says, "No book of human composition has been the companion of so many serious hours, has been prized in widely different religious communions, has nerved and comforted so many, and such different minds—preacher and soldier and solitary thinker—Christian, or even it may be those unable to believe."

The greatness of the "Meditations" does not lie in the fact that its author was a pagan, nor in its pagan elements, but only in those elements that conform to the universal truths of Christianity. That Marcus Aurelius, without Christianity, should hold so clearly some of its great truths is only another proof of St. Paul's assertion, that God never left Himself without witnesses. And as the "Imitation of Christ" is wholly Christian, it must also be wholly universal.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

AN ANGEL AND JOYCE KILMER.

I O! Clad in brown a soldier passed me by
 Upon this mystic way. No wondering look
 He gave, to heavenly beauties here on high.
 On earth, perchance, he saw in nature's book
 Our God's omnipotence. Songs which he took
 From Canticles, he sang. Yet sad were they.
 "What cause is there," I asked, "your joy to brook?"
 "I weep," he said "for those on earth who stay
 And unto Mainstreet, Heaventown, know not the way."

ADA COSTELLO, '19.

THE YOUNG WISE MAN.

ABOUT a mile and a half south of Bethlehem,
 there is a plain, separated from the town by
 a gentle swell of the mountain. Here,
 sheltered from the north winds, is a vale covered
 by a bounteous growth of sycamores and pine-
 trees, while in the adjoining glades and ravines,
 there are thickets of olive and mulberry. On
 the side, most distant from the village, under a
 blunted cliff, was an old sheep-cot. Unroofed
 and almost demolished, it served as a shelter
 for the shepherds, who wandered with their
 flocks across the plains.

It was here a number of shepherds, seeking
 fresh walks for their sheep, had found their way.
 Night had fallen. Everything was safe in the
 field and they had settled down about the fire to
 rest and talk. The flames lighted up their rough
 faces, revealing their thick, coarse hair and their
 long, matted beards. They were wrapped in
 mantles of kid's skin; broad belts girded their
 waists and rough sandals covered their feet.
 Near each one lay a shepherd's crook. Rough
 and gaunt as they appeared, these men were
 simple and tender-hearted. Great events might
 stir the soul of a nation, but heedless, they lived
 among their flock, with a knowledge and a wisdom
 of their own. On the Sabbath, they were always
 seated on the bench farthest from the holy ark,
 but none listened to the words of the sheliach
 with greater reverence and more absolute faith
 than they. Such were the gentle shepherds of
 Judea, who sat huddled up in the enclosure under
 the cliff, conversing about their flocks. For the
 time they had forgotten the boy who stood silently
 on the outskirts of the circle, his arms clasped
 tightly about a snow-white lamb. Then it was
 the kindly Nathan who spoke.

"Come closer to the fire, little one. The night
 air is chill and thy mantle is but thin and worn.
 Here, let the boy near the embers, he is shaking
 from the cold. Come, Betham."

The men made way and the child came eagerly
 forward, followed by the lamb.

"Thou art most kind to me," he said in his
 slow, earnest way. "If only I might repay thee.
 But the blind are so helpless. They can only
 smile their thanks and pray the Holy One to
 bless thee."

"Be not sad, my child," answered Nathan
 gently, "thy smiles have more than repaid us.
 We would be lonely without thee. Even the
 flocks would miss thy light footstep and gentle
 caress."

Comforted, the wistful little shepherd cuddled
 down to sleep beside the friendly flames.

"He is a strange lad," said Damos, "perhaps
 his blindness makes him so sad and thoughtful."

"How much he is like his dead father," re-
 marked another. "Dost thou remember how
 faithfully he kept the watch?"

"Ah, yes," returned Nathan almost tenderly,
 "and we must be kind to the little blind son for
 his father's sake. How he loves that white lamb.
 Here, put my cloak about him. I wish that he
 could see."

The night was crisp and clear, sparkling with
 stars. There was no wind, the stillness was more
 than silence. One by one, before the first watch
 was over the shepherds fell asleep. The watch-
 man hugging his mantle close, paced up and down.
 The hush was unbroken save by an occasional
 stir among the sleeping herds or the call of a
 jackal from the neighboring hill. At last, Arman

weary from the watch, crept near the fire and was soon lost in heavy slumber.

At midnight, Betham stirred, then raised himself on his elbow to listen. His sensitive ear had caught an unusual sound. At first, he fancied it was the wind as it rustled through the pines. But as it became more distinct, it seemed like the rush of soft wings. Nearer it came and a radiant light filled his soul. Charmed, he lay quiet and listened. From afar came voices of angelic sweetness, singing in celestial harmony. Am I dead? he thought, or am I dreaming? The lamb quivered in his arms, the dogs howled and the herds stirred uneasily. Frightened, the boy called out in terror, "Awake! Arise! See what is to happen!"

The men clamored to their feet.

"What is it? What is it?" they cried.

"I know not," answered Betham sadly, "for I cannot see."

He heard the exclamations of the shepherds as they sank to the ground, hiding their faces from the intolerable brightness. Then a voice, low but wonderfully clear, penetrated his soul and filled it with assurance.

"Fear not: for behold, I bring thee tidings of great joy."

Betham listened breathlessly. The voice continued and its message filled his heart with a holy joy. "The Messiah is born," echoed through his soul again and again, "The Messiah is born in Bethlehem."

Sinking on his knees, he sobbed aloud, "O, Holy One, that I might see Thy glory."

But the song grew fainter and fainter and he knew the vision was not for him. Never before had his eyes failed him as they did now. The shepherds stood stupified, gazing up with startled eyes at the now fading glory. It was Betham who broke the entrancing silence. Grasping Nathan by the mantle, he urged,

"Let us make haste into Bethlehem that we may be among the first to adore the Christ."

"But the flocks, who will guard the flocks?" objected Arman.

The eager men stopped at the thought. Who was willing to stay behind? They looked questioningly at one another. A shadow of pain and disappointment passed over Betham's sensitive face. Then he came forward.

"I will care for the flocks," he said, "while you go to adore the Christ."

"No," answered the generous Nathan, "the child shall not make the sacrifice, I will stay."

Betham's face lighted, but he shook his head. "No," he said, "let me stay. Thy service will be more pleasing than mine. Why, I could not even see Him if I were to go. It is better that I should stay and guard the flocks."

The others agreed and Nathan somewhat reluctantly submitted. So the shepherds started over to Bethlehem. Betham's sightless eyes filled with tears as he listened to their retreating footsteps. Again his blindness made him helpless. How he longed to see the Messiah, to offer Him his love. Then the words of the sheliach came to him, "There is no true love without sacrifice, and he who sacrifices most, loves most." The thought comforted him and a new joy crept into his heart.

As dawn was breaking the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God. They found an eager, happy boy who ran to meet them with anxious questions. Betham listened earnestly to their story of the Infant Christ and the gentle mother. But he was not satisfied, so he wandered up the hill-side to think. The shepherds had seen no glory, only a sleeping babe, clasped in its mother's arms. To them it had appeared just like any other child, only poorer and more neglected. Betham was certain that he could find something wonderful in that Baby's face. And in his heart, he resolved that some day he would go down to Bethlehem to visit the Christ. Happy at the thought, he forgot all sadness. His merry laugh and song echoed from the hillside and startled the drowsy herds upon the plain. The shepherds talked among themselves and wondered at the change that had come over their once serious little charge.

"What a pity he cannot see," mused Damos, as he watched the boy with his pet lamb, tumbling gleefully about in the soft grasses.

"Sometimes," returned Nathan, thoughtfully, "I fancy he sees more than any of us."

Two weeks passed. Morn was breaking over the mountains to the east of Bethlehem, but so feebly it was still dark in the valley. At the beginning of the third watch, Arman noted a light moving up the hill. At first, he thought it was

a torch, but as the brilliance grew he knew it was a star. Then a strange caravan came into view. The camels appeared spectral in the unnatural light. As they approached the enclosure, one of the party motioned to Arman. As the watchman went to meet them, he noted that the three men were clothed in rich and gorgeous costumes of the Orient. Their trains were costly, their manner magnificent like that of kings.

"Is this Bethlehem of Juda?" they queried.

"Yes," answered Arman, "but the town is farther on."

"Then tell us, where is He that is born king of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and have come to present our gifts."

"You will find Him in the rude shelter just outside the gates of the village. Take the path to the north and you can not miss the way."

Thanking him, the caravan moved slowly across the plain. But not alone; Betham had heard the call and following the sound of the voices had crept near to listen. These men had come from out of the East to bring gifts to the Messiah. Surely he, who lived so near could bring some offering to the Christ. But what had he to give? His white lamb brushed softly against his hand. Now he knew, he would take his pet to the Infant. He could romp with it on the grass or perhaps the wool would make warm garments for the Baby.

In the darkness no one noticed him and he followed cautiously behind the caravan. The distance seemed great and the path was rough and rocky. But he hurried on, singing in his heart. Finally the caravan halted and Betham knew they had reached the cave. He heard the men dismount and enter. Their voices murmured low as they presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. After what seemed to him hours of waiting, he heard them remount and move away. Feeling along the rough boards of the shelter with one hand, the other clasping the soft wool of the lamb, he slipped into the cave. His blind eyes strove to pierce the darkness, so as to discern the holy presence, which seemed to fill the place. As he groped his way, he stumbled against the edge of the manger. The woman, who was kneeling near, started at the sound, then seeing the child, motioned for him to come forward. Betham reached out his hands helplessly. "The Christ," he whispered, "The Christ, I have brought a gift for Him but I cannot find Him."

"The Christ is here," answered the woman, and taking him by the hand she led him to the manger. Weakly, Betham stretched out his hands and guided by the woman, he touched the Infant. The Babe stirred. A quiver of joy ran through the little shepherd.

"I see the Christ," he said with trembling sweetness. "O Lady, I can see the Christ."

ELIZABETH McDOUGAL, '20.

"THE CHRIST CHILD'S GIFT TO THE HOLLY."

ONE New Year Eve long, long ago
 A Mother and her little Child
 Were passing through the fields of snow.
 Her holy face was pure and mild,
 His radiant with love benign.
 The Holly green
 By the Boy seen,
 His tender hand caressed.
 There fell a ruddy drop Divine!
 And the Holly sore distressed
 In grief profound
 Bent to the ground.
 The Christ-Child stooping tender, low
 Unto the saddened Holly said,
 "O, lovely leaf
 Cease from your grief;
 By this drop shed, bright berries red
 My New Year gift shall show."

BEATRICE REA, '21.

New Year Greetings

FROM THE FRESHMEN

ALL bells peal now with greetings true,
To gladden the New Year,
And so the CHIMES rings out for you
St. Mary's children dear.

LORETTO VAUGHEY.

ALTHOUGH this verse I send to you
Is not so very long 'tis true—
May this Yule-tide with it's cheer
Ope for you a bright New Year.

MILDRED MILLER.

A thought that's meant for some one true,
And so this wish I send to you
'Tis just a wish from only me—
That each day a blessing be.

MARY ADINE KOONTZ.

I'LL make a resolution firm
My friends ne'er to forget.
Though New Year's Day
Pass swift away,
My pledge I'll ne'er regret.

RUTH MCCARTHY.

THE merry bells ring loud and clear,
Across the joyful earth,
Proclaiming that the glad New Year
Brings happiness and mirth.

JULIA FLINN.

THE New Year dawn at last has come—
May joy be yours this day
To make you happy as can be;
May God direct your way.

SINA MCKAY.

* * *

"BABY."

W/HERE was your home, O, Baby dear?
Before you waked to see
This lovely world? Did you not fear—
To come from God to me?

ELIZABETH MAHONEY, '21.

A HOUSE WITH CHILDREN IN IT.

I love the house that's strewn with toys,
Where the children come free to play,
Where childish tears are mixed with joys
And the dolls asleep, where they lay.

Give me the battered train of cars,
The blocks, and the fun and noise,
The dolls, and the ship with her broken spars,
The home with its childish joys.

He who lived in such a home,
Be he old and feeble and grey,
Will yearn, no matter where he roam,
For noisy children at play.

ETHEL WHITE, '21.

A GIFT FOR THE KING.

It was very noisy in Bethlehem that night, as Ishmael passed through the streets on his way to the tent-maker's. His horse, fleet as the desert winds, picked her way daintily through the crowded thoroughfares. The city of David still harbored many of the strangers who had come, according to the Caesar's decree, to be enrolled. Ishmael watched the throng and his brow darkened.

"Stiff-necked Jews and accursed Romans, all of them," he muttered, "I were well out of this land. When I have obtained the justice for which I came hither, we will go back to the free, beautiful, desert—will we not, Rigel, my fleet one? Oh, to go back to my people, to see the starlight on the sands, to feel the hot breath of the wind in our faces!"

The faithful Rigel bore him on, faster than ever, as if in response to his plea, and they reached the less frequented parts of the city. Ishmael began, as was his wont, to watch the stars. Rigel could be trusted to find her way, and it was a joy to the old Arab, homesick as he was, to watch the unchanging skies. Tonight, they seemed different, closer, throbbing with some invisible force. All the familiar stars which had guided him as a compass seemed faint and remote. A pulsating light shot through the eastern sky; a new star appeared; soft warm beams radiated from it to light the world below.

"Again!" murmured Ishmael, "The King must still be in Bethlehem! By the ancient traditions of my people, he is to be the Lord of all nations, not merely the Messiah of the Jews. He will bring us freedom from the yoke of Rome. Would that I could see him, and pay him homage!"

Down the long highway that led from Jerusalem to Bethlehem came three strangers. They were garbed in the fashion of the far east; the camels on which they rode were the finest; their housings, rich and beautiful. The men must have been tired—they had travelled far—but at sight of the city of David, they urged their tired animals on, and the dust rose from the highway as they approached. When they reached the place where Ishmael had reined in his horse, they halted, saluted him courteously, and one of them inquired, in the Arabic tongue, where they would find him who was born King of the Jews. They had been directed to Bethlehem, he said, by Herod; and the star had reappeared to lead them thus far.

"And now, friend," the stranger concluded, "could you direct us to the place where the King abides? We have brought gifts for him, and wish to see and adore him."

"Nay," answered Ishmael, "I do not know where he abides. But some days ago, the air was full of strange tidings, it was said that a King was born, and this same star appeared in the heavens. Some men of Judea who guarded their flocks in the fields outside the city heard it announced by angels, and saw the Babe in its mother's arms. The place must be reached by this road to the left, perhaps even below where the star is."

"I thank you," answered the stranger gravely. He motioned to his two companions and they started to ride away.

"Wait!" besought Ishmael "Will you take a gift to the King for me? Come to my tent with me that I may give you a jewel."

The wise man shook his head.

"There is need of haste," he dissented, "We must find the Babe, return, and tell Herod, who waits in Jerusalem."

"Herod!" the Arab spoke in great disgust. "What have you to do with that Jewish slave of Rome? He is a base plotter, a scheming proselyte to foreign gods."

"Nay," said the still courteous stranger, "He would worship the new-born God."

"Then go your way in peace," said Ishmael, "May the Star guide you!"

He watched the trio until they were almost out of sight, then, half glad, half sorry at heart, went on to fulfill his errand.

"And I gave no gift to the Great Lord," he whispered regretfully to himself.

It was still in the gray dawn of morning when Ishmael, with his cherished Rigel was about to ride back to Bethlehem. He mounted, looked back over his little tented city, and then, with a low word to Rigel, was off. He had not been able to sleep. Vague thoughts of the Star and of the Wise Men had haunted his slumbers. As he rode, he scanned the eastern sky. It was as usual. He took, half unconsciously, the left road by which he had directed the strangers. It grew lighter and lighter. The dawn crept over the summits of the hills. By its light he discerned people approaching him on the road. A woman mounted on an ass, carrying in her arms a child, and by her side was a bearded man walking with the aid of a staff. A strange group surely, it seemed to Ishmael. Why must they be faring forth at such an early hour?

"Hail to thee, stranger," he said to the man. "Where are you going at such an hour?"

The man did not answer, then, the woman, raising her eyes from the Infant which lay asleep on her breast, spoke.

"We seek a refuge for the Child."

Something in the Arab's breast stirred at her sweet, calm glance.

"From whom?"

"Herod," answered the man.

Then the baby stirred, one little hand reached out, fluttering until it touched the young mother's face, the eyes opened and looked at Ishmael, looked, it seemed, into his very heart.

"Are you the man of Nazareth?" the Arab asked.

"Yes," replied the stranger. "We are called Joseph and Mary."

"And the Child?" Something in the sheik's throat almost choked him—"is it He who is to be Lord of all nations?"

Again Joseph forbore to answer. Mary nodded silent assent.

"I pray," said Ishmael, "Let me help you—but we must go back to my tent and get provisions."

"No," said Joseph, "We must hasten."

"And yet,—yet—I pray you take my Rigel—she will bear you across the desert—it is home to her—and the hardship is not so great."

They hesitated; again the Infant opened His eyes and smiled at Ishmael. Silently, Joseph took Rigel's bridle, assisted Mary to mount while the Arab held the Child as she did so. Long he stood there watching them until they disappeared in the distance.

"My Rigel, fleetest of the daughters of the desert! How I loved you—and yet—I had a gift for the King!"

CLARA SE LEGUE, '21.

OUR WORK.

IT'S just a little thing,
Passing in a minute;
The thing that is the task
Is to begin it.

When once the habit's formed
The rest comes easily;
We do it without thought;
Just try and see.

It is the simple act
Of smiling at the world,
Our emblem let it be
And keep it unfurled.

KATHERINE DOLAN, '21.

CONSECRATION.

IN ecstasy of love, I cried,
 "O God, I'd die for Thee!"
 "Nay," gently smiled the Crucified,
 "But live thy life for me."

ELIZABETH MCDUGAL, '20.

COLONIAL SATIRE.

SATIRE, a favorite diversion of contemporary English writers, was not as a whole, one of the colonial pastimes. The religious intolerance, unbending principles, and severity of the Puritans should logically have expressed themselves in a satirical, or at least, a critical form, but we find few instances of pure satire. Practically all literary expression of these early writers was history, poetry or theological discussions. While a few books such as "The Day of Doom," though obviously not intended for a satire, and portions of Byrd's *Journals*, now sound to us critical in tone, that was not their original purpose.

In imitation of Butler's "Hudibras," there is a breezy and humorous little book by George Alsop, "A Character of the Province of Maryland." The concealed prick and subtle insinuations of a real satire is not a characteristic of this bit of prose and doggerel verse; it is now noticeable for its lively nonsense and humorous criticism.

After a passing glance at these few books, we come to the colonial production which is undeniably a true satire. If one, not noticing the author were to open this book and read at random, he might well imagine that he had been reading a new publication of Jonathan Swift, or a modernization of Juvenal. This bitter and vigorous attack upon prevailing conditions bears the harmless title, "The Simple Cobbler of Agwam," by Nathaniel Ward. His purpose is stated simply at the outset: "The Simple Cobbler of Agwam, willing to mend his native country, lamentably tattered, both in upper-leather and sole, with all honest stitches he can take."

His method of repairing the two old shoes seems rather to be a process of complete destruction. It has been said that Ward is "the most unique scold in literature." The scathing comments upon the "exotic garb" of women, the

arraignments of those who favor toleration, make the gentle satire of Holmes or the sting of Mark Twain seem mild. He says of Mistress Anne Bradstreet,

It half revives my chill frost-bitten blood,
 To see a woman once do aught that's good.

The true Puritan narrow-mindedness is revealed in a "Word of Ireland," a most repugnant and unpleasant attack upon the Irish Catholics. In one sweeping statement he warns all religious enthusiasts who are not Puritans, that they "shall have free liberty to keep away from us." It is only when we consider the conditions of the Puritan period that we understand the motives which inspired this book. When viewed broadly, it furnishes a great amount of amusement and pleasure, though this was clearly not the intention of the author.

The popularity with which this book was greeted made Nathaniel Ward a sensationalist of early times. It is notable that the "Simple Cobbler" was written only twenty-seven years after the first landing of the Pilgrims, and already a critic had begun to chastise those who were advancing and leaving the beaten path of their ancestors. We see what a wide bridge led from the old life to the new and what old time traditions were violated in the face of such vigorous and peppery opposition as Ward's.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

TO A RAG-DOLL.

I was tired of just playing with dolls,
 I was glad when I gave you away,
 But somehow, I still kind of miss you,
 And I wish you were here today.

You're a friend that was always faithful,
 And when I was blue or sad,
 I could tell you all my troubles;
 Such a comforting way you had.

Though your cheeks had a withered pallor,
 And your eyes were a faded blue,
 You were dearest of all my dollies;
 Tho' you're made of old rags, it is true.

Do you know how you came to me, Jimmie?
 You were deep in dear Santa Claus' pack,
 And now since it's Christmas again, dear,
 I am hoping that you will come back.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

ON BEING A SENIOR.

If any one had told me last September that to be a Senior in college meant that I must know all about the "Theory of Ideas" that Plato wrote treatises on, and that I would be responsible for the punishments of the gluttonous and the murderers in Dante's "Inferno," I would have shrunk back in amazement and decided that in the ten months allotted for my studious pursuits was entirely too short a time to learn all that I realized I didn't know.

But, I've discovered that just when people begin to realize how little they know and how much there is in the world to learn and what a really short time they have to learn it in, they begin to get acquainted with the "real values" in life.

In a way, this does seem a little lesson to learn after four years, but still it is a great lesson—it has taught me to appreciate life more fully, to value time more highly, and to "make hay while the sun shines."

CECILIA FITZGIBBON, '19.

THIS exalted state carries with it many responsibilities, as is the nature of exalted states, but perhaps its worst feature is the ever conscious knowledge that one is supposed to serve as an example to all those in need of examples. The pressing weight of this burden sometimes obscures its larger joys and privileges and many times curtails one's sweet free will. The sad part of a Senior's career is the knowledge that never again will she be quite so important in the school life. It is an island in the sea of oblivion. Nothing very important going before and generally nothing especially earth-quaking afterward. It will perhaps be an epoch in our lives by which to reckon events, as, "Oh, that happened when I was a Senior," or "the year after I was a Senior." It is a reward of the burning of midnight oil and a punishment for being grownup.

ADELAIDE HOPFINGER, '19.

HIGH PRAISES OF A SENIOR DINNER.

A girl came down the hall sniffing in all directions. From the expression on her face, the odor which she detected was at the same time both pleasing and even disagreeable. Then she said, as she walked along with me: "Another senior dinner, I suppose."

"Quite right, but cheer up," I said, "Your time will come."

I laughed, and was even amused at her remark for I remembered how I used to be quite petulant to think that the girls, who caused such delectable scents, would let them escape from the kitchen and ascend to all floors, and even come into my little room, without a sign of an invitation. "I don't suppose I should ask you this," she said, "but may I just peek in at the door and see what you are making?" "Why surely," I answered, "Everything will be war recipes. Come on in, and see all the girls and notice how nicely they get along with the cooking."

"You know cooking in these war days is very different, from what it was a couple of years ago.

We have to save the sugar, bread, and meat for Mr. Hoover. We are all trying to make America a safe place for democracy, and this is the way in which we girls help to do so."

We went around from place to place and each one was busily stirring. One girl was preparing the meat, another potatoes. At the end of the table was a little cook making soup, and composing a verse the while, which ran like this:

"Some girls are afraid to be cooks,
But here is a soup made from beans,
Peppers and spice, say the books,
Will make a fit dish for the Queens."

The next girl we came to was making an icing for a cake. This was her first lesson in cake making, and of course she was asking many questions. The frosting was sticky and refused to stay on, but my! it did look good.

"Here's a sample, now tell me what you think of my first cake?"

"It's the best I've tasted since I left home, Oh! dear, I wish I were a senior."

LORETTO MCGUIRE, '19.

Sophomore Verses.

THE SNOW MAN.

WITH hat askew on head so bald,
A gruesome look in each button eye,
With gallant air of bravado
He mutely stares at passers by.

MARY JONES.

MY PIES.

I wish I could make a pie
Like mother always makes,
Her pies are all so good
Almost as good as cakes.

I look at hers and smile,
She looks at mine and sighs,
Mother calls hers custard
But I call mine—mud pies.

BURDENE TOBIN.

A SUMMONS.

Shades of Milton, heed what I relate!
My mind is blank, my thoughts have flown,
So may I trust to you and fate,
I have no ideas of my own.

They say that you wrote poems wonderfully
When you were just a lad at school,
I wish you'd share my fate at S. M. C.
Where geniuses are not the rule.

KATHERINE FITZSIMMONS.

LATIN.

LATIN one, two, and three,
I need for my degree;
And whether great or small
I must study one and all.

I spend an hour each day,
Studying of Caesars' way,
It really is all bosh
When I prefer brave Foch.

I have but one year more
Of this old Gallic War;
And then to you, I say,
I'll have my dear B. A.

CECELIA WOLTER.

MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

I'M just insane with work that's due
Before the Christmas holidays,
With notebooks, stories, verses, too,
My brain is in a perfect haze.

Why did I let my lessons slide?
When New Year comes, you just can bet
By rules I'll promise to abide,
And all my lessons, too, I'll get.

RUTH FOSTER.

OUR HOME-BOUND TRAIN.

WITH joy we take our home-bound train,
At Christmas, Easter, and then June time,
And oh! the gladness that we feel,
When it draws near our town at noontime.

The New York flyer it could be
Or even a box car could function,
We do not care just what it is,
That takes us to our Hoosier junction.

ALMA ROTH.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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JANUARY, 1919

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE SEASONS.

New Year coming once a year, and being a birthday common to all the seasons, it was decided at the general council—which met every twelve months, before the old year gave over his records to Father Time—that they should celebrate together their common birthday.

It was at this council that the rules which governed the seasons were laid down, deciding these important questions: how many days of warmth and how many of cold; how much rain and how much draught; how many dark and how many sunny days were to be accorded each season and the decisions were accompanied by much discussing and many a heated argument, for each season strove to add to her credit a few days which rightly belonged to her sister season. And it would always be to her praise, for there were sure to be some people, either old or young to rejoice at the generosity of the summer season or the early approach of winter with the jolly sports she afforded. But Father Time settled all disputes and gave to each unruly sister what was justly hers.

It was at this meeting also, that the seasons unanimously agreed that they would meet once a year and celebrate with Father Time the birthday of New Year. So New Year has become a day of great festivity, when all the seasons, clad in their newest apparel, come together and rejoice at the birth of New Year, which means a rebirth for them as well.

NEW LEAVES IN AN OLD BOOK.

Today the success of a book is achieved if it becomes a best seller, if it runs into its fifth edition, if its sale reaches the five thousand mark. Small matter if, by next year at this time, the names of both book and author be forgotten! The year 1918 marked the four hundredth anniversary of the publication of one of the world's best sellers, a book that has been translated into fifty different languages and has gone over fifteen hundred printed editions. This book is *The Following of Christ*.

It is a general idiom and custom in the Christian world to turn over a new leaf on New Year's Day. This new leaf is by intention blank as to flaw or fault, but by the very nature of such spotlessness, it is rather apt to be blank also in inspiration, in incentive, in direction. Suppose, instead of turning over such a helpless leaf, one turns over his New Year's page in this little volume of á Kempis, "the world's own book." Here he will find not only "compunction of heart" for the past but directions for "the fervent amendment of one's whole life" for the future. He will learn of "the doctrine of truth," of "prudence in his doings," of "bearing the defects of others." "The advantages of adversity" may shine out at an opportune time from the turning of such a chance page, or the "things which bring much peace." He will find the instability of all things human exposed, from the inconstancy of his own heart to "the vain judgments of men." And so, on page after page of this old book, he will meet some New Year's resolution with directions to the nearest place of its fulfillment, and though the path be never so difficult and tortuous, he will yet know that it is, perchance, for that reason the more royal, being "the King's highway of the holy cross."

OUR ALBUMS.

Have you ever been guilty of wandering through the labyrinth of your memory trying to poke out past experiences and fit them to present day happenings? Who hasn't?

Some one has said that life is a great book. The chapters of this book are little every day incidents. Perchance—. Is that the reason on New Years we turn over a new leaf? Some time, however, we forget to paste our old leaves down

and they fly back, revealing our past. Now Christmas eve is the best time in the year to rummage among the leaves of life's album and ruminate.

Well, you are seated in a well heated room, possibly, before the radiator—though who could dream over a radiator?—wishing for a real Christmas with snow, the jolly noise of fire crackers and Roman candles mingled with the sound of sleigh bells outside, the cracking of the grate fire within. Some dear old face appears at the door and says, "Christmas gift, Miss." Your album has fallen open again to the time when Santa Claus blundered into your life for the first time. Your book is turned to the time when the "Blue Lady" comes upon you when you were stealing the icing off of mother's newly decorated Christmas cake. In our household the "Blue-Lady" used to be a frequent visitor. After coming to the age of reason, however, you were let into the family secret and discovered that the "Blue-Lady" was none other than your aunt. There is the next time when Santa Clause's identity was no longer a secret to you. The thrills of Christmas were over for you. It was a fraud. Now you religiously hang up your holly wreaths in the window and paste "Merry Christmas" labels on your gifts with a feeling of fraud. What! Is it a fraud? Your little book quivers as if to close, and from out its folds the spirit of youth creeps. The same feeling you had of yore steals over you. Who knows, but Santa Claus will visit you again? From your reverie you wake—Christmas has come to you from within.

THE GREATEST OF INDOOR SPORTS.

When the mercury falls below the freezing point and fresh air becomes a theory only, I hie myself to the kitchen to take part in my favorite indoor sport.

The rules of the game are simple enough, if you are an experienced player; for a beginner they are extremely difficult. You are overwhelmed with various technical terms, which to an ordinary beginner seem altogether baffling. The feeling of helplessness which comes over you when you read a recipe some thing like this,

"Take butter the size of a nut," is unexplainable. From your study of commercial Geography or perchance from your visits to the grocery you have seen nuts ranging from the pistachio to cocoanut. Whether you are to accept the term in its diminutive size or according to its larger proportion is a question of importance upon which depends the success of your game. You at last decide the question to your satisfaction by choosing a middle ground between the two extremes. Thus you play your game with a series of decisions until your pudding, if so be it, is in the oven.

Now your agility can be found out when you fly from one part of the kitchen to another in search of some forgotten ingredient. Basket ball is mere child's play in comparison to this. Foot ball might prove a worthier comparison.

You have reached your goal and triumphantly you bear the steaming pudding to the ever critical and long-suffering family who in turn either look at you askance or suffer you to approach like proverbial lambs.

If, perchance, the triumphant march is to be dispensed with in case you forgot an important ingredient, and the convenient pig holds no place as a kitchen necessity, you will rechristen your pudding with an appetizing sauce. Then surely will your family call you blessed.

Truly this indoor sport is the greatest of American games.

MAGAZINE STORIES OF THE MONTH.

A magazine always furnishes a surprise. We open it and, like a jack-in-the-box, out jump characters, good and bad, pleasing and distasteful, familiar and unique. But unlike the jack-in-the-box, we cannot put the ideas back in the magazine when we close it. They remain with us and become our companions. During this month, we would naturally expect a Christmas surprise. But in this we are disappointed. Most of the editors seem to have forgotten that this is December. Instead of the joyous, "Peace, Good Will," they continue to present stories of yesterday's war. This makes the current fiction flat and unseasonable.

Well written but seemingly out of date is "Hadenbrook's Independence," by Armistead C.

Gordon in *Scribner's Magazine*. The story is laid in a sleepy little village, made up largely of naturalized foreigners. This miniature melting-pot aptly emphasizes the fact that the spark of true American patriotism has been kindled on the hearths of children of every nation. The varied dialects result in an amusing contrast. Hadenbrook, "a no 'count nigger," who is always "gwine ter du som'fum," claims exemption from the draft because of his "indepence." The melting pot becomes stirred up over his stubborn refusal to join the forces, and pronounces him a coward. But his true motives are revealed when on the death of Dalia and the adoption of his dog Rocks, he enlists and goes "ter fight in dis here war."

Another story of mistaken purpose and unmerited censure is "The Lighthouse" by Alfred Noyes in *The Bookman*. The description is especially good, also the character portrayal. Peter, the hermit of the sea, after doubts and struggles has arrived at sweet certainty, and although without ability, is attempting to remind his negligent fellowmen of those forgotten principles of right living. His noble death at the hands of the Germans is only typical of hundreds of other strong men. The distinction lies in the fact that his sacrifice merits reproof instead of commendation.

Henry Van Dyke attempts to unravel one of the problems of the war in "The Hearing Ear." The question of abolishing German in the American schools is discussed by three college men, in a dugout in France. The arguments are well put. We seem to be convinced by the Pennsylvania University man that German may be useful to us, and we need not forget it. The point is further emphasized in the story, by the fact that valuable information was received from listening to a German message.

"The Salt of the Sea," by William John Hopkins in *Scribner's*, also deals with a situation arising from the war. It strikes one as being rather improbable, at least full of happy coincidents. Its characters are neither inspiring nor unusual. The romance is light and sentimental, lacking deep affection and beautiful expression.

Julia Francis Wood in her story, "It Is the Spirit that Quickeneth," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, pictures two delightful old gentlemen, whom we might meet in every-day life. The daughters, so unlike themselves, and in their devotion to their fathers bring out a strong contrast. One

has destroyed her father's youthfulness, the other is helping to keep it alive. It is a question whether Ellie did right in submitting to the whim which ended in the loss of her father's life. But never-the-less, we glory with the old father who is grateful that she let him die a man.

More in keeping with the season is the *Ladies' Home Journal* Christmas war story, by Margaret Belle Houston, "The Girl in the Tinsel Dress." It is a story of contrast both in character and locality. The bits of detailed description are especially pleasing. The end of the story is rather disappointing. Again the old-fashioned love is replaced by a seemingly frivolous affection.

William T. Ellis has developed a very pretty thought in his story, "The Woman Who Helped Mary," also in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Although so sweetly human in character, it lacks adequate expression. We are deprived of those enjoyable flashes of interest, derived from detail. Still, it impresses that consoling thought, "He who loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

IN THE SOLDIER'S SERVICE.

The past five years have produced no more heroic characters than the trained nurses in the service. They are the women who have made the corporal works of mercy their profession and who will find even a larger and more merciful field for their activities during these years of healing and reconstruction. One phase of such work is indicated in Mary Dexter's book, "In The Soldier's Service" (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) The book is a series of letters written by Miss Dexter during her four years of nursing and ambulance driving in England, Belgium, and France and combines as wide and unusual experience as has probably come into the life of any single woman in war service. The part of the book that is of particular interest now is the section devoted to a description of the medico-psychological clinic work for the treatment of the many abnormal nervous conditions caused by war shock. The humane quality of the work and its professional interest are easily understood and appreciated. It is to be hoped that the methods of treatment do not resolve themselves into varieties of Christian Science. Miss Dexter is an enthusiast over the work, and, which is better, a recent convert to the Church.

VESPERS AND BENEDICTION SERVICES
BY THE
CHOIRS OF HOLY CROSS SEMINARY, NOTRE DAME

On the afternoon of December 15, Second Vespers for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was sung at St. Mary's by the choirs of Holy Cross Seminary, Notre Dame, under the direction of the Rev. C. Marshall, C. S. C.

The antiphons before and after the Psalms and the Magnificat, the alternate verses of the Psalms, the hymn and the Magnificat were those of the prescribed Gregorian chant. The falso bordoni and the other part music were compiled from various composers.

The choirs consist of one unison choir of about fifty members and one four-part male choir of two tenors and two bass of twenty-two members. Since their first appearance at St. Mary's a year ago, the choirs show marked improvement in tone production, phrasing and details of interpretation, and gave evidence of the careful, persistent training of their choir-master. Such an illustration of the devotion and richness of real church music is an inspiration to enthusiastic encouragement for its universal practice.

PROGRAM.

VESPER SERVICE.

- Look down O Mother, Mary—Processional—arr. four-part choir.
- Deus in adiutorium—four part choir.....*Mgr. Leo P. Manzetti*
- 1st. Psalm—Dixit Dominus—Mode I falso bordoni—.....*R. Mills Silby*
- 2nd. Psalm—Laudate pueri—Mode 8 G falso bordoni.....*R. Mills Silby*
- 3rd. Psalm—Lactatus sum—Mode 8 c falso bordoni.....*Mgr. Leo P. Manzetti*
- 4th. Psalm—Nisi Dominus—Mode 7 c falso-bordoni.....*R. Mills Silby*
- 5th. Psalm—Lauda Jerusalem—Mode 3 a falso-bordoni.....*R. Mills Silby*
- Hymn—Ave Maris Stella.....*G. Ett (1788-1847)*
- Magnificat—Mode I g2 falso bordoni.....*Mgr. Leo P. Manzetti*
- Mima Redemptoris—four part choir.....*J. P. da Palestrina, arr. (1526 ?—1594)*

BENEDICTION SERVICE.

- O Salutaris—four-part choir.....*G. Ett*
- Tantum Ergo—unison choirs—Spanish Melody—Gregorian chant.
- Holy God—unison choirs—Traditional Melody.

PROGRAM OF THE CHRISTMAS MUSIC
BY THE
CHOIR AT ST. MARY'S, NOTRE DAME

- Proper of the Mass.....*Tozer*
- Ordinary of the Mass.....*Ravanello*
- Adeste Fidelis.....*Traditional*
- Hymns { Silent Night.....*Traditional*
/ Holy Night.....*A. Adam*

WITH THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

THE CLASS OF EXPRESSION

COMPLIMENTS

THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS
OF ST. MARY'S

PROGRAM.

PART ONE

Readings

- Daddy Long Legs - - - - *Jean Webster*
HELEN SMITH
- Monologue - - - - *Marjorie Benton Cooke*
ELIZABETH LONGLEY
- The Other Wise Man - - - - *Henry VanDyke*
LUCILLE MILLER

PART TWO

Patriotic Playlet

- The Girls Over Here - - - - *Marie Doran*
MEMBERS OF EXPRESSION CLASS

"THE 'TECH.'"

I think that I shall never hear
A thing so much to grate the ear.

Pianos dumb I speak of now,
The thing against which pupils vow.

The motions count most in this game
With little heed at what you aim,

For, ever is the same sing-song;
Not even pedals to prolong.

A typist one might learn to be
By practice on each numb, mute key;

But not pianists, I am sure,
Who really play an overture.

At best, this box is called a "tech"
Of all my nerves has made a wreck.

ESTELLE BROUSSARD, '21.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A HOLIDAY DIARY.

SAINT MARY'S, DECEMBER 19—The day of general exodus on the part of St. Mary's students. Even amid the confusion of delayed taxis, missing baggage, lost tickets and the like, the departing ones found time to commiserate the "Left-behinds."

"Well, good-bye, we're awfully sorry you're not going home. Whatever will you do with yourselves for three whole weeks! Write to us, when you want to kill time. Good-bye!"

DECEMBER 24—My! Five days gone already. Days spent in shopping with an occasional *drop in* at the Philadelphia, Nobile's or Robertson's Tea Room, and home just before dark with bundles galore.

DECEMBER 25—Bed last night at 6 P. M. Real white Christmas, Midnight Mass with Church all ablaze, Altars beautiful with poinsettias, and the music,—Heavenly! Lots of visitor-folks—change of scene (bare heads instead of veils), Truly a Holy Night, A Blessed Christmas with the Little Infant held close to our hearts.

2 A. M.—A mad rush to the fireplace from the mantel of which hung nine bulging stockings that a real Santa had filled. "Fruit-cake" luncheon then, to bed again until 6 o'clock.

DECEMBER 26, 7:30 P. M.—Spent a most enjoyable afternoon at N. D. with the Rev. Father Cavanaugh as host. Went through the Administration Building, then after a most delicious lunch, through the new Library and Hall of Art where our most gracious guide explained the exquisite paintings and numerous curios. Visited the *Ave Maria* and *Scholastic* printing office where we learned about the mechanical side of those ever interesting publications. Last and always best, a visit to the Church, a revelation of art to those of us who saw it for the first time; a prayer in the Log Cabin Chapel, as we knelt above the sacred dust of Notre Dame's pioneer priest, Father Badin. Again to the college, where on bidding good-bye to Father Cavanaugh, we were presented with view books, cards and copies of Notre Dame Songs. The hour for returning "home" came all too soon, and when our party reached St. Mary's door all agreed that "The

afternoon at N. D. was among the most enjoyable of the holiday pleasures.

DECEMBER 29—Yesterday—the Feast of the Holy Innocents—College Refectory was in reserve, and when the girls came down to "Sandwiches and tea" in the recreation room, they found, instead, a real "party" supper prepared and ready to be served in the Domestic Science dining room.

JANUARY 4, 1919—A Happy New Year to all! JANUARY 1 and 3, "Red-Letter" days on the holiday (and Holidays, too) calendar—A Card Party and a Victrola Dance with the Academics as the guests of the Collegians.

JANUARY 6—Afternoon—Attended the ceremonies of Reception and Profession in the Church of Loretto. Bishop Alerding was there and a number of Fathers from N. D. and other places in Indiana. Postulants were beautiful in their bridal robes, but looked perfectly at home in the "white veils;" the new cords and silver Hearts give added dignity to the erstwhile novices.

JANUARY 7—Final "Evening at Cards," with the delightful surprise of a big box of chocolates from Mother Aquina. This was just one of the many equally enjoyable though quieter evenings at cards and music in the "family sitting room."

3 P. M.—Preparing to receive the returning students. The "three whole weeks" have gone and still no time "to kill." That which has passed died a natural death—rapid consumption (by U. S. & Co.). Sentiment of the Judge and echo by the jury of the "Left-behinds"—I'd love to spend all the holidays of my life right here at St. Mary's—specially Christmas.

* * * *

Among the holiday guests were noted the Rev. M. J. McEvoy, of McHenry, Ill.; Mesdames Laura Fendrich McCarthy and Henrietta O'Brien-Crowley; Misses Rose McNellis, Helen Holland, Mildred Crull, Leona Voris, Helen Mills and Josephine McCarthy.

Heartiest congratulations are offered in response to the marriage announcement of Mary Elizabeth Knott to Captain E. C. Fleming of Chicago.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AND PROFESSION AT ST. MARY'S.

More impressive than usual at this season of the year, was the double ceremony of the Religious Reception and Profession of the Sisters of the Holy Cross which took place in the Community Church of Loretto on the Feast of the Epiphany. The Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, officiated at the investiture and in the name of the Church received the perpetual vows.

In his address to the "Brides of Christ," the Bishop spoke on the love of God and the love of one's neighbor, the twofold commandment, the whole law which finds its most perfect fulfillment in the consecration of the religious life.

Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Bishop, at which he was assisted by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., Assistant Priest; Revs. Paul Foik, C. S. C., and Bernard Mulloy, C. S. C., deacons of honor; Rev. Joseph Boyle, C. S. C., deacon of the mass; Rev. Boniface T. Martin, O. S. B., sub-deacon; Rev. William R. O'Connor, C. S. C., master of ceremonies.

The eight days' retreat previous to the reception was conducted by Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., assistant chaplain at St. Mary's.

Among those in the sanctuary were the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., provincial; the Revs. William M. Murtaugh, Sheffield, Ind., J. B. Tremmel, Plymouth, Ind.; Thomas J. Travers, Anderson, Ind.; John A. Costello, Anderson, Ind.; James F. Connelly, Indiana Harbor, Ind.; Thomas Vagnier, C. S. C.; D. J. Spillard, C. S. C.; Michael Quinlan, C. S. C.; J. Leonard Car-

rico, C. S. C.; Charles Miltner, C. S. C.; Thomas A. Steiner, C. S. C.; all of Notre Dame university, and Joseph A. Sullivan, of Hammond, Ind.

The young ladies who received the habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the names of which they will be known are:

Miss Alice Butler, Anderson, Ind., Sister Alice Marie; Miss Clara Agnes Cannon, Anderson, Ind., Sister Mary Clarice; Miss Margaret McNellis, Indianapolis, Sister Mary Claudine; Miss Helen M. McCarthy, Huntington, Ind., Sister Mary Teresina; Miss Leonora B. Pickel, Chicago, Sister Mary Clotildis; Miss Mary Oliva Rea, Chicago, Sister Oliva Maria; Miss Elizabeth Musselman, Lancaster, Pa., Sister Mary Evangel; Miss Frances M. Ramsey, Washington, Sister Mary Charlotte; Miss Mary Anna Hill, Quebec, Canada, Sister Mary Dorothy; Miss Gertrude Beck, Woodland, Calif., Sister Mary Anne Gertrude.

After a probation of five years the following novices pronounced perpetual vows:

Sister M. Aglae, Sister M. Merici, Sister M. Laureen, Sister M. Alfreda, Sister M. Armella, Sister M. Emedius, Sister M. Rachael, Sister M. Augustina, Sister W. Wilfredan, Sister M. Clement, Sister M. Josephus, Sister M. Aurelius, Sister M. Compassion, Sister M. Andrea.

Having completed the required two years' novitiate, the following novices were admitted to temporary vows:

Sister M. Rita Carmel, Sister M. Aloysius, Sister M. Ineen, Sister Marie Therese, Sister M. Nazarene, Sister M. Alban, Sister M. Rose Eileen, Sister Martha Maria, Sister M. Elwyn, Sister M. Clara Louise, Sister M. Doralesa, Sister M. Angelam, Sister M. Hilarion.

St. Mary's offers sincere sympathy to those that mourn the death of Mr. T. McEnerny, Chicago, father of Margaret (Sister Augustine, Carmelite, Boston) and Mrs. Kathryn Campbell; of Agnes Butler-Wagner and her beloved husband, Mr. A. C. Wagner, Omaha; of Edith Mooney-Bradley, Class '06, and of Ethel Brickey, Osceola, Kansas, former student.

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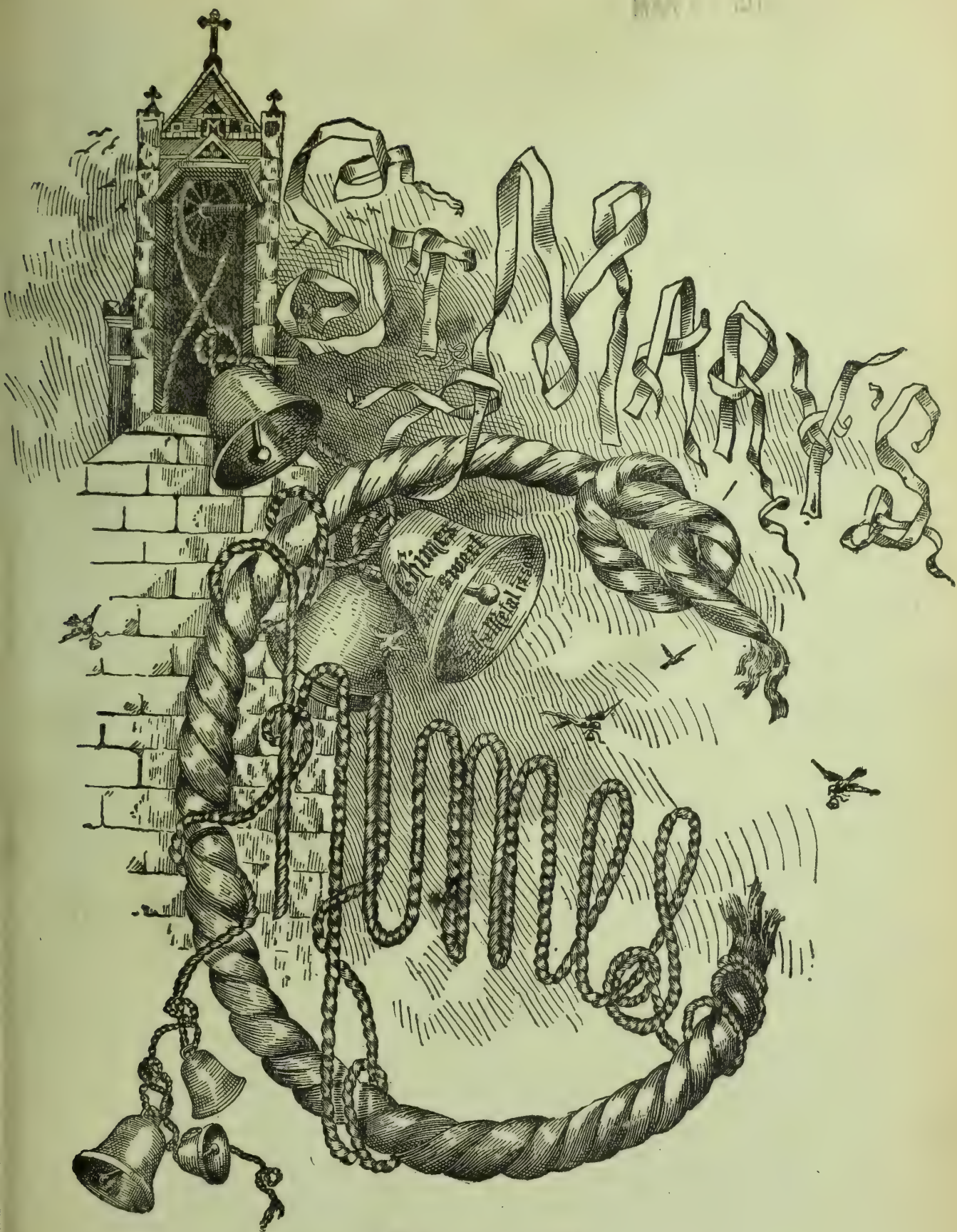
I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

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Secretary of the Interior.



February, 1919

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George Washington

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., February, 1919

No 6.

IN SALEM TOWN.

THE road from Nazareth to Salem town
Is far to-day;
I do not think a stranger going down
Could find the way.

Time was that every year a holy pair
This glad way trod;
Time was One walked content beside them there,
The young Boy, God.

I wish that down this road to peace again
The Boy would go,
And, meeting Him upon the way, that men
Would see and know.

I wish three endless days in Salem town
The Child would stray,
Till all its priests and doctors of renown
Must find His way.

S. M. M.

AMERICAN HISTORY IN COOPER.

AS we stand face to face with the serious realities of the present crisis, we find meager comfort in the fact that we are living in the greatest period in the world's history. What its actual outcome will be we can only guess, what its literary outcome may be is at present too unimportant even for conjecture. But in the light of present experience we can look back upon the other great crises in American History and better appreciate their reflection in fiction. The American Revolution was our first great struggle and James Fenimore Cooper, a pioneer son of America, was among the first to use the war of Independence as story material. He may well be called the first American novelist. Through Cooper the story of American Liberty became not so much a revolution as a romance of heroic achievement which people on both sides of the Atlantic read eagerly. Through him Washington became transformed from a national hero to a hero of fiction. His novels were read at home and abroad until the Hudson, the banks of Otsego Lake and the valleys of Westchester had become familiar ground.

Cooper's early life was an inspiration and a setting for his later writings. He was born in the latter part of the eighteenth century in Burlington, New Jersey, but spent the greater part of his life in New York state, at Otsego Lake. On this frontier as yet untouched by civilization Cooper spent his boyhood and early youth. He was skillful in the craft of the back-woodman and familiar with the tricks of the trapper. Cooper went to school to a minister in Albany and then later he went to Yale College, where he thought it no use to study, and spent most of his time in play. His indifference led him into trouble and presently he was expelled for some youthful prank.

After his expulsion Cooper was placed aboard a merchant man as a preparation for the American navy. Of his short naval service little is known except when he was sent to help build a warship on Lake Ontario, where he found the knowledge and local color, which he later used in the "Pathfinder." Later he was in command of a gunboat on Lake Champlain where he learned the Indian trail used in "The Last of the Mohicans."

Cooper resigned from the navy at the time of his marriage and became a farmer. He was thirty-one years old before he showed any evidence of literary ability and it was at the advice of his wife that he wrote his first novel. It encouraged him to make writing his profession. He drew abundant new material from the pioneer world about him and introduced into American literature the great adventurous realms of forest and sea. As Scott opened the way in Europe for the historical novel, so Cooper in his historical novels opened an untried path in a new country. He has been called "The American Scott," which he was not, because he did not depend on Scott for any details of his novels; he followed his own inspiration and blazed his own trails. He turned quite naturally to the Revolution for subject matter because he was most familiar with it; he knew personally men who had been connected with the war and felt a personal triumph in its success. He was the first to cast off the colonial

spirit and become an American representative in literature. This country was comparatively unknown to Europeans because it had not found expression in literature. So when "The Spy" and "The Last of the Mohicans" appeared, they were hailed as truly American; men recognized in Cooper's heroes the spirit of their ancestors, the courage of the pioneer, the heroism of the patriot. Cooper was read at home because his stories were national. His love of country was not a sentiment with him, it was a passion. Daniel Webster says "As long as love of country prevails Cooper's name will ever be revered." He was read abroad because his stories reflected chivalry and ideals of heroism.

Cooper did a great service to the American people in an historical, as well as in a literary way, when he showed them how fit for fiction were the scenes, the characters and the history of their native land. In "The Pilot," he gave to America her first real American sailor, Long Tom Coffin, the best sailor character ever drawn, and the first five chapters of the book will stand with any sea story ever written. He turned to the forest in "The Leather Stocking Tales" and produced another new American character, the trapper of the frontier, Natty Bumpoo. He brought the Red man with his sense of humor and natural virtues into the field of fiction in "The Last of the Mohicans." These three characters belong to the early history of American people. The people of Cooper's time were very enthusiastic over these first novels; they were not as critical as the people in our day. They enjoyed the extraordinary skill of Natty Bumpoo with the rifle, without questioning the veracity of his deeds, they accepted the "noble Red man" as a real North American Indian and they greeted Long Tom Coffin with enthusiasm.

With the publication of "The Spy" a new epoch began in American literature. Until this time America had been dependent upon England for fiction. Just as the colonies broke away from the Mother Country in government, so the novelist withdrew from English models in fiction. Mr. Long says, "It was like the ringing of another liberty bell." "The Spy" is the first, the best and the boldest attempt which has ever been made at the historical romance.

"The Spy" is a story of the Revolution, of Westchester, which Cooper knew so well. It was the

neutral ground for the English stationed in New York and the Americans on the highlands of the Hudson. The curses of war had fallen on this ground more than on any other soil of the revolting colonies; it was harried in turn by the Americans and again by the British, back and forth over it had flowed the tide of battle. Every thicket had been a hiding place for refugees and spies. Here lived Harvey Birch, the hero in "The Spy," one of the most interesting and effective of characters.

The way the story came to be written is very interesting. One summer while Cooper was visiting John Gay at his summer home, his host told him of a spy, who had been in his service during the revolution. The coolness, shrewdness, fearlessness and, above all, the patriotism interested Cooper and in 1821 he published "The Spy." This novel made Cooper famous at home and abroad.

The patriotism of Harvey Birch appeals to men of all nations. Men have modeled their lives after the man who was so devoted to the country he love and served. There is an interesting story told by Gisquet, a prefect of French police under Louis Phillippi, of a secret agent in France. He tells of this agent who rendered very valuable service in preventing a civil war during unsettled times. Struck by the man's attitude, he asked him why he had acted in such a manner. The man replied that in reading Cooper's "Spy," he wanted to play the same part in France as Harvey Birch had in America.

Besides creating a new character in fiction in "The Spy," Cooper also used many historical characters of the Revolutionary period. He showed the gentleness, the strength and the courage of Washington. He told of the hanging of Nathan Hale by the British. He related the conspiracy between Arnold and Andre and the British attitude toward the affair. He showed how the Americans were superior to the British in organization and discipline, of the rough and uncultivated country, which offered concealment for the colonists, the impeded progress of England, which was deterred by the great distance from their own country and the undisputed command of the sea by the Americans. He told of the Skinners famous marauding men who infested the country under guise of patriotism. The enthusiasm with which the English regarded "The Spy" showed

that it possessed extraordinary merit, as it points to a struggle in which they were unsuccessful.

In 1824 Cooper went on an excursion to Saratoga, Lake George and Lake Champlain with a number of English gentlemen. When they reached Glen Falls, one of the party remarked, while examining the caverns of the river, that he should have laid the scene of a novel here. Two years later "The Last of the Mohicans" made its appearance. On account of its scenes and characters it was even more popular in Europe than in America. The interest never halts and, although one can find improbability of action, this is a minor detail, in view of the story as a story. The "Last of the Mohicans" is a story of the struggle of the white man against the Indians on the frontier, a hundred miles from civilization. Cooper's Indians are not only the first to make their appearance in literature but they have never been successfully discredited as types or characters. The ridicule and criticism they have occasioned have been accounted for in great part; the white man wanted the Indian's land and in order to gain possession of it they first had to give the owners a bad name. The view point of the frontiersman, colored by the outbreaks of the Indians who objected to their lands being pillaged, has become the public view point of the Indian. Cooper did much to correct this. He not only described the forest, the trapper and the Indians in "The Last of the Mohicans" but also the quarrels between the white man and the Indian, the burning of the frontier forts, the Indian cunning in warfare and his ability to compete with the white man. The missionaries in our own country tell of the Indian savagery and of their response to the influences of Christianity. Mr. Brownell in his essay on Cooper says, "Not until the stories of Onandaga the Lily of the Mohawks, of the Hurons of Lorette and the Iroquois can he blotted from missionary records will Uncas or Chingachgook stand in need of defenders."

Nearly all of Cooper's works are noteworthy for the historical elements they contain: "The Pilot" is considered the best of all sea stories. Cooper had only to call to mind the men he had met, the hazards he had run, the life he had lived to be furnished with all his incidents. His descriptions of the sea have that vividness and reality, which cannot well be given but by one, who has tossed for weeks on the billows. The hero of "The Pilot" was modeled upon Paul Jones,

whose name is held in terror to this day on the coasts which he harassed during the Revolution.

In "Lionel Lincoln" Cooper studied historical authorities and state papers to have all his assertions in accordance with fact. He even visited Boston to go over in person the ground that he was going to make the scene of his story. As a result he furnished an admirable description of the engagement of Concord Bridge, of the running fight at Lexington and the Battle of Bunker Hill; the last according to Bancroft is the best account ever given. This book as a novel is a failure and it is only Cooper's reputation and the excellent description of the battle that gives it any importance.

As a writer Cooper has many faults but is read in spite of them. It is real proof of his greatness, that he triumphs over the defects which would destroy the fame of an inferior writer. His books pictured a beautiful, wild, free and unconventional life of adventure both on land and sea, which came as a revelation to those who knew nothing of water or woods.

Cooper's place in American literature and his significance as a historical novelist have been persistently underestimated. One or two of his books are put on the list of required reading and consideration of him ends there. These two facts about him we should bear in mind, as students of our own literature; he was the first writer to realize in the pioneer and revolutionary periods of American history, an immense and fascinating field for fiction,—and he has been practically the only writer to do this. With all his carelessness of detail and faults of structure he stands, by the force of his initiative and discriminating appreciation, immeasurably above the technical masters of threadbare themes.

MARGARET SULLIVAN, '18.

TO SAINT DOROTHY.

SWEET Virgin, pure and fair,
The bride of Christ, our King,
You suffered death for Him;
That you His praise might sing.

Dear bride of Christ, I pray
Watch o'er me from above;
Help me to do His will;
Grant me your aid and love.

DOROTHY HAYES, '20.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

GOD'S GIFT.

LO! We are those, who sing not of great war,
Nor vaunt the glories of the bloody sword
Against the pen's great potency. The more
We look upon ungodly strife, great Lord,
We pray Thee, take from us the need; accord
Us love of brother, that we find release
In mankind's charity. Thy son adored,
By Heaven sent, taught us that hate must cease.
Thy glory, God of Hosts, is glory born of peace.

ADELAIDE HOFFINGER, '19.

THE LITTLEST HERO.

BEPPPO was a hero-worshipper. From the time he had toddled about, vainly striving to imitate his father's giant stride, he had been fashioning his ideals. At school, the teachers smiled as they watched him buried in the pages of an illustrated history. His drawing lesson, without fail, would result in a crude sketch of some warrior knight. His compositions were filled with the deeds of imaginary heroes.

To Beppo, the little village of Treviso, cuddled up in a garden spot of northern Italy, was a renounced kingdom. In his eyes, the rustic simplicity of his quaint Italian home was glorified. Like a palace, it gleamed dull gold against the blue hills of Sorrento and the still clearer blue of the Italian skies. His old grandmother, seated in her low arm-chair padded with brilliant red, was ruler of the realm. Her white hair glistened like silver under her black lace cap, a dreamy look lingered in her faded gray eyes. Indeed, she was every inch a queen, as she sat there, day by day, fingering her rosary beads. His father, vigorous and virtuous, was the chivalrous knight. Although not as stalwart and handsome as the knights in Beppo's history book, his serious, stalky father was to him the most wonderful hero in all the world. Beppo, himself, serious beyond his years, figured as the faithful page, ready to do their bidding. Even Carlo, his dog, possessed a warring temperament, and Beppo had so skillfully encouraged him in this regard, that children and dogs alike, trembled at his scowling visage. Beppo and Carlo had been friends since their first meeting. This occurred one afternoon, when Beppo was playing king on the top of the wood-pile, behind the old shed. Suddenly his

commands were interrupted by an answering whine. Forgetting his crown and sword, the king tumbled off his wooden throne, for investigation. He coaxed almost an hour, with his little brown face pressed close to the gritty earth, before Carlo, then a bundle of fluffy brown, wobbled out from under the shed, blinking his eyes. It had taken an amount of persuasion, but independence even in animals, seemed a bit of gallantry to Beppo. Later on, Carlo's persistent utterance at the kitchen door, increased Beppo's admiration. But Carlo was an early riser and a gnawing appetite overcame his regard for his master's repose. It was during these wee hours in the morning that Beppo felt hostile toward his adopted comrade. For being a very human little knight, Beppo disliked being called from his slumbers to serve breakfast for his lesser half.

But Beppo never had an opportunity to exhibit his valor without his family circle. His fierce war-hoops, his imitation cannons, provoked comment but not enthusiasm from the villagers. True, the old man, napping in a sunny corner of the vine-yard, next door, answered his commands with angry grunts, and the prim neighbor, across the street, resented the mud cannon-balls, which sometimes invaded her immaculate door-step. Of course, the peasant children ran screaming away, at the sight of Beppo, with his wooden sword brandished in the air, a look of mock-bravado in his mischievous eyes, followed by the faithful Carlo. But their feeble remonstrance but humbled the fierce disposition of the little warrior. He longed for the days of heroes and heroic deeds.

Then the war came. And Beppo felt very

little like a hero when his father, dressed in his uniform, told them good-bye. Not unlike a knight of old he knelt before his mother and tenderly kissed the frail, trembling hands, which she raised to bless him. Then he turned cheerily to Beppo. "Now, little son, the time has come when you must be a real hero. Play-time is over, all of us, big and small, must do great deeds. I am called to protect our country, and I leave you to protect our home. Be brave and noble, and care well for my lady mother. See, here is a real soldier's sword," and he buckled on the lad the coveted old heirloom, the great rusted sword of Beppo's hero-grand-father.

Waving farewell, amidst flags and trumpets, he marched away. Beppo forgot that he was a hero-worshipper. He felt like a very small boy. He was afraid, and longed for his father's protecting arms. He slipped quietly out behind the old shed and wept bitterly. Something soft and cold touched his face. It was Carlo; he could not understand these strange actions of his young master. Then Beppo's soldier-pride asserted itself. He was ashamed that Carlo, even, should see him in his weakness. He shrugged his shoulders, patted the dog's head and said, "Good old boy, every inch a patriot."

His pride strengthened him and he faced the coming difficulties. Even with money, it was hard to obtain the food required by his weak old grand-mother. Often, it was tiresome to be waiting on her every whim. She worried about his father, she fretted about their danger. The horrors of war weighed heavily upon her. Each day she grew weaker and more irritable. But Beppo remembered his father's words and lived well his dreams of knighthood.

One evening the crisis came. The signal was given to leave the village. The Austrians were approaching, and the only safety lay in flight. Beppo ran here and there, begging the neighbors' assistance in removing his grandmother from the


danger. But in their own mad fear and anxiety, these otherwise generous people forgot to help him. Several urged him to leave her behind and flee with them. Even if they had a way to carry her, she would soon die from exposure. Why not save himself? It was a very big struggle for a boy, but Beppo did not forget his father's trust. A knight could not desert his lady.

Followed closely by his dog, he hurried home to comfort his weeping grandmother. He would not leave her, they would be safe in their quiet home. Who would harm them? Quieted by his assurance and weary from excitement, she fell asleep while Beppo, with the dog hugged close against him, peered out into the night. The sky was pitch-black, but the million stars twinkling bravely through, added cheer and companionship to the lonely, little lad. The silence was painful. Not a soul walked the streets, even the noises of the night were stilled. Surely, thought Beppo, this is not war. Suddenly, the terrific noise of bursting bombs tore the stillness of the night. The air became thick with smoke, the pungent odor of high explosives almost suffocated him. The dog, terrified, rushed madly about, barking furiously. But staunch and true, the exhausted little knight held his post, his grandfather's great sword buckled to his side with its heavy hilt clutched resolutely in his little brown hand.

The next evening after the smoke and fire of bombardment had cleared away, the Austrians entered the village. A group of officers camped that night in an old shed, off a side street. It stood alone, surrounded by piles of smoking debris. Nearby smouldered the foundations of an old house. One of the officers, rummaging about in the ruins, brought to light a heavy blackened sword.

"Another commander has thrown down arms," he jeered, as he waved the weapon in the air. The vigil of little Beppo's arms was past, his spurs were won. ELIZABETH MCDUGAL, '20.

A PRAYER.

 God of goodness who to us hast given
 The answer, which our prayers for long have sought,
 A peace, so dear, and victory, crowned with glory,
 We pray Thee guard the right for which we fought,

MERCEDES REMPE, '21.

YOUTH.

AH, youth, so carefree, full of hopes today,
 With smiles to greet alike each cloud and beam,
 With eyes that see green fields and flowers gay;
 Your life, from day to day unfolds a dream
 As, wandering through a wood along the stream
 The very heart of you athrill with song,
 Must echo melody as it would seem
 To charm this world, now old and weary long;
 Yes, come, and sing of love, of God, and faith so
 strong.

CECILIA FITZGIBBON, '19.

WHY WE MUST BE GOOD.

THE question of the ultimate basis of moral obligation is as old as moral philosophy itself. The basic why of moral conduct has long been recognized as the burden of ethical science, and yet it may be said that the matter is, if anything, more of a question to-day than ever before. This is an age of education, an age fully alive to the fact that the world is a great school, in which every normal individual must learn. Through the advancing stages of education, various institutions in their proper spheres exert in turn, influences over the developing mind. The home, the Church, the school, each plays an important part in the making of the man, and when the college student steps from the door of his Alma Mater into the world, he has then to begin his practical postgraduate course in the great school of experience. The college graduate enters upon life with the mental equipment developed by his years of study. He has mastered the sciences, and his trained mind instinctively seeks the reasons of things.

There is one very vital question, however, to which the public and popular education of to-day has failed to give him a satisfactory answer. He observes that certain kinds of conduct are regarded and insisted upon as obligation, and he naturally asks whence the obligation

Nearly all men agree that morality is a necessary element in human life; and most men live more or less moral lives as a matter of course, without troubling themselves in the least about the theories of moral conduct. With the spread of education and the popularization of the scientific spirit, however, an evergrowing number of persons is coming to ask, "Whence this law that man must do good and shun evil? Is that neces-

sity, that obligation genuine, or is it a mere make-believe? If genuine, from what source does it emanate?"

Fifty years ago the general public concerned itself but little with the difficulties involved in the justification of accepted theories; but the generation of to-day shows a disposition to explore the metaphysical foundations. As before mentioned, the age is one of education, of an education which rightly aims not merely to provide the mind with knowledge, but to develop the power of thought. The cry is, "Teach the student to think for himself." As a result of this training men are now asking themselves not merely what they should do, but why they should do anything in particular, not merely how they may be good, but the much more fundamental question, why they must be good at all. Our popular education is not prepared to solve the problem. To the Christian mind there is no difficulty. But even natural religion has been barred from the schools and secular colleges are free to expound various systems of atheism and materialism. Reason unaided must account for everything—though many times unreason creates the difficulty, and reason must get around it as best it can, and fill the vacancy left by a godless system of education.

Thinking people of to-day are beginning to realize the inability of various systems of moral science to give a convincing answer to the question concerning the basis and source of duty. Speculations on this subject are many and varied. It is evident now that this question is one of the utmost practical importance; and that morality without obligation can be of little or no consequence. Ethical science, if it is to stand must derive its strength to bind from a source that is convincingly real and sufficient. It will be possible here to take for statement and criticism, only a few of the most important systems attempting to supply a cogent explanation and basis for the inconvenience of being good in the many instances where there is strong temptation to follow the line of least resistance in human conduct.

The Kantian Idealist says that the answer to the question "Why must I be moral?" is because your reason says with categorical imperativeness that you must. Thus he makes reason the ultimate basis and source of moral obligation, in

fact the very creator of the obligation. This theory is entitled by its advocates the Autonomy or sovereignty of Reason. But how, we ask, can reason which is a part of man, oblige the man? This theory makes man a lawgiver to himself. but the very notion of obligation involves essentially two distinct persons, one who obliges and another man who is obliged. Obligation, moreover, implies necessarily superiority and inferiority, in the obliger and obliged respectively. But superior and inferior in the same person is absurd. Again if law must have a sanction, the giver and breaker of the law being the same person, both would have to be punished for non-observance of the law—this is likewise absurd. But even if it were possible, the idea that reason dictates the law is small warrant for the observance of it; for when the whole idea of external authority is abolished, man will be tempted to act just as he pleases. The unbiased investigator, considering Idealism, stands no more bound to be good, then, than he was before, for he may rightly say, "Why must I yield unconditional obedience to my reason, which is only a part of myself? Surely the whole human being with all his faculties is more than human reason alone." Reason is indeed man's highest power, but it is an instrument for attaining truth, by which, not in which, if there is a law, that law can be realized.

Another popular answer to the problem is that offered by the evolutionists. It is a purely materialistic view of the matter of duty. In the philosophy of thorough-going evolution, all things, morals included, are regarded as the result of growth; the moral law therefore, not as a permanent reality, but subject to changing conditions in the process of selective development. Human conduct is the outcome of a blind, yet necessary physical law-governing-all-things. In the evolution theory, moral obligation is reduced to physical necessity, the moral law differing in nothing from the law of gravitation. In this view of human conduct there is obviously no room for free will. Duty is no longer a moral matter, but merely a matter of physical necessity. But without free will man is not responsible for his acts, and justice in punishment and reason in praise have no being; "right" and "wrong," "good" and "evil" are meaningless terms, and the transgressor may say to civil authority, "Punish

me if you must but (in your theory) I could not possibly have acted otherwise than I have. Thus it is evident that ethics in Evolution is nil, and with the universal acceptance of such a system comes the destruction of all morality.

Among the varied answers to this important question concerning the basis of duty, perhaps the most popular is that of the Utilitarian Moral-ist. Utilitarianism, on the testimony of its chief advocates looks not beyond this world for the final end of man. It holds as its two main tenets, that the greatest good of the greatest number is the end of the individual, and that the temporal utility of the human act is the one and only test of its morality. According to Utilitarianism, man by his nature feels a special instinct to act condu-cively to his own material well-being, and from this tendency on his own part comes through sentiment, a feeling to respect it in others. Can feeling be a basis for moral conduct? If so, why not do evil if I feel like it? But feeling is no more autonomous than reason, for it is a part of the individual himself, and therefore cannot impose an obligation upon him. If, according to the second tenet of this philosophy, morality is based on the usefulness of acts, then these acts should not be called good or bad, but merely expedient or inexpedient. The reason that Utilitarianism has so many adherents may be because of the element of truth contained in the general good aspect; however we must remember that such an obligation is the result of a moral law and not its foundation.

Thus we can see the principal characteristics of the chief philosophies on the subject have sufficed to perplex the problem rather than solve it. The human mind with its marvelous power of insight and its logical aptitude to seek out truth, courageously investigates further. It knows that whatever is, must have an adequate cause. So with the moral law. Its existence can not be questioned, and the most ingeniously developed system of a godless philosophy is at a loss to provide the basis of the necessity which the law imposes on mankind—a law that ultimately makes living possible and sane. Idealism can offer no stronger incentive for right conduct, than reason alone, expressed as sentiment and expediency, deified beyond its true essence. Evolution with its cleverly developed yet purely hypothetical principles, fabricates a complete excuse

for the violation of law, for it develops into a reduction of human acts as the outgrowth of pure fatalism. Utilitarianism has failed, and following in the main, the same trend of argument, its sister theories, Altruism and Hedonism are alike inadequate to solve the difficulty. The truth is that there is only one system that can conclusively and satisfactorily answer the question, "Why must I be good?" and that is the Theistic philosophy in which we can follow logically to a complete solution of the difficulty. It may be well to consider very briefly in review, a few of the facts concerning obligation. Moral obligation is the moral necessity man is under of doing good, and moral necessity implies freedom. Every necessity depends on law and as has been said, law supposes two persons—a superior and inferior. Now the superior must have a right to impose the law, and if he has such right then there must be on the part of the inferior the duty, the moral obligation of obeying that law. Who has a right to impose a law on man, that he is bound to obey? Perhaps the state, but where did the state get the right? The right comes from a Supreme Being which theism calls God, the only possible source of any real rights. The existence and authority of God as First Cause is established in the branch of philosophy called natural theology. In the theistic theory God's right to impose upon man a moral law involving on man's part a moral obligation is based upon the fact of His being the Creator of man, upon the absolute right of the Maker in the thing made, His absolute authority over the creature. God as an intelligent Being has made nothing without a purpose. Hence man has a purpose and it is his duty to fulfill it. That is the main reason for his existence; then whatever is conducive to the ultimate destiny of man is good, what hinders its attainment is bad, and moral obligation resolves itself into an "ought" resulting from the connection of means to an end. Thus moral obligation is nothing more nor less than the necessity man is under of taking the necessary means to his necessary end, that is doing good and avoiding evil. The basis of such a necessity lies in the Creator's right to command. If the end is necessary, the means must likewise be necessary, which necessity constitutes man's

moral obligation or duty. General ethics proves that the final purpose of man is God, that the only object that can fully satisfy the human intellect is Infinite Truth, and that the only object that can satisfy the human will is the Infinite God. Theism stands not like Evolution on bold assumptions but on positive proof for the existence of God is a philosophical certainty. Theism explains the general belief in moral law, which the evolutionists are able to account for only as the result of physical conditions that existed in past ages. Our theory accounts for man's idea of his own dignity, which the Idealists insist upon when they make reason the highest arbiter of conduct; it explains the idea of self-preservation, the latent hedonistic desire for pleasure, and the obligation of the individual to society which the Utilitarian makes the source of the moral law and of moral obligation; and lastly it explains adequately how man cannot do just as he pleases, for the reason that his life is not his own.

It is not reasonable then to suppose, that theism is the right answer to the question, "Why must I be moral?" There is no ethical, social or political question that cannot be satisfactorily settled according to it. It is a fact borne out in every day experience that it is absolutely impossible to establish a moral code that is adequate to cope with all conditions without the foundation of religious principles. It is only in the recognition of a God, and of His right as Creator, His right to command the good and forbid the evil, that man can ever find any real basis for moral obligation, any real reason why he should be good.

HELEN KUST, '18.

SAINT MAUDE.

FOUR captives bowed with weighty chains
 Were crowded in a prison small;
 Despair and hatred filled their hearts,
 The gods were heedless to their call.

A lady, tender, stately, kind
 Into this dreary dungeon came,
 Christ's love and faith she brought, then sent
 Them home rejoicing in His name.

The pious Maude, a humble queen,
 This work of love performed for Thee,
 O Christ, a goodly price that bought
 The merited eternity.

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

TO A BLIND SOLDIER.

BEREAVED of strength, a wondering child he stands,
 A useless soldier, shorn of all his might,
 Unable now to guard his country's right
 And helpless to obey her high commands.
 His courage faints, how limp those groping hands.
 They long to clasp a sword and join the fight,—
 What ghosts of battle haunt his blinded sight!
 How powerless he to break his captive bands!

But armed with faith and hope, a warrior, he
 Now battles bravely, guided by God's eyes
 Against his broken spirit, prone to hate.
 When lo, the vision of God's purity
 His blinded eyes behold, new hopes arise;
 His service now is but to stand and wait.

ELIZABETH McDUGAL, '20.

ROSES AND WAR.

THE sunbeams filled the little kitchen with a flood of radiance while a red bird in the old sycamore was singing its sweetest morning song. Through the open window came the scent of roses. It was June, and every bush in John Sawter's garden was a mass of roses.

Dolly, his wife, was setting the little table for breakfast, when she heard his cheery, but somewhat unmusical whistle, as he answered the red bird's friendly greeting. He had gone out early that morning and had gathered a bouquet of his favorite roses. With a smile and a gesture as natural as that of a youth or pompous courtier, he gave her the flowers.

"Oh, John, you have gathered the most beautiful roses of all—the very ones I had intended to put on the rostrum at meeting tonight," Dolly exclaimed, half reproachfully. But her tender brown eyes, softened by years, sparkled with happiness at John's thoughtfulness.

For a minute he said nothing. He only looked at his dear, old wife, and thought that once she was fairer than those roses, though now she was fading, as they would, too, in their time. He was getting old, also, but he tried not to reveal it. With his single arm (for John was a marked veteran of Gettysburg) he could tend his flowers. He cared for little else; but lived again in hopes for David, his only son, a soldier in France.

"Well, Dolly, I thought that we might put these flowers at David's place. He loved them so. He and Tom were the greatest chaps I ever saw for roses. And today is Tom's birthday."

With the mentioning of Tom's name an awed silence came upon them both, and they wandered into worlds of cherished memories.

Tom and David were chums—the kind of chums that only boys in a country town may be. They had gone to college together. Then the war came, and at its first call they had answered. Each had carried away with him one of John's roses.

John had known such a friend as David's, too, but it was in the long ago, before the North and South were at war. His friend was Tom's father, Silas Gist. They, too, had loved roses. When that war came, they had answered its summons, but John had fought for the South and Silas for the North. Now, more than fifty years had secured the victory of the Republic. To all but John and Silas, the past had buried its own dead. During all these years they had never forgiven the past, nor tried to forget it. And, although they had been neighbors, they had never spoken to each other.

The weeks after Tom's and David's enlistment had lengthened into a year. Then Tom had returned to America to teach the tricks of aerial warfare. Suddenly had come the awful news—there had been an accident. Tom had been brought home to his father.

Then a mound of fresh earth in the little village cemetery marked the grave of its latest hero.

But not one rose had John sent in remembrance of his son's friend. Not one handclasp had he offered to the bereaved father whom he had once loved more dearly than a brother. The grief of old Silas did not rouse him to pity, be-

cause he fought against it with all the power of his proud, unconquered will.

Dolly and John finished their breakfast in silence. The basket of flowers had cast a sickening gloom over their former good cheer. The perfume of the roses had transformed the beauty of a June morning into the awfulness of a living tomb.

That afternoon John was sitting on the little front porch reading his paper. The village messenger came hurriedly up the rough old brick-laid path.

"Here's a telegram for you, Mr. Sawter," he said in his familiar, high pitched voice. He smiled savagely and disclosed every missing front tooth, for John put a quarter in his dirty little hand—ever ready for such occasions.

Dolly heard the messenger and came to the porch. Her face was unusually pale.

"Is it from the government, John?"

"Yes, Our David died like a man—he was killed in action."

* * * *

The evening sun was slowly falling below the woods that skirted the river. The red bird had gone to his nest and the locust was calling his mournful song in its stead. There was no other sign of life as John walked carefully on. He had gathered all his roses and was taking them to the only mound of earth that he might see and call the grave of his hero.

The little cemetery was flooded with the rays of the setting sun. Every beam seemed to caress the roses and ask them to carry their message of love to the two brave lads that had gone forever from the life of the little village.

John stood at the foot of the rose covered mound. A man, bent in stature, feeble, and shaken by grief, approached him. There was a moment of silence, when all the sorrow of their lives passed as a vivid panorama before their minds' eyes. It was their hearts and not their voices that spoke.

"John."

"Silas."

From the distance came the soft, clear sound of a bell—the war-angelus. Then, as if drawn by the magic power of a newly awakened past, they knelt beside the rose-covered grave.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

ELK MOUNTAIN.

THESE is a mountain in the west,
It's peak is crowned with lasting snow,
It towers far above the rest,
As if protecting all below.

I watch it through the live-long day,
And saw the drifting clouds sail by;
Like petty moods, or grave or gay,
Across the ever constant sky.

Though sometimes wrapped in hazy blue,
A shifting mist surrounding thee;
Thou showest beauties ever new,
Elk Mountain, O, so dear to me!

ALICE JOHNSON, '21.

MEDIEVAL MANORS.

HISTORIANS do not agree as to the way in which the medieval manor came into existence. Some hold that men who were originally free landholders gradually became subservient to a lord, either through conquest or because of social and judicial requirements. Others believe that there was always a class of dependents. However this may be decided, it is known that during most of the medieval ages nearly all of England was ruled by the manorial system. Domesday book enumerates nine thousand and fifty of these manors. One-fifth of the land in the country was held by the king; three-tenths, by the ecclesiastics or ecclesiastical bodies, and the rest by lay lords.

The king was supposed virtually to own the entire kingdom. He let parts of it to tenants-in-chief who in turn might let parts of their portion to tenants-in-mesne. The tenant-in-mesne might live on his estate or have an overseer called a reeve who visited the different estates and kept them in order, but frequently he had a resident bailiff who took the part of the lord in the village. On the estates were tenants, ranging from men holding a hundred acres to cotters who had a cottage and a half acre of land. These different gradations all had to pay the lord of the manor in return for their land. Sometimes they did so with money; sometimes with produce; sometimes by boon-works, that is by either going themselves or furnishing in some way, day labor for the lord in busy seasons. These people, too, had frequently to pay a portion called relief, of

their inherited goods to the overlord. Besides this, heriot or payment from the property left by a deceased tenant was often demanded. Relief was paid upon an heir's obtaining the land and generally amounted to a year's payments. Heriot was paid from the property left by a tenant and usually consisted of the best animal or its money equivalent.

Besides the large manor house and the smaller tenant houses, there were, on a manor, the church, priest's house, and mill. The church and priest's house were usually quite near the manor house. The mill was generally situated upon the banks of a stream, for water-power was used.

The land of the manor was divided into seven kinds. First was the demesne or lord's land around his house. Next, the common fields which were divided into three great fields that there might be regulated rotation of crops. In one of the fields might be planted wheat or rye or some crop planted in the autumn and harvested the following summer. Another might be planted with oats or some crop planted in the spring and harvested in the fall. But the third would be left untilled that it might be quite fertile for a crop the next year. Then came the common pasture. Fourth was the woodland which belonged to the lord, although the tenant might turn cattle or swine into it, and also, get fuel for his home. There was, besides, the uncultivated land, called waste. Near the stream was generally meadow land for which the lord charged rent because of the excellent hay to be obtained there. Lastly, were the closes or portions of land specially marked off as the fields of those who could pay

higher rent than was required from the common fields.

The method by which men worked these common fields is interesting. The two cultivated fields were partitioned into small plots by means of narrow unploughed strips called "balks." A man might work any amount from a quarter acre, or a strip forty rods in length and one rod in width, to many acres, but, if he had a number of acres they were not close together. The lord gave land in different portions of the fields that no one man would have all poor land or all good land.

If there was need of a trial at the manor all adult male tenants were expected to be present to act as jury. However, the court was presided over by an officer representing the lord, and in petty matters, as well as in greater legal business, the lord controlled most of the court workings. Meetings of the tenants were called at regular periods, on some manors as often as every two or three weeks, but on others only two or three times a year.

A manorial community was almost self-sufficient. Its people were bound together very closely by ties resulting from intimate contact: in work, pleasures, and religion, for all belonged to the common church, in legal affairs, and even in their very living, for the dwellings were quite close together. This self-centered sort of life made it less easy for changes and improvements to come, and in their rude, simple, but comfortable existence, these hardy people followed in the footsteps of their fathers, until the great industrial revolution ushered in the modern system.

MARGUERITE WARD, '21.

MY HOME-TOWN PAPER.

MY home-town paper has but four small sheets,
And these, as badly printed as can be;
For some, it is a cause for laugh and jest;
But it means all my home-town news to me.

From city pages, printed full and well,
The small town paper seems a funny blend,
Yet who, for all its headlines and its thrills,
Would read a city sheet from end to end.

ALMA ROTH, '21.

STORIES OF ARTHUR.

WHO knows what adventures spoken words may have, or how many interpretations and transformations they may undergo so that their original meaning can scarcely be traced? This has been the case with the stories of Arthur. These stories belong to what is called the Arthurian or Celtic cycle of literature which dates from the eighth to the nineteenth century. The earliest stories were legends of Brittany, Wales and Ireland, many of them having grown from the conflicts between the Britons and Saxons. "The conquered or weaker nation continues to exist in song and story, seeking to gild its present dimness by some reflex of its past glories and covering its defects by such excuses as save the honor and courage of the nation." The authors who began the cycle used these tales of war, lays and legends dealing with the planting of Christianity in Britain, pagan superstitions with their love of the wierd and wonderful, also oriental traditions and parables brought by Jews, Moors, crusaders and those who had made pilgrimages to the Holy Land.

The five principal legends which move around one idealized hero, King Arthur, were first, those of Arthur, Guinevere and Merlin; second, the tales of the Round Table; third, the Holy Grail; fourth, those of Launcelot, and fifth, those of Tristan.

This store of Celtic legends and poems did not remain confined to their birthplace but was spread throughout all Europe. This dissemination was due largely to the Irish bards. History tells us these Irish bards charmed the French court with their songs and also that they were the instructors of the Welsh bards. These song reciters tinted the legends and poems with local coloring, changed and remodeled them to please themselves and their audiences. Single episodes in the old legends were made into distinct poems. The chief characteristics of the stories were love and respect for womanhood.

For some time the poems were grouped around the Holy Grail. According to the legend the Holy Grail was the chalice Christ used at the Last Supper. It came into the possession of Joseph of Arimathea who caught in it a few drops of the Precious blood when he took our Savior's

body from the Cross. Later he brought the sacred vessel to Britain where it was lost. Many stories sprung from this legend and the Grail became symbolical of the Holy Eucharist. The Stories of Arthur and the Round Table had the Grail legend for their basis. The Christian teachers too had a most active part in the diffusion of the Celtic stories throughout Christendom for they used many of the legends, especially that of the Holy Grail, to aid them in spreading Christianity.

About the twelfth century Geoffrey of Monmouth, collected all these legends in his "Historia." He, like the bards, did not confine himself to facts but let his imagination contribute much to the stories. In the fifteenth century Thomas Malory wrote the epic, "Morte d' Arthur," which was translated into French by Robert Wace. By this time the Arthurian stories were popular throughout the whole continent. This period of popularity was followed by numerous works of satire and ridicule which tended to kill the chivalrous romance. It seemed to receive an actual death blow from Cervantes' "Don Quixote."

Though the tales of knight-errantry were apparently dead the ideals upon which they were built continued to live for if a people's ideals were dead the people themselves would probably perish. So later authors reached the people's hearts with the same themes or variations of them and the people of today read or listen to them with interest. Of these later Arthurian themes there are Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," Richard Wagner's operas, "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal" and our American version, "The Vision of Sir Launfall" by James Russell Lowell. Milton had planned an epic with Arthur as the hero. Spenser in his "Fairie Queen" has stories of the same subject, but he lost the original spirit and meaning thus making his effort a "manual of etiquette and good behavior."

The stories of Arthur that still live owe their immortality to the spirit and the ideals which the legend of the Holy Grail has woven into them. Thus they form literature which "is a power and which lives through the wear and tear of time."

In Imitation.

TO SPENCER'S LOVE.

O! gentle maide the while thy love did baske
In thoughts of thee and on his oaten reeds
Did sing thy prayes faithfullie, what taske
Or meane or greate didst thou? Thy lovely deeds
Have slept too long in silence deepe. I needs
Would blazon them abroad and this greate wrong
Undo, Thy love, though clothed in simple weeds
Surpassed epic strains of heroes strong;
Thy life of lowly tasks was in itself a song.

NANCY DALY, '19.

TO SPENCER ON HIS WEDDING MORN.

W/ HY tarry here to sing your song of love
While waits your Bride in yonder lovely bower,
With tender fingers smooths each fold, shy dove,
Preening herself, before her crowning hour.
Now see her maids adjust each orange flower,
White crown above her crown of golden hair.
Hasten, glad groom, to claim such queenly dower;
Your Bride awaits you at the Altar stair,
Herself a song to you than yours to her more fair.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '19.

"A SPEARIAN SPENCERIAN."

MY daily notes were good, my average fair,
I was quite happy, till I heard the themes
Read out, that I had failed to write. I dare
Not even think about Thanksgiving schemes,
Till I have used up paper by the reams,
In writing verse assigned two months before.
And essays—(nightmares that infest my dreams)
That modeled were on Lamb. But lest I bore
You with this senior's tale of woe, I'll write no more.

MARGARET SPEAR, '19.

TO AN ASSIGNMENT.

O! I, the girl, whose muse did never maske,
As time me taught, in mock poetic weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
To pipe a song on noble Spencer's reeds.
Small wonder that his prayse of gentle deeds,
Of knights and ladies slept in silence long—
Me, all too meane, the Seniors fate areeds
To blazen broad a verse unto this throng;
Red ink and fierce rebuffs shall mutilate my song!

SOPHIA JOBST, '19.

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FEBRUARY, 1919

STOPPING TO THINK.

Why should anyone stop to think? Is thinking opposed to progress or to motion? A better motto would be, "Don't stop thinking while you move." If we would keep our minds active throughout the day, we would seldom need to stop and think, but could act from impulse, from thought so habitual that it is scarcely conscious; and then, I think, we would most generally act wisely, and do well.

Alas, for the lives and limbs of the people in an automobile, if the driver must stop to think, when confronted by danger! There is no time then to stop and think. If the thinking has not been done beforehand, it is of no avail. Impulse, the result of habitual thought is the only hope. His decision must be instant, intuitive, and he must not waver in it. Shall he trust his brakes to stop his machine on time, or shall he jam in the accelerator and try to beat the oncoming train? Only one who has had to make such a decision can fully appreciate the value of impulse and intuition, and the danger of stopping to think. And one who has motored with another who must stop to think before acting in such a crisis, provided he has by chance come out of it alive, can appreciate this still more.

But impulse and intuition are the results of other thinking. And to have good impulses, that will prove valuable, the previous thinking must have been of the right kind. For we notice that certain ones seem to act wisely when they act on impulse, while others invariably make mistakes.

If we cultivate the habit of thinking as we go about our sundry duties, and of thinking logically and correctly, we may be certain that this habit of good thinking will serve us well under strenuous circumstances, as valuable impulse. And it will mean for us a marvelous economy in time and effort. The girl who thinks upon the subject assigned her for a theme while she goes about other things, can write it in much less time and, most probably, better. Don't stop to think, but rather, never stop thinking.

THE BLUFFER.

(Imitation of Lamb's Poor Relations.)

The bluffer—is an important personage—a source of envy for the meek—an object of pity for the learned—a non-essential in a class room—the master of a contemptible art—the contradiction of a bookworm—a perverted student—the prodigal son of an indulgent teacher—a prodigy to the school inspector—the expounder of the unknown—the inventor of ideas—the resenter of books—the advocate of free thought—a believer in a neighbor's word—a dexterous copiest—a mechanic in construction—an unscrupulous spender of time.

She cometh to class and carryeth with her a library not of text books but novels which bear the appearance of text books. She laugheth at the learned and hath compassion for the demure. She answereth the unanswerable. Her presence is welcomed when all in the class have failed to study the given lesson. She is a source of resentment when all have their lessons and she reciteth the entire period. She is a parasite that ever hovereth before the mind of the instructor and to him giveth vexation. She existeth in every class except the senior class at St. Mary's.

There is a worse evil than merely having a professional of this art in your class and that is—one who is a failure in this method of deception. She finds the teacher a poor subject for telepathy and her classmates her friendly adversaries. I knew a girl who seemingly had served as interpreter at the oracle of Apollo. Her reputation as a student was questionable but when undergoing a cross examination she always had an

answer for each query. And usually the answer had various interpretations and fortunately our gaunt village schoolmaster always accepted the correct one. Her attention was always divided between two objects, the hair dress of the girl in front of her and the picture of this girl which she was sketching on her tablet. When aroused from her pastime to give an account of one of the battles which the class had been discussing for the previous half hour, of course, she failed to hear the name of either the war or battle about which she was to talk, but she began "Well—oh well—as, there was heavy fighting by—" "Napoleon or Wellington?" questioned the teacher. At last stationed in the right war zone she continued to expound on a series of events which were common to every war since the beginning of time and which always will be, as long as wars exist. She succeeded, yes—just as long as examinations were eliminated from her realm. But these controversies proved to be a stumbling block. For several years she was always to be seen in the same class room, in the same history class, at the same period. This—was a bluffer.

THEIR BETTER HALVES.

In studying the genius of the world the feminine mind is impressed with one thing and that is the undesirability of being its wife. The fact that the wives of most great men are known in history as shrews is perhaps one cause for this aversion. We may take the much maligned Xantippe and find even in her case some extenuating circumstances. Being the wife of a very poor provider might even outweigh the honor of being the wife of a great philosopher. It may have been somewhat annoying to have Socrates come home expecting a great meal and a well kept family after spending his day in the public square discussing the reality of knowledge. It would seem probable that there was real knowledge about some things that Xantippe might have desired to impart to her philosophical husband. A few centuries later it must have been equally discouraging to Dante's wife to have him continually looking so glum and dyspeptic. Her friends may

have reproached her for being an unsuccessful housekeeper. Even in considering "the English Dante" one trembles to think of being his wife. It is an awful thought to put oneself opposite such stern, unmodified intelligence; say, for three meals a day to have the sublime grandeur of a "Paradise Lost" launched against a puny mind is indeed crushing! Whatever romance the idea may contain is destroyed by the details, for details are the ugliest things of life. We are more blessed in being the posterity of genius, than its contemporary for too great nearness to the sun blinds and burns. Life holds some few consolations for "just us common folk."

SHOES.

Wasn't it Solomon, who said "There is nothing new under the sun." Now Solomon was a wise man and time has proven his truism.

Did you ever stop to think of that insignificant, yet necessary article of your apparel,—your shoe? Webster defines shoe as "an outer covering, as of leather, for the protection of the human foot."

Like the poor, we have always had and will always have shoes with us. St. Mark in his Gospel speaks of the "latchet" of Christ's shoes and in the homely reference there is a comforting evidence that our Lord lived like as well as for the average man.

The sandal is the most ancient foot-wear of which we have any record. If you were interested in the Egyptian mummies, which are preserved in any of the public collections of our Art Museums, you could see that the beautiful but desolute Cleopatra had the slippers as her style of foot-gear.

From the rich and dreamy country of the Nile, we turn to Greece, where shoes were used only in exceptional circumstances, while a little later, in Rome, we find both the aristocratic and common classes wearing sandals. The patricians wore shoes (*calecei*) of black leather and red leather was reserved for the senators. The tricks of the world are as old as it is and even in Rome's splendor, the people wore long boots, reaching sometimes to near their knees, and very often

supplied with a thick sole to add to their statures. I wonder, if they had been supplied with sombreros, they would have resembled our western cowboy of the days of "Buffalo Bill?"

Not so long ago when the pointed shoe returned to vogue (and note, please, I say returned, because in medieval times, shoes with long-pointed toes were worn by the high born) the younger children smiled at the long narrow last. In the reign of Charles I, a boot exceedingly wide at the top and made of fine Spanish leather, came into use and with Charles II, came in the highly decorated French boot.

The Wellington boot, which was introduced by the great duke was superseded when the name "Blucher" was given to a half-shoe, or ankle-boot. This particular shoe is still worn in the United States.

Now in 1918, for the past few years, both men and women are wearing colored shoes. The most delicate shades and sometimes the most pretentious colors are reserved for the women. In the eighteenth century, this was just reversed, when the gentlemen wore boots with tops of a yellow-color. They were so fashionable that they came to be looked upon as a peculiarity in the national costume of the English.

Though the shoe is like the foot, the most humble of our possessions, it is one which has played a rather important role from Bible-days down to "the old lady in the shoe" who tucked all of her children away in it. We could not wish a bride joy without the "old shoe" and though it is true, they say, that often "the shoe maker's wife goes without shoes" we will find an excuse for the cobbler.

INTERIOR DECORATION.

In this period of wars, it is an essential to our own internal welfare, to apply Interior Decoration to our acquisition of knowledge as well as to the home. As the housewife takes special care in the purchasing and arranging of her furniture, so must the true American exercise that same care, in building up both his mind and his body. Now is the time for him to learn and to store up

new things from the abundant field of knowledge everywhere about him. At the same time, he must not throw knowledge into himself, carelessly prepared and bearing no relation to what has gone before it. As the acquiring of all knowledge, this also needs preparation, unity and conciseness, which will make the person wise, prudent and charming. Such a one will be both a help and a credit to his nation.

A REVIEW OF MAGAZINE SHORT STORIES.

A very sprightly narrative in the fiction for January is Peter Blackthorne's story in the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled, "The Photographer of Silver Mountain." The author's presentation of the hardy, free life led in the lumber camp is realistic and very interesting. The issueless vicissitudes experienced by the hero called "Tabby"—because he seems to be living the proverbial nine lives of the cat—are followed by the reader with much anticipation and concern. The story smacks not a little of the flavor which we find so delightful in Brete Hart's classic stories of the lumber camp.

We are given an impressive lesson of religious resignation in Reverend A. Forty's story, "Dom Gregoire's Enlightenment" in the *Ave Maria* for January. The revelation of the Master's Will to Dom Gregoire in a dream is set forth with a degree of feeling, ease and literary skill.

Very different from this tale of monastic life, so competent and ready for every trial, is the story of the life and fate of two Baptist missionaries as told by Edith Wharton in "The Seeds of Faith" appearing in the *Century Magazine* for last month. The two evangelists are laboring in the far Eastern countries and they are shown to be very unequal to the trials to which they are exposed. The revivalist question, "What are you doing for God" is posed interestingly and effectively. Still we do not find in this latest fiction the merit and charm of the author's former work.

A good quarrel in fiction, as well as in life always arouses interest. The reader is anxious to know what it is all about and how it will turn out. Fiction, indeed would be, for the most part, very tame without the everlasting element of conflict. If the quarrel happens to be the in-

roduction of the story, as in the "High Cost of Conscience," a story by Beatrice Ravenel in *Harper's* for January, the reader, "just has to read on till things are squared up." "The High Cost of Conscience" is an unusual story; it might even be called a "strange story," but it is for that reason none the less worth reading. The title, it will be observed, is a very attractive one and it fits the story perfectly.

E. CARRICO, '20.

* * * * *

To one who delights in literary browsing, the January magazines offer ample pabulum in the form of short-stories. With a pile of these magazines at hand, no one's fiction appetite need remain unsatisfied because of malnutrition.

A first glance between the pages of *The Century* will discover there a story by Stacy Aumonier. "Mrs. Huggins' Hun" true to the possibilities of its title, revels in mysterious bearded strangers whose pursuit of a deep-eyed and elusive villain, ends in a climax. The voluble Herr Schmidt and the over-courteous Monsieur de la Roche, with their misplaced accents, have an effective foil in their uncouth and emphatic landlady, Mrs. Huggins. This lady and her "ewe-lamb" Maggie are two unpolished jewels, but very human.

If a contrast to this is desired, it may be found in "The Tenth Man," by the "Centurion." It is notable both for story material and psychological study. The author, whose identity is not disclosed, has here shown how the imagination can be influenced by fear. Vivid, though rather gruesome realism, as well as an unusual treatment of trench life, make this little story of great interest.

In *Harper's*, Leila Burton Wells has at least achieved a success in the title of her story, "Mary and the Man," but the theme is extremely ordinary and the structure rather confusing. A few personal letters, several entries in a diary, the recital of a story begun by one person and completed by another, require that the reader continually change his point of view. In the end, the parts fall into order and the puzzle solves itself, but one wonders if the author could not have fashioned her story with a little more sequence.

Like a pressed and faded blossom from old Andrew's garden, the story of "His Hour" hides among the pages of *Harper's*. The simplicity and the sympathy with which this charming

story of a childish old man and his old fashioned garden is told, reflect well the art of Mary Esther Mitchell. It is a story which one could read again and again without tiring; love for the old Andrew grows greater each time. The fact that he is weak and dependent, reared in fear and enforced respect of his sister, Amelia, only add to his charm. When he is pushed helplessly along the crowded street by the patriotic mob, it is fine to watch his desire for untried freedom struggling to stifle his loyalty to Amelia's authority. And not even the sternest heart could censure Andrew for the means he used to gain his emancipation, and that of the Belgian babies!

B. O'MELIA, '20.

NOTES.

The obligation and easy practice of charity were forcefully shown by the Rev. James Gallagan, C. S. C., in his sermon of January 26.

Dr. Hugh Benson Hewetson, a cousin of the late Monsignor Benson, and an old friend of St. Mary's was a welcome guest Thursday, January 16. Dr. Hewetson delivered two lectures to the student body. "Early Cathedrals" was the subject of the first, this was illustrated with many beautiful slides. In the evening he spoke on "The Days of St. Dominic."

The Tennis and Canoe Clubs held their first general meeting Wednesday, January 15. It was decided to give a series of parties. The first one was given by the Canoe Club Wednesday evening, January 22. Messick's orchestra furnished the music and it was one of the most enjoyable dances of the season. The officers of the two clubs are as follows:

CANOE CLUB.

D. KIPPLINGER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
K. FITZSIMMONS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
M. REMPE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
A. CONSTANTINE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

TENNIS CLUB.

R. O'MALLEY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
D. HACKETT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
E. BROUSSARD,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
D. HAYES,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
C. DOLAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Captain

St. Mary's welcomes the many new students who have arrived to take up work for the second semester.

"Primitive Music" was the subject of a lecture given by Prof. Becker of Notre Dame, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 29.

Senior privileges—frequent trips to town, breakfast at 11 A. M., etc., are numbered no the program of events since the last issue of THE CHIMES.

The "movies" are certainly "on the move," as far as St. Mary's is concerned.

On Thursday evening, January 22, St. Mary's Glee Club was reorganized. After welcoming the new members, the officers for the coming year were elected. The result of the election was:

SOPHIA JOBST,	-	-	-	-	-	President
FLORENCE GUTHRIE,	-		-	-		Vice-President
ALINE CONSTANTINE,	-	-				Secretary and Librarian
ESTELLE BROUSSARD,	-	-	-	-		Accompanist

The members are Ethel Burkhartsmeier, Aline Constantine, Doris Cunningham, Martha Gebhard, Florence Guthrie, Alice Hoit, Alice Johnson, Sophia Jobst, Ruth McCarthy, Mary Purman, Dorothea Ryno, Loretto Shaughnessy, Grace Soldani, Nellie Lee Holt. Judging from the voices of the new as well as old members

St. Mary's may anticipate some pleasant musical surprises in the course of the year.

The announcement of a free day for the first of February was the most delightful surprise possible for the close of examination week. The early morning "hike" to Roselawn started the day enthusiastically for the girls of all departments, except the graduates. The latter were granted "a long sleep," and after having breakfasted in the Domestic Science Dining Room, departed for town, where the remainder of their day was enjoyably spent. The day was a very happy one for all.

The Children of Mary gave a pretty dancing party in St. Angela's Hall Tuesday evening, February 4. Music was furnished by the "Rag Pickers."

The last week of January—"Exam Week," passed without any serious results, no impaired grey matter, no threads of silver amid raven, gold, or auburn tresses.

Instrumental and vocal musicians came in for an extra chance to exhibit both preparedness and efficiency.

Congratulations with hearty good wishes St. Mary's offers in response to the marriage announcements of Marguerite Morrissey to Mr. Forrest Ferdinand Cunningham of Billings, Mont.; Catherine D. Dadey to Mr. William T. Quinlan of Champaign, Ill., and Eula Lee Costley to Mr. William Henry Carson of Tampico, Mex.

In the death of the Honorable William J. Onahan of Chicago, St. Mary's mourns the loss of a life-long, devoted friend and benefactor. The memory of Count Onahan's fatherly interest in St. Mary's will be cherished long and fondly by the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Among those whose lives have been shadowed recently by death, and to whom St. Mary's lovingly extends sympathy are: Mrs. Lucrezia St. Croix-Bohannon and her daughter, Genevieve (student); to Anne Kelleher (class '20); to Mrs. Clara Ginz-LaPierre, and to the beloved relatives of Mae Collentine (former student).

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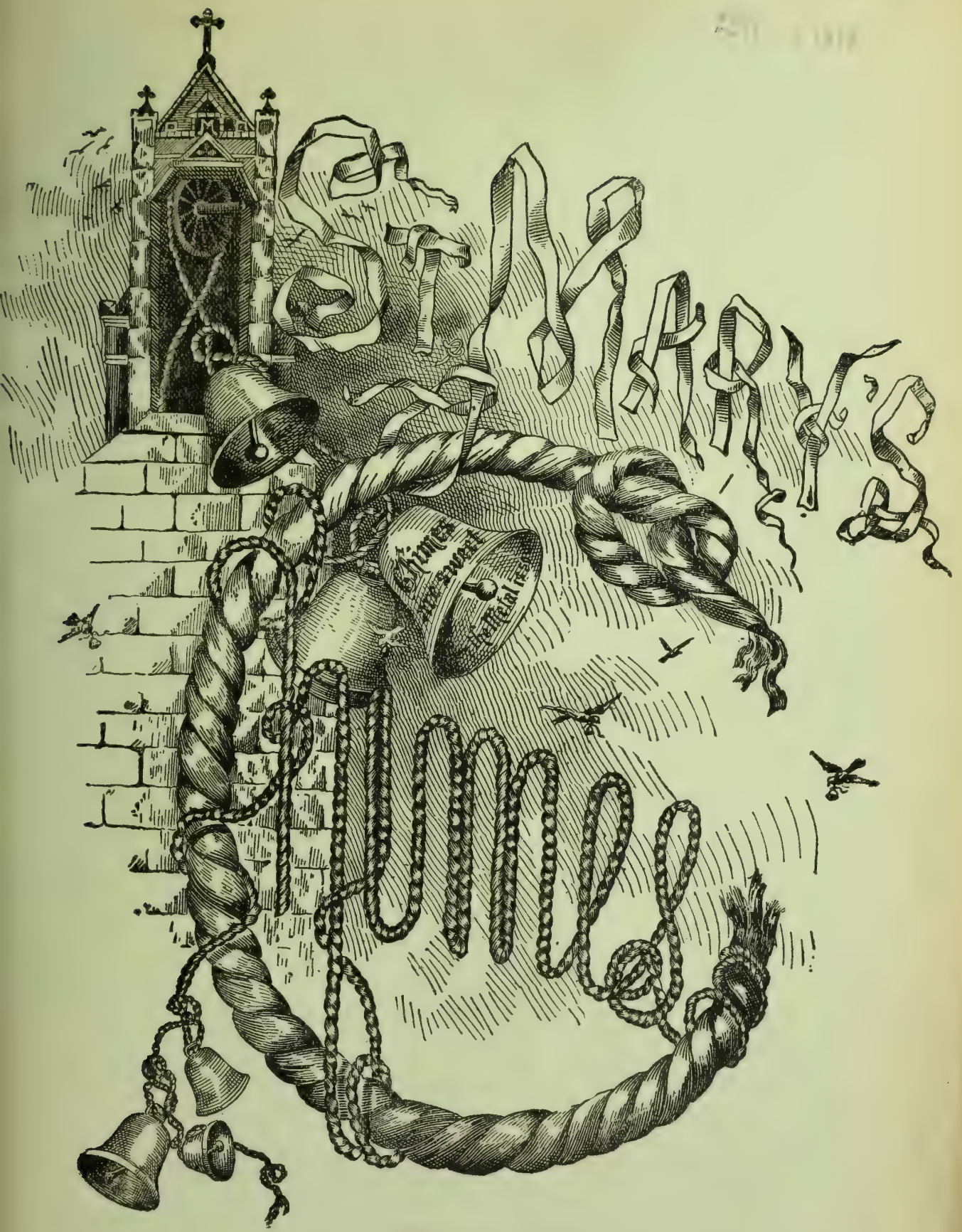
I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,

Secretary of the Interior.



March, 1919

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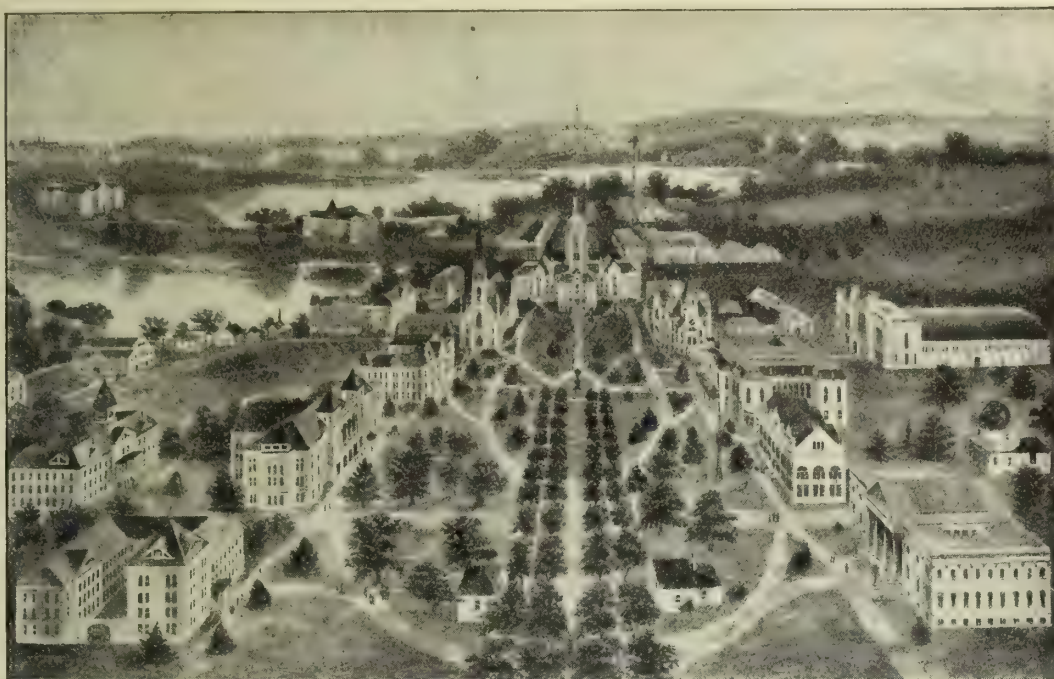
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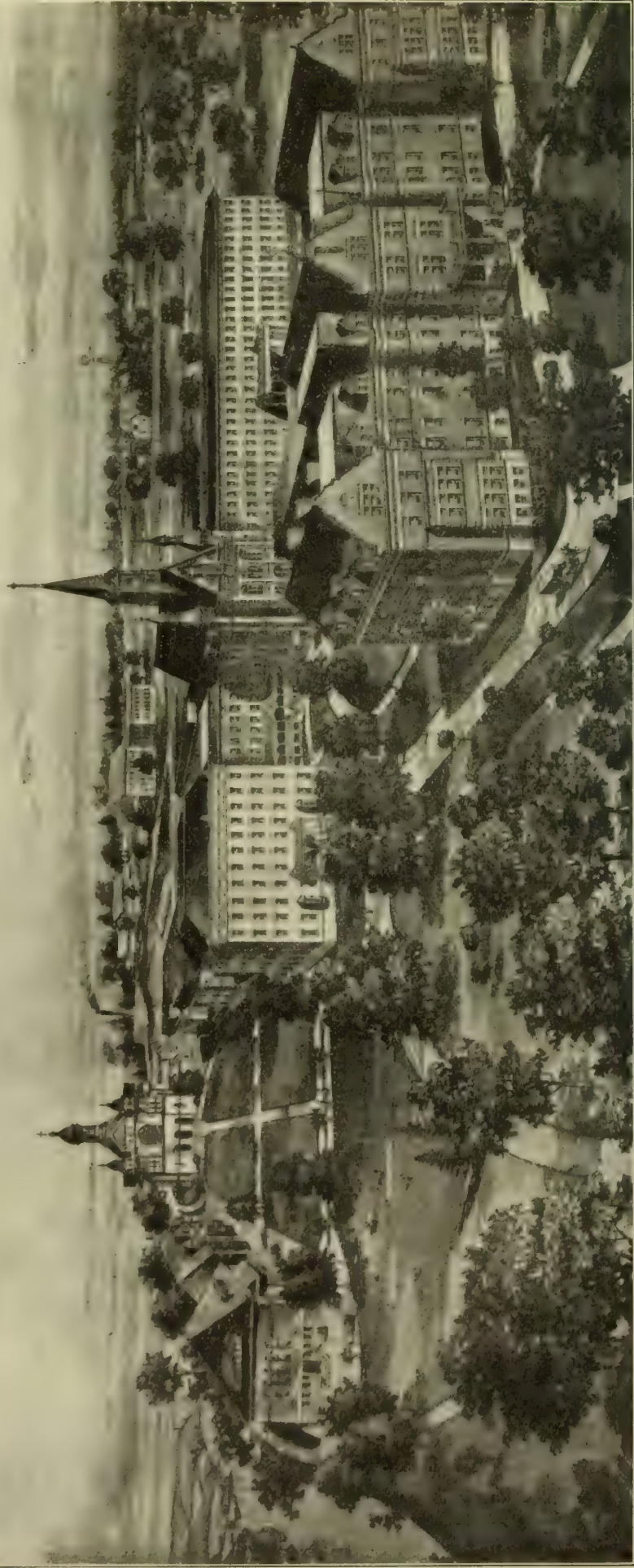
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Sancte Joseph, Pater Mi.

*Sancte Joseph, Pater mi,
Hoc die sacro,
Cor meum dono tibi,
Et laudes cano,
Mariae custos care,
Et pater Jesus,
Esto mi tibi quoque,
O, Pater Meus!*

*Qui in pectore Jesus,
Propre Mariae,
Perlaetus es mortuus,
O, exaudi me!
Hora in mea mortis,
Ad me venito,
Et in coelo cum sanctis
Beatus ero.*

S. M. E.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., March, 1919

No. 7

MY DREAMLAND.

IN childhood dreams of long ago
A wonderland I made,
Where gnomes and brownies gaily danced
In some green forest glade.

And now, though fairy dreams have fled
With golden hours, still
I seek my happy land that lies
Beyond each dew-veiled hill.

BEATRICE REA, '21.

NEWMAN'S TREATMENT OF RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

AMONG the great educators of our time, none take precedence over John Henry Cardinal Newman. Therefore in treating of his discourses on the Idea of a University, we are dealing with the work of a reliable authority. Because he is a most clear and logical thinker and a concise stylist, it is an education in itself to follow the development of his thought. In these pages his arguments for the teaching of Theology in the schools and universities are reviewed and quotations from those discourses freely used.

In considering a university we understand by the term a place or school whose scope includes the sum total of human knowledge. "The very name of university is inconsistent with restrictions of any kind." Therefore, if a university does not include in its course of study the science of Theology it argues for one or all of three things; that either there is no God, or that nothing is known about Him, or that Theology is not real truth or knowledge but merely emotion or sentiment. But if we deny a "God reported to us by testimony" and history and arrived at by metaphysical induction and the suggestions of our conscience, then we must also deny history,

philosophy and ethics. And if we admit a God we admit a fact encompassing and absorbing every other conceivable subject of knowledge, "it is truly the first and the last." We cannot exclude it on the score that it is divine knowledge and, therefore, differing from human, for human truths also differ in kind from one another. "You will soon break into fragments the whole circle of secular knowledge, if you begin the mutilation with divine." Then if there are divine truths they are certainly as important as facts of physics or mathematics and the university which excludes them cannot "profess to be teaching all the while *de omni scibili*."

It is due to the religious change of the sixteenth century that faith has come to be merely regarded as a taste or sentiment. With Luther faith is no longer an intellectual act with truth as its object, but Religion is entirely subjective, and as each one wills so is his belief. Every individual is, so to speak, the founder of his own little particular church with his self-interpreted gospels as a sort of crutch or support to prove any of his original doctrines or arguments whatever. If this, therefore, be true, Religion can

have no more claim on science than fine feeling or the fashions of the season. But if we admit that there are knowable facts about the work of the Creation; if in this very work the attributes of the Creator are manifested, and if all sciences deal with one or other of these manifestations, then we have also admitted a basis of truth for God and Religion. It would be rather unnecessary here to prove the existence of a God, for no great mind has ever been capable of denying it. Having arrived at the existence of a Supreme Being we must next see what is contained in the word "God." In the mind of a Catholic the word implies the One Being who is "individual, self-dependent, all-perfect, unchangeable; intelligent, living, personal and present; almighty, all-seeing and all-remembering; between whom and His creatures there is an infinite gulf; who has no origin, who is all-sufficient for Himself; who created and upholds the universe; who will judge every one of us, sooner or later, according to that law of right and wrong which He has written on our hearts, who has with an adorable, never-ceasing energy implicated Himself in all the history of creation, the constitution of nature, the course of the world, the origin of society, the fortunes of nations, the action of the human mind, and who thereby necessarily becomes the subject matter of a science far wider and more noble than any of those which are included in the circle of secular education."

To some others He is a being to be measured merely by nature and His attributes knowable only in so far as the microscope or telescope can reveal them. Therefore the study of Him is but a physical view of nature, "private and personal, which one man has and another has not," it is but "nature with a divine glow upon it" and is determined by the genius or caprice of the individual without any objective standard of truth. But after all there is not "much difference between avowing that there is no God, and implying that nothing definite can for certain be known about Him." If we wish to follow this belief we must align ourselves with Hume and Epicurus, but who in the world has not seen the tragic results of the "truths" of their philosophy? Among the more rational of our philosophers, however, are those who admit that "the phenomena of the

material world are insufficient for the full exhibition of the Divine attributes" and "require a supplemental process to complete and harmonize their evidence" and with this admission they must also acknowledge that "this supplemental process is a science" and as a science "claims a place among the sciences." If they cannot be certain of this they are not claiming that "God is more than nature." Then if God be knowable, religious doctrine is knowledge and therefore "a university without Theology is simply unphilosophical."

Considering Theology as the science of the Creator of the universe, we at once imply that it is the highest and broadest of all sciences and, therefore, is a supplement of the lesser sciences. Many of us have perhaps noticed that men of great intellect who give their minds exclusively to one subject have a tendency to consider it an adequate measure of the whole universe. Thus we find political scientists encroaching upon the domain of ethics and physicists attempting to discredit Theology. For this reason we cannot take one branch of science from a university because by doing so we disrupt and distort the whole perspective of knowledge. "All knowledge forms one whole because its subject matter is one; for the universe in its length and breadth is so intimately knit together, that we cannot separate off portion from portion, and operation from operation, except by a mental abstraction." If there be a God all things come from Him and, therefore, He is the Author of all sciences. The study of Him will but lead the mind to greater depths and more sublime heights. The true correlation of the subjects of knowledge will result and the mind will realize greater breadth and understanding. If we omit Theology "it is not only the loss of Theology, it is the perversion of other sciences," for they will usurp its place and teach unwarranted conclusions of their own. If we omit Theology we say in effect to the world that all knowledge is worth knowing except that of God. Those who look up to us for guidance in education will conclude that there is no God since these "wise ones" teach nothing concerning Him. And if we take away God from the people we must face the consequences. Men will then become their own Gods, each mind sufficient unto

itself and its own standard of truth. Thus there will be no substantial basis for ethics and we will have taken from philosophy its one ultimate cause. If men are Gods who can have authority to gainsay their individual conclusions? Superficiality will result and indifference will replace religion.

Again we may try to excuse ourselves for the exclusion of Theology on the score that men disagree concerning it and that difficulties would attend its teaching. If difficulties are sufficient to exclude a science how can we teach anthropology or even physics? If there is nothing beyond the mere physical phenomena where shall we find guidance or answer to the great questions of life? In place of the One All-perfect Being, what pagan orgies will the human mind invent to satisfy its longing for religion! Into what chaos will this materialism cast thought! Try to realize what it would mean to have chance for a God just for a day—the suspension of all laws of nature and men. But we can find a way out of all these difficulties—a way to bring men to God! Let us follow the only way and the only teacher who ever succeeded, Christianity and Christ. If God then being All-Good and All-Wise demands our homage, He must have revealed to us the way to perform this homage.

If He has made a Revelation, He must also have provided an Interpreter and in this Interpreter we will find our true teacher of Theology. The Catholic Church claims for herself this office and thus puts forth her reasons: To her Christ entrusted the teaching of morals, the preservation of the scriptures and the integrity of faith. From His time throughout these twenty centuries her experts have stood alone in authority and where else can we find more deserving teachers of Theology?

In conclusion let me recall the points of proof: (1) "The claim of Theology to be represented among the chairs of a university"; (2) "whereas it is the very profession of a university to teach all sciences, on this account, it cannot exclude Theology without being untrue to its profession"; (3) "all sciences being connected together, and having bearings one on another, it is impossible to teach them all thoroughly unless they all are taken into account, and Theology among them"; (4) "the important influence, which Theology in matter of fact does and must exercise over a great variety of sciences completing and correcting them; so that, granting it to be a real science occupied upon truth, it cannot be omitted without great prejudice to the teaching of the rest."

ADELAIDE HOPFINGER, '19.

MY FAIRY-TALE BOOK.

THE fairy tale book that I read long ago
Is tattered, and dusty, and worn,
Its covers are dingy, and spotted, and bent,
And its bright colored pictures are torn.

It is years since I sat with my fairy tale book,
And took part in the fairy folk's deeds;
It is years since I wandered with never a care,
Down the road that to fairy land leads.

I was sure that the fairy land folk were all dead;—
(The dear folk who played with me then.)
But how they come tumbling out of my book
And smilingly greet me again!

The Goose-girl comes driving her clattersome flock,
Jack's beanstalk grows up to the sky;
Cinderella drives off to the ball in her coach
And the twelve magic swans flutter by.

Tom Thumb in his seven league boots strides along,
Over mountains, and rivers and lakes;
The little dwarfs welcome Snow-white to their home,
And the beautiful Princess awakes.

Oh; fairy tale book! dear fairy tale book,
You are worth more than jewels and gold,
For with you as a charm and a talisman rare
I am sure I shall never grow old.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

THE DAWN.

THIS morning did you send,
 O Blessed Mother mine,
 Your colors down, the dawn
 It brilliant hues to lend?
 I watched the morn's faint blush,
 Round all your robe of blue,
 And felt your presence there
 In dawn's first early hush.

RUTH O'MALLEY, '19.

ROSTAND AND HIS CYRANO.

EDMOND ROSTAND, the famous French poet and playwright, whose recent death the literary world is mourning, was born at Marseilles, April 1, 1868. He was married to Rosemonde Gerard, granddaughter of Marshall Gerard of Napoleonic fame. At the beginning of his literary career, he published a volume of poems, *Les Musardises*. In 1888 he wrote "Le Gaut Bogue," a vaudeville, produced at Chiny Theatre in Paris. In 1897 his masterpiece, "Cyrano de Bergerac" appeared. He was made a member of the French Academy; this place he held until his death, which occurred recently in Paris. He will be remembered in the Paris of Victory as the creator of Cyrano de Bergerac,—Cyrano, the heroic, self-sacrificing, uncomplaining, lovable personification of the spirit of France.

Edward E. Hale says of Rostand that though he had a great success out of France it was for reasons that were supposed to be non-theatrical, and that his staying quality was the literature, not the extreme theatrical skill of his plays. He is classed by critics as a Romanticist, one who "could say his word on the deep things of life and give his imagining the form of beauty. His great triumph was in romance, and he presented truth by its essence, its ideas and its types."

He is a philosopher and a world poet who represents the flame at the heart of the human race. His essays and poems are exquisite; his style, finished; and his philosophy, courageous.

His plays written in verse are: "Les Romanesques," "La Princesse Lointaine," "Le Samaritain," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler."

Of all his plays, "Cyrano de Bergerac" is Rostand's best and when produced, in 1897, achieved eminent success in France and very soon after in all Europe and America. It marks the

resurrection of romance and will be remembered in the history of the literature of the nineteenth century as the means that revived Romanticism, which was thought to be dead, with an unparalleled vigor. The play is an embodiment of the spirit of modern France, with its variety and fascination, its delightful satire and poetic grace, its marvelous love story, its tenderness, tragic power and pathos.

It is famous for its hero, "Cyrano," who is indeed, a character for a playwright. He fires the old time savage element of the soul, being physically unafraid, so noble, upright and heroic. He represents a Christian type of great people who do not get what they deserve, and of the small group who do not complain of it. Like the average man, perhaps, who sees what he really is, what he might be, yet reconciles himself to his fate, Cyrano has our sympathy, for we all have an ideal in our hearts which will never be realized in this life. He is a permanent figure, this brave, strong, fine, self-sacrificing character, and he is an incarnation of the people's heart in an epoch of their history.

Rostand presents invariable failure because he is a great dramatist and great failures are always tragic. It is said that Rostand regretted the play for a special reason, as it ruined him, by turning him from the lofty path he had begun to tread. Yet most of us feel that to achieve one such masterpiece was the reward of a life's labor.

After "Cyrano," his decline was rapid, though there are critics who prefer the later play, "L'Aiglon" to "Cyrano." Until the last he cherished a love for the beautiful and a noble ambition of producing a future masterpiece. Living in the days just passed, those of the Great War, "he had the opportunity to sound in days of national discouragement the clear song of the Gallic race—not of France, which, indeed, represents something more than was voiced by "Cyrano," the noble, upright, controlled genius characterizing men such as Foch, Pétain, Descartes, Pascal."

GENEVIEVE BROUSSARD, '21.

TO MY PATRON.

QUEEN ESTHER, pray that I when like to thee,
 Before my God, my King, stand trembling, dumb,
 I may such beauty have of soul that He
 Into His presence straight shall bid me, "Come!"

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

THE SONG FUGITIVE.

THE song of a bird at morning,
 Swelled with the waking day;
 The sun, by Echo's warning,
 Frightened the song away.

The wind has a harp. The river
 Hears its soft melody;
 And gently, as harp strings quiver,
 Whispers the song to the sea.

Every flower may fade for living,
 Time may, with care grow old;
 But your song shall not die in the giving,
 Its love in my heart I hold.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

BEYOND THE PALE, A Q. E. D. SHORT STORY.

ROBERT BARR, one of the foremost story tellers of the age and an authority on the proper construction of the short-story, says, "My model is Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short-stories entitled *The Elements of Geometry*, will live when most of us who are scribbling today are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unnecessary word, always keeping his one end in view and the moment he reaches the culminations he stops."

All good short stories fulfill in a manner the requirements of a geometry proposition. One of the most perfect examples of this is "Beyond the Pale" by Rudyard Kipling.

The theorem is stated in the first paragraph.

"A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race and breed. Let the White go to the White and the Black go to the Black. Then, whatever trouble falls, is in the ordinary course of things—neither sudden, alien or unexpected."

We have given, The Girl Bisesa, a little Indian widow sixteen years old who lives in the house of her Uncle in Amir Nath's Gully. She prays to the gods to send her a lover as she does not wish to live alone.

The Man—Trejago, an Englishman, a soldier of fortune.

To Prove:—That neither man nor woman should marry outside of their casts.

Proof:—One day Trejago wandered into Amir Nath's Gully and accidentally discovered the house of Durga Charan. He heard a pretty laugh behind the grated window. It attracted him. He went forward and whispered the words of the "Love Song of Haf Dyal," which begins:

"Can a man stand upright in the face of the

naked sun; or a lover in the presence of his beloved?

"If my feet fail me, O Heart of my Heart, am I to blame, being blinded by the glimpse of your beauty?"

And the woman's voice answered with the fifth verse,

"Alas! alas! Can the moon tell the Lotus of her love when the Gate of Heaven is shut and the clouds gather for rains."

This was the beginning of their hidden romance. Next morning Trejago received a message, a Hindu message bidding him to come to Amir Nath's Gully that night at eleven. He was there at the appointed hour and sang the love song as before. The window opened and Bisesa appeared in the opening. The grating had been removed and the hole was just large enough for an active man to get inside. Bisesa was good to look upon and a constant delight to Trejago. He came faithfully every evening but lived a most exemplary life during the day. Trejago made desperate love to little Bisesa. He swore that he loved her more than anyone else in the world. They were very happy in each other's love. But tragedy loomed in the background.

One night Trejago did not come as usual and Bisesa learned in some mysterious way that he had another sweetheart. She was much troubled and a week later she charged him with the flirtation. Trejago laughingly explained that he meant nothing by it, that she was his only true love. But Bisesa would not be satisfied, she declared all relations between them must cease, he must go away. Trejago begged and pleaded for another chance, but all in vain.

Three weeks later, Trejago thinking the misunderstanding had lasted quite long enough went again to Amir Nath's Gully. He rapped at the

grating and was rewarded by hearing the slide move slowly back. The moon was shining brightly and Bisesa stretched forth her arms. Her hands had been cut off at the wrists and the poor little stumps were nearly healed. Bisesa's head was bowed and she sobbed aloud. Some one grunted inside like a wild beast, something sharp—knife, sword or spear, struck at Trejago. The stroke missed its aim, but cut into one of the muscles of the leg. He limped slightly from his wound the rest of his life.

The series of proofs are almost concluded. The last, the most convincing, though the only logical outcome of the rest, is quickly told. Bisesa is lost forever to Trejago. Try as he will he is never able to see her again. He who would have crossed beyond the Pale, has been thrust into his old life. The disaster has been sudden, alien and unexpected. What was to be proved has been proven. "A man should whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race and breed."

DOROTHY HAYES, '20.

A MACHINE-MADE ADVENTURE.

IT was about seven-thirty in the evening and as nothing especially exciting had presented itself, I made myself comfortable by picking up a book supposedly for the evening's pastime. I had not even settled myself comfortably when the phone rang.

"Yes, it is I. Oh, this is Dan? Yes, I should be ever so glad to go."

It is strange how things present themselves after one has taken all precautions to avoid a dull evening. Well, Dan had asked me to go to Grandridge with him. He was going after a machine and thought I would enjoy a ride with him. We were to go on the nine o'clock interurban and drive the car back. I was glad to go as I would have plenty of time in the future to read my book. I had never ridden with Dan but supposed he knew all about machinery from previous conversations I had had with him. The people met us at the station and after a short visit composed chiefly of instructions as to what to do and what not to do, we proceeded to go for the automobile. When I saw what it was I am sure the expression on my face told more than words could ever have

adequately expressed. Instead of being a regular machine like a Cadillac or Pierce Arrow, it was only a Saxon. But I had to make the best of it.

We started for home and for a time I thought I had rashly judged Dan's capability as a chauffeur. However, it was not long before I knew I was right. There began the queerest noises in the engine and sparks began to fly, all of a sudden everything seemed wrong. Dan thought he knew where the trouble was and made a very brave attempt at pretending to fix it. We started again but this time the noises were even worse. They sounded like stones, being shaken violently, in a can. I was frightened to death. I didn't quite like the idea of the horrible noises let alone the many sparks. We were approaching a hill and I feared the worst which finally did happen. The little old "buz" for that is all it could be called, got a grand start and with all the terrible sounds and sparks flying about my feet, I was ready for most anything disastrous. I immediately began reprimanding Dan for having invited me to ride with him when he knew so little about handling a machine. He politely told me to "hush," he had enough to think about without listening to my complaints. Just as if a bomb had exploded, the engine was on fire. I didn't take time to open the door, I stepped right over and got out in the best way I possibly could. Here we were half way home on a country road, no sign of help. I was beside myself and Dan's composure only added to my impatience. Suddenly just as if the ground had opened up and presented aid, a machine came along enroute to Ottawa and promised to send us help. We waited out on the road for over an hour when at last a Ford came up. We were towed into town. Fate seemed to be with us. Here we were in a Saxon being hauled in by a Ford. I met a number of my friends who enjoyed the sight of us. It was quite an adventure and every time the subject of automobiles is brought up, invariably I recall the experience I had with the so-called auto, the "Saxon."

SOPHIA JOBST, '19.

A BILLET DOUX.

A BIT of gold and blue,
A thought or two is sent,
Of sweetest love for you,
In quaint old sentiment.

MARGUERITE CUMMINS, '22

PUSSY WILLOWS.

BOLD little strangers,
Braving the dangers
Of March in their burgeoning,—
Frost will not seize them,
These first willow-buds of Spring
Nor winter cold freeze them,

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN SONNET.

WHEN we hear the name Shakespeare we generally associate it with his extraordinary genius as a dramatist, but seldom connect it with poetic powers. During the early part of the sixteenth century Thomas Wyatt introduced the sonnet into England and during the last decade of that same century sonneteering reached its height and was most fashionable. It was attempted by all inclined to letters and as a result some very fine and some extremely poor sonnets were composed. One of the foremost sonnet writers of this period was William Shakespeare.

The sonnets which Wyatt and Surrey introduced into England, although they were patterned after Petrarch's sonnets, differed from them in form. Shakespeare adopted the form used by his fellow countrymen and because of his ability and skill gave it a name—the "Shakespearean sonnet." He himself did not thus name it but the literary world. It consisted of three quatrains with alternating rhyme closed by a couplet.

It was probably during the years 1593-1594, when Shakespeare was thirty and thirty-one years old, that he wrote his one hundred and fifty-four sonnets. In later years he devoted himself to the drama and wrote but an occasional sonnet. The greater number of these sonnets are not independent but form a series, with a main theme of love and friendship. But in following this theme a wide range of subjects is touched upon. This is one of the things for which Shakespeare is noted, he broadened the range of subjects for the sonnet.

The sonnet series really form a little drama including three characters, the poet himself, a handsome, noble youth, and a "dark lady." The young man is the poet's dearest friend and both love the "dark lady" but the friend is beloved by her.

"Two loves I have of comfort and despair
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colored ill."

All stages of love and friendship are interwoven in this series.

The series can be divided into separate parts but one sonnet can not stand alone. The first twenty-six are inducements and reasons for his friend to marry, the next few give different views on friendship, others express the feelings and fluctuations of love when his friend marries the "dark lady." In the diversity of minor themes these sonnets differ from those of the author's contemporaries and those who preceded him.

Shakespeare's sonnets are largely autobiographical. Wordsworth says of them, "With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart." However it is thought that many of the emotions expressed are only the result of the poet's facile imagination. Some one has said that his sonnets "are unequalled in the English language." They are famous for their "beauty and depth of thought, sentiment, form and musical expression."

The Shakespearean sonnet form is used by some poets but not as commonly as the Petrarchan or legitimate form.

Thus it is seen that if Shakespeare had not turned his genius to the drama, still his name would be famous as one of the best sonnet writers.

AGNES CONNELLY, '19.

TODAY.

YESTERDAY, was sure of life—
That this and that would be,
Tomorrow held no thought of strife
No broken hopes for me!

Since yesterday this surety
Lies shattered at my feet;
For life stole my security
And left me no retreat.

No more shall heaven seem a place
Toward which we calmly fare;
For journeying, we go apace
With Sorrow, Trouble, Care!

ADELAIDE HOFFINGER, '19

THE HOME STATION.

IT'S dingy and old and yellow,
This little home station of mine,
But I shouldn't want to change it
For a structure wonderous fine.

It's the last thing I see when I'm leaving;
Then, far down the railroad track,
The faithful, yellow station
Is the first thing to welcome me back.

LUCILE MILLER, '21.

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ENGLISH
SHORT STORY.

IF one were to examine the short stories of modern and mediæval literature, he would find but few wholly original plots. The claim to originality is made by so many writers, that often it is difficult to determine the true owner of a story or plot.

There are three chief sources of plots, which date back as far as five centuries before Christ; the collection of Aesop's Fables; the *Gesta Romanorum* and *The Arabian Nights Tales*. The first of these is by far the most popular, as they are the tales that all children read and in turn, relate. Many of the general ideas of human success are embodied in these stories; thus as their subject matter is of general interest to mankind, they are advantageously copied and recopied. The author of the fables was a slave who was liberated by his masters because of his intelligence. He went to Lydia where at Croesus' court he met with favor as his conversations pleased the king. In fulfilling his duties of statesman, he narrated some of his wise fables to the people of the republic, to reconcile them to the administration of their rulers. Such is the origin of those simple but wise fables which not only accomplished the purpose for which they were told, and put in writing, they were read many centuries after for the purpose of instruction.

The collection of *Arabian Nights Tales* is the next best known source of short story plots. A French courtier translated a series of Arabic tales into his own language and the French has been in turn translated to English. The *Arabian Nights Tales* being fables and more mysterious in character, form almost as important a source of contributions to the English short story as the *Fables of Aesop*.

The *Gesta Romanorum*, deeds of the Romans, though perhaps not so well known as the other

two, is the most influential and the contributions made by it, of most importance. These deeds were told by the monks, and all contain a moral. They were translated into English, and have furnished many story plots for Scott, Southey and Shakespeare. The last of these took entirely the stories of the *Three Caskets* and the *Emperor of Rome and His Three Daughters* for the plots of his *Merchant of Venice* and *King Lear*. The plots of the stories are identical, but Shakespeare so enlarges on them in his plays that they can be called his own.

LORETTO DOYLE, '19.

THE CATHOLIC AND THE SHORT STORY.

THERE is a field of labor that is open to every one who is interested in human nature and who possesses the literary ability to enter it. Interested observation will discover to us the popularity to which the magazine world has attained. Surely an unprofitable enterprise would not be given such universal attention. We know the cause for high school student, traveler, housewife all the world is reading, not books generally, for this is a work-a-day world but the popular journal. There is of course a variety of choice but so also is there a variety of material to meet the demand. However it is safe to say that in every publication containing fiction the short story section is by far the most read. It seems to command the attention of the casual observer by its brevity and speedy action; it seems to have a message to give in a few words and we are impatient to know its import. How many people busily engaged in the world's sphere of activity read a book of fiction? But how many are there who have not occasionally read a short story. There we have the consideration. And to the Catholic what an opportunity presents itself for doing God's work. Even if written for the secular papers a story built on Catholic principle is bound to do good somewhere; and if we are not able to estimate the value for good of the nobly spoken word, then the written thought with high purpose to prompt it surely can not fail. It is ungratifying to think that among our own story writers we consider the endless lines that come from scores of indifferent pens. Let those who can make use of this opportunity not only as art for art's sake but as a labor of love for God and His Church.

HELEN KUST, '18.

OUR CAUSE.

WHERE cannon's booming thunder rolls across the barren lands,
And hosts that kill and plunder stand at fight with bloody hands,
We've taken up our stations, we have risen with our might—
In the sacred cause of nations pledged to liberty and right.

CALISTA BAKER.

NATIONAL HEROES.

A MIGHTY trio, strong and great
Is Wilson, Lincoln, Washington;
By steering right the Ship o' State
Our nation's battles they have won.

E'en as a captain brave and bold,
Each saw his duty shining clear,
No thought of self e'er did they have,
When dire dangers hovered near.

THELMA M. WENTZ, '22.

JUST PICTURES.

THE days are pictures—life revealed,
As Fate's decrees have willed it so;
The shadows flit in rays on grass
And point the separate ways men go.

The days are pictures moving past
With hastening glimpse of smiles and tears,
As shadows flit but never last,
So pass the ever-dying years.

GERTRUDE EGAN, '22.

BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

THE little birds now try to learn
Their father's love-song of last year.
Does God then, teach each trill and turn
To their unschooled throats?—I fear
Such task would drive us mortals mad,
But He does not forget one note
That beautifies their song made glad
And now upon the world's afloat.

FLORENTIA CLARK, '22.

THE MAN OF TODAY.

DON'T we see that the man in the world of today,
The man of might and good,
Is the one who's determined to fight his way,
The man who said he would.

For the joys of the world are not given to all,
Nor means to plod their way:
'Tis true, lest our efforts seem vague, and thus fall,
We must be brave today.

MARTHA GEBHARD, '22.

A PETITION.

O GOD, let not man doubt Thy power to quell
 This seething broil of hate-filled strife,
 To hush the roar of cannon rife,
 To lift beyond the shell-torn blood-drenched plain
 Of earth, that writhes in agony of pain,
 Thy voice and bid the war-worn races hate dispel.

O grant humanity in chains to know
 That Thy heart yearns to set it free,
 To bring souls gently back to Thee;
 That Love permits, though wills not, chastisement
 As the ultimate and sole instrument
 Sin's rising might in hearts of men to overthrow.

HELEN KUST, '18.

THE TWO LEARS.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear* is one of the best known tragedies in English literature. It hardly invites parody or imitation yet Turgenieff consciously takes this plot and the main character of the play and adapts them to a rugged Russian background. He openly confesses the source of his plot in the title of his story, "*A Lear of the Steppes*," and so allows us to enjoy the story with unbiased interest.

The two stories treat of the same personal theme, that of the duties between parents and children. Martin Harlov, the *Lear of the Steppes* is like *King Lear*, a man of authority. The Russian finds his strength in his great size and simple honesty, while the Celtic sovereign is a true monarch whose word had always been law. The great peasant giant rules his own little farm with a firm and unpromising hand and reverences the memory of fictitious, noble ancestors. He is a lonely figure even before he loses his command over his family and little dominion. He finds singular enjoyment in the companionship of his servant, Maximka, whose incoherent reading and unharmonious singing soothes him in his fits of melancholy. At other times he might be seen driving aimlessly around the neighborhood behind a raw-boned horse. His only friend is Natalia Nikolaevna, whose life he once saved. From that time this great lady became his friend and sympathetic advisor. Like *King Lear* this coarser and lesser monarch suffered the ingrati-

tude of his children when he divided his property among them expecting to live the rest of his life in preparation for his death and in the love of his daughters. Martin Harlov, however, did not even have the compensation of one faithful daughter as did *King Lear* in his devoted Cordelia. His daughter Evlampia, whom he favored in his days of command became the most unrelenting in dominating over him. He endured his subjugation in stupefied meekness until he was aroused by the taunts of the impish servant of his patroness, when he flew into a mad rage and became possessed of an insane desire to destroy the roof from which he had been banished. His superhuman strength made it impossible for anyone to stop him in his destruction until he fell from the roof under a mass of timber and died in unspeakable pain and torture. *King Lear*, consoled by the knowledge that Cordelia loved him was willing to submit to the subjugation of his other daughter. When, however, Cordelia is killed he again becomes strong in his fury and kills the slave who had been sent to commit the crime and dies with Cordelia in his arms.

In the two stories we find the same character in two environments. In keeping with his cruder background and coarser character Turgenieff has made *Lear of the Steppes* the more terrible. But Shakespeare's *King* will always remain the greatest *King Lear* of fiction.

RUTH O'MALLEY, '19.

THE SPELL.

I AM a bird
Upon the wing,
Oh! listen to
The song I sing.

'Twill make you glad
And cheer life's way;
'Twill break the spell
Of dreary day.

MARY REEFE, '21.

MY DREAM.

I HAD a wondrous dream, and deep,
When I fell off to sleep,
A dream alas! that came not true,
A thing that makes me blue.

I thought a poet I became
Of great renown and fame,
But woe is me! for when I woke,
I found my dream a joke.

RUTH FOSTER, '21.

PATRIOTS.

THEY hang up in my window there,
With such a military air,
Patriots, in miniature,
The valiant, the fair, demure.

Together they are wrought with art,
And hand in hand they do their part,
The tiny, pink-cheeked Red Cross Maid,—
The little soldier unafraid.

GERTRUDE GREENE, '21.

PERHAPS.

PERHAPS if I should study hard,
My teacher'd view me with regard;
Perhaps if I would take the pains
To utilize my little brains,
Perhaps my marks would show—just once,
That I'm not what I seem,—A dunce!
Perhaps!

KATHERINE FITZSIMMONS, '21.

HOME AGAIN.

I love to roam throughout the house
When I get home I'm sure,
I do not miss the smallest crack
On my inspection tour.

I tarry at my old play house
Where's all my child's array,
Of dolls in full dress stare about,
Ghosts of a happy day.

GENEVIEVE BROUSSARD, '21.

HERALDS OF SPRING.

☞ OME, Spring, with all your raiment gay,
And cast upon this earth of ours
Your mystic charm. In colors bright
Adorn the world with buds and flowers.

Awake the sleeping daffodil,
The crocus, too, of purest white.
Cast dewdrops in each tender cup,
Fill vale and hill with thy delight.

MARGARET SPEAR, '19.

WONDERINGS.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely Head."

That is what Omar Khayyam says. I wonder, will I ever be a flower? If I should what kind would I be? To be very proper I suppose I should be a red one—a poppy, scarlet sage or ragged robin. Why, I might not be a flower at all but a wintergreen or goose-berry! No, I would not like to be eaten! I prefer to be a flower, if you please. Now, if I were all red my freckles would not be represented. I would not know myself without freckles! Tiger-lillies have freckles and they are not so far from red, either! But, whoever saw a demure tiger-lily? Oh! well, maybe I shall be something different! Let me see—what would I really like to be? A forget-me-not!—they grow by brooks—I would have to drown in order to be one. If I were a violet I would want to be white or yellow, the blue ones are too common. Oh! I know—a dandelion! I could bloom longer than the other flowers. That would be—but dandelions go to sleep with the sun and get up with the sun. "Early to be and early to rise!" Indeed not, I do that every day now. Besides, most people would think me horrid. I might, for time does change things so, grow up in some one's lawn and be plucked out by the roots. Dandelion, you are out of the question!

It is no small problem to decide what I want to be. I wish the flowers would pass before me like the ghosts in *Macbeth*—I will close my eyes and then they will come. Here is the sunflower leading the ranks, next the daisy, buttercup, lady slipper, bluebell, pansy, larkspur, fox-

glove, holly-hock, honey-suckle, marigold—oh! the nicotine! That is what I shall be, a nicotine. Then I may stay awake all night. How lovely to watch the stars and have the moon play hide and seek with me! As soon as the sun rises I will lock up my fragrance and go to sleep, but as soon as it sets I will give my perfume to the evening breeze to carry, perhaps to those who must work at night or perhaps to the suffering sick.——After all my planning and choosing I shall probably be a weed—just a weed!

AGNES CONNELLY, '19.

* * * *

I was always undecided as to whether I should convert my house (in some future day) into something between a book-store and an art shop, or fashion it on more conventional lines, with just a touch of the book and art shop. After reflection this seems more in keeping with twentieth century ideas.

Book shops have always been a source of delight to me, first of all because one can browse among old books and steep themselves in a musty, not all together germ-proof air with no fear of being interrupted by bargain hunters. Here truly leisure is infinite.

One day while out gypsyng I came across a most delightful shop situated on a prominent avenue in Chicago. The avenue itself might be characterized as one place in Chicago, in the downtown district, where one is undisturbed by jostling crowds. In all probabilities I was attracted to the shop by a most inveigling sign, which hung in one of the windows, with something like this written on it, "All intellectual Chicago meets here." To step within meant to rub elbows with intellectual Chicago. This would be an experience well worth trying. Although we may not be intellectual we do like very much to be near intellectual people. The shop proved altogether intellectual and charming. The most pleasant thing about the shop was that you were not eyed suspiciously by every clerk in lieu of the fact that you would leave thumb prints behind you on an expensive book, but were allowed to ramble about drinking deep of the Pyrean spring.

Books have been associated with my childhood in such a way as to make them a part of it. I can remember those long winter evenings, sitting before the grate fire, listening to mother read.

What pleasant remembrances I have of the many times during the reading when I fell asleep and woke up to find that I had missed several pages of the story.

Books have always seemed to hold an important place in my home as a child. When I go to select my household gods, books will be on a pedestal next to the Lares and Penates. Some people build houses for kitchens, others for dining rooms, but for me the living room surrounded with books will be an ideal domain.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '19.

OLD CHINA.

If I were in a pagan country I fear I should be called an "image worshipper," because I have a profound respect of reverence and duty for china which has celebrated its golden jubilee. I have an inherent predilection for it. I think I came by this veneration intuitively.

You know, besides the commandments which our faith gives us, mothers usually have the household commandments. The one which I am most familiar with, from the fact that I have heard it so often, is "Remember you do not break this." The "this" was a tea-set. What a devoted family they were, the little tea-pot and six cups. They were a pretty corn-yellow with a dainty flower design, nothing more. But I always painted my own pictures on them to suit my moods. They did not know me very well and I believe they were a little afraid, for every time I came near they seemed to get closer together.

Don't you remember how grandmother's friends always used to "drop in" on Sundays after Vespers or on the holidays of the year. How these kindly, thoughtful old ladies did like to talk over the times! Grandmother never forgot the tea on these occasions. The little tea-set was a sort of a calendar for me, for I always remembered the days, as their appearance heralded all the notable feasts of the year.

When I was little I thought this little social circle put their thoughts in the tea-pot to be steeped with the tea, for they would sit so quakerish, and then the minute grandmother would pour out "the waters of Japan" into the tiny cups, conversation would begin. Don't you remember? Of course there was fruit cake too, which I was

permitted to pass. No one ever told me, but I know that the tea-set and cake must have been children together.

But now it is different. Why are there no more by-gones? People are too busy these days. Instead of coming in and bringing their good wishes, they send you a card with "greetings" or "congratulations."

What a pity it is, the old china that used to have so many delightful stories to tell, now can only dream and dream. I feel everyone has objects and remembrances in their lives which resemble old china, and at times we become quite reminiscent, in thinking of them. My memories of school are always the pictures I paint on my old china, for after all it is the things we know best, that we love best.

LORETTO MCGUIRE, '19.

GILBERT CASTLE.

I have never been able to decide just why it was that Gilbert Castle appealed to me as particularly literatesque. Perhaps its quaint old-fashioned beauty, its delightful name, for it was not really a castle but only an eighteenth century colonial home, were suggestive of romance. Perhaps it resembled some half-forgotten description I had read. I do not know. But that the castle held a story I felt assured, for was not the very atmosphere charged with it?

I saw it first from the lake. Crowning the cool green hill, that overlooked the water, its white colonial pillars stood out clearly against the blue of the afternoon sky, while in the distance dark pine woods verged into gray at the horizon. As I came up to the winding path that led from the beach, I could see everything more clearly. There were stretches of carefully tended lawns, gravel paths that glistened in the sun, and finally the house itself, square, not with the stiff straightness of New England homes but broad and graceful, suggestive of southern hospitality. No where was there a sign of life. True, on the side lawn a child was sketching but she was so immobile that she seemed part of the landscape.

I felt it then, the power of the stately house. It dominated everything. Perhaps some day I will learn its story but now I am content to have seen it, to have come under its sway, if even for a moment on that quiet summer afternoon.

NANCY DALY, '19.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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MARCH, 1919

SPRING HOUSE CLEANING.

With the first breath of the invigorating spring air, the busy housewife begins a thorough renovating of every imaginable nook and corner of her house. All the dead leaves, the broken off branches, and the germ catching papers, which the thoughtless passers-by have thrown about the yard, must be disposed of in the proverbial bonfire before her task is finished.

But stop! Houses and yards are not the only things that need a general house cleaning. Perhaps your resolutions to practice charity, to do a tiny but kindly act, and to smile when the trial seems hardest have grown a bit rusty. This glorious spring time is meant for polishing and brightening your good intentions and for discarding the useless vices.

Take the example set by the wise housewife and do your spring cleaning now before the oppressive heat makes you too languid to do so.

GROWING UP.

Could there be any adventure more interesting, more vital, more intimate, or more fraught with thrills and danger than the universal adventure of growing up? And yet, no experience is taken with such utter calmness and unconsciousness. People go about it in a very matter-of-fact way.

The delightful time comes into every girl's life when her skirts are lengthened, and her school-girl mode of hair dressing is transformed into a bewildering coiffure according to the latest whim of Dame Fashion. She arrives at the knowing, rebellious, and nonchalant stage of a High School senior. She graduates from college, and then, quite suddenly, the great realization that she has grown up comes to her.

She has,—but only in one way. Physically,

she has attained as perfect a development as, most probably, she ever will have. She can not add another inch to her stature if she wants to. But, figuratively, she can add without ceasing, inches, and feet, and yards to her mind and soul and they will never grow up; they will just keep on growing, and broadening, and deepening until she, herself, sets the limit to their development.

Every girl can remember the time when she thought, that if she would only walk far enough, she could quite easily reach that star which hung just above the edge of a distant hill; or when it rained she was quite sure it rained over the whole earth. Since then her whole world has changed. She can see in everything around her a meaning to which before she was blind. She can appreciate, and realize, and feel some of the wonder of life. She has experienced a little of the happiness of growing up, for growth in mind and soul means growing toward God.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF IRISH LIFE.

Life for the Irishman is a perpetual spring-time. His happy disposition is proverbial throughout the universe. The world rings with the echoes of his merriment. Wherever the Irishman goes he radiates the warmth and sunshine of his native disposition. Circumstance never interferes with the Irishman's good cheer. That he is able to be optimistic under the most trying difficulties is well illustrated in this story:

"Mike and Pat were touring around the world. They came to the wild, rank jungles of Africa and had started to cross that country. But they had not gotten far before they were captured by some cannibals. These carnivorous savages hung the Irishmen in a tree, split their veins and were drinking Irish blood to their heart's content. Pat witnessed and suffered the cruelties in silence, until they came to the drinking scene when he turned to his fellow sufferer and said, 'Well, Moike, I guess they're having a drink on us'."

The sunny side of Irish life is really the only side, for the sons o' the Land o' the Green are always happy. Life is just one long, laughing song for the Irishman. This sunniness of disposition is not characteristic of a few or many of the Irish people, but of the whole nation. Every native of Erin's shore is typical of this wonderful lightheartedness. Merriment is his predominant trait. Whatever his lot may be the Irishman has

an unfailling faculty for getting fun out of life all the fun there is in it. His supreme gift of cheerfulness is most interesting and admirable. In by-gone days when the people of the Emerald Isle were so sorely, inhumanly, persecuted and oppressed by the English, it is said that the most effective weapon with which the Irishman could defend himself against his enemy was his delightful optimism, his winning wit and good humor. No pain or fear could cast a cloud over his horizon or disturb the delight and satisfaction of his mind nor could any weariness of oppression weigh down his lightness of heart. The Irishman is unchangeably glad.

Literature is a reflection of life,—a reflection of the thought, sentiment, aspiration and spirit of the people by whom the literature is produced. Irish literature reflects in every page the happy, carefree spirit of Irish life. Volumes of wit and humor comprise a good portion of Irish letters. An optimistic strain runs all through their literature. The Irishman makes of life a perpetual bliss, hence it can hardly be said that the life of this people of the heather-covered moor, the mountain, the lake, the valley, the cliff and strand, has more than one side.

DREAMS.

There are dreams and dreams; night-mares which fill the mind with horror, and fanciful dreams which fill it with delight, but these are dreams of sleep. The reverie is the most common and conceded by many to be the most pleasant and beautiful. The mind is fully conscious as it enters the realm of dreams but is soon lost in the fanciful thoughts of what was or might have been.

The reverie is so real a part of life as to be reflected in literature. There are stories based upon dreams; there are essays written about them and plays which are only dreams. One of the most popular reveries used in fiction is that of dream-children. Charles Lamb has written a beautiful essay upon the children which might have been. This same subject has been used by Longfellow in his "Children's Hour." One can almost see the aged poet sitting in his easy chair with the children of his fancy standing around him in the twilight. Kipling has also a story of dream-children called "They."

It is to be hoped that the war will not destroy

this element of fanciful imagination among our writers and people because it is these dreams which draw man away from the common things of life and lifts him to the things of God.

THE DEPENDABLE HABIT.

The dependable habit has as many interpretations as there are people. Some profit immensely by it, while for others it is a source of constant trouble. For example, a never-failing habit of rising at 6:59 and stumbling into the study-hall at the "Amen" of morning prayers will cause our Prefect to fall back on her "dependable habit" of giving the next Sunday's gospel to be written by the culprit. Now there are some also, that have the "dependable habit" of rising just twenty minutes after the bell rings. This is better as there is sufficient time to dress and opportunity for a leisurely walk to the study-hall, even admitting an inspection of all its parts before prayers are begun. The follower of this kind of a "dependable habit" never seems in a hurry and on the whole finds life more on the order of a "bed of roses" than those who are habitually late.

BOOK REVIEW.

The singers of Ireland are as proverbial as her saints and scholars and not infrequently their "sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts." Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) was such a singer. Her theme was Ireland in every phase of its loveliness to her and her passionate love for it. When she saw a part of the flower of her country crushed in the riots of Easter week, 1916, she grieved her own heart out over the futile tragedy and the hope deferred. The volume of her poems, *The Sad Years* (G. H. Doran) written during the war have been termed "the soul of Ireland in war-time." Their music, their mysticism, their haunting melancholy are those of the Irish poet, their passionate patriotism is almost that of the martyrs for whom they grieve. But their heartbreak rises above nationality and literature, the sublime testimony of the devotion of a strong woman who loved "unto the end."

In her introduction to the book, Katherine Tynan pays such tribute to the dead poet as makes one feel that her self, her life was a poem, greater and finer than any that she wrote.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

On the evening of Thursday, February 13 the following program was given by the members of the Ensemble and Interpretation Classes assisted of Professor Richard Seidel, critic of St. Mary's Conservatory of Music.

1. Hungarian Dances - - - - - *Brahms*
Piano: Misses G. Soldani, E. Broussard.
Violin: Professor R. Seidel.
 2. Moderato assai, Op. 188 - - - - - *Dancla*
Violin Class: Misses M. Blanco, H. Betz,
G. Broussard, L. Gleason, M. Humphrey,
M. Keown, Margaret Kahl; Prof. Seidel.
 3. Hark, Hark, the Lark - - - - - *Schubert-Liszt*
Miss H. Betz.
 4. Suite for Four Solo Violins - - - - - *Soechting*
Misses M. Blanco, H. Betz, G. Broussard;
Professor R. Seidel.
 5. Vocal Quartette, "Irish Folksong" - - - - - *Foote*
Misses B. Guthrie, G. Soldani, S. Jobst, M.
Gebhard. Piano: Miss E. Broussard.
Violin: Professor R. Seidel.
 6. Jardins sous la Pluie - - - - - *Debussy*
Miss B. O'Melia.
 7. Andantino - - - - - *E. Lemars*
Violin Class—Piano: Miss E. Meloy.
 8. Patriotic Song: The Home Road *J. A. Carpenter*
Violin Class—Piano: Miss E. Meloy.
 9. Star Spangled Banner - - - - -
Piano: Miss B. O'Melia.
- * * * *

Through the thoughtful kindness of Mr. E. A. Stoll of South Bend, the following delightful program was a compliment to the faculty and students of St. Mary's on February 23:

1. When the Roses Bloom - - - - - *Reichardt*
Mr. C. O. Krueger.
2. Quartette—Carry Me Back to Old Virginny *Bland*
Dr. F. D. Hager, Messrs. E. Crepeau, C. O.
Krueger, R. Dumke.
3. The Two Grenadiers - - - - - *Schumann*
Jinrikisha - - - - - *Goel*
Mr. E. Crepeau.
4. Piano—"To Spring" - - - - - *Grieg*
Miss Greta Edner.
5. Until - - - - - *Sanderson*
Ring Out Bells of Peace - - - - - *Caro Roma*
Mr. R. Dumke.
6. The Garden of My Heart - - - - - *Ball*
A. Perfect Day - - - - - *C. J. Bond*
Messrs. C. Krueger, E. Crepeau.

7. Jean - - - - - *H. T. Burleigh*
Mother o' Mine - - - - - *Kipling-Tours*
Dr. F. D. Hager.

8. Tenting on the Old Camp Ground *W. Kittredge*
Keep the Home Fires Burning - *Ford-Novello*
The Quartette.

Accompanist—Miss Greta Edner.

To the artists whose names appear on the program, to Dr. and Mrs. F. D. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. Stoll, to the Misses Stoll and Hager who accompanied them, St. Mary's expresses hearty and sincere appreciation of the evening's entertainment.

* * * *

Sunday, Jan. 9, through the courtesy of the Expression Class the Exhibition Hall was transformed into a little bit of Japan. "Abbu San of Old Japan," a refreshing three act play, was presented amidst incense and chrysanthemums. Lucile Miller as Abbu San, the princess, did full justice to the leading role. While Esther Carrico the Black Mammy from "Old Virginny," proved an interesting character in picturesque Japan.

PROGRAM.

Madam Masago, Manager of the Players...Beatrice Rea
Ono, Her Maid of All Work.....Helen Minahan
Abbu San, Daughter of His Majesty.....Lucile Miller
The Duchess Fuji-no, Second Cousin of His
Majesty Edith Hessell
Lady Yugiri (Mist of the Evening), Her Daughter,
.....Helen Smith
O Matsuka San, O Kiku San, Maids of Honor to the
Princess...Elizabeth Longley, Katherine Schmalzried
Ohano, Wife of Junzo, the Bandit...Veronica McCabe
Natsu-no, Hostess of Inn, "Million Welcomes"
..... Marie Humphrey
Okuku, Porter at Inn.....Dorothy Frank
Sada and Yasa, Two Little Peasant Maids,
.....Cecelia Wolter and Mildred Kennedy
Miss Henrietta Dash, An American Newswriter,
..... Margaret O'Laughlin
Aunt Paradise, a Black Mammy from "Ole Virginny"
..... Esther Carrico
Act I—Palace in the Imperial City.
Act II—Boat on Slumber River.
ACT III—Courtyard of an Inn in Hill Country.
Time—During Annual Chrysanthemum Fete.
Place—In Old Japan.

Directed by Laura St. A. Keller.

GLEANINGS.

This year's Junior Prom held Friday evening, the twenty-first, was a gala occasion at St. Mary's. The Exhibition Hall was transformed into a Fairyland of trees and flowers. Frederickson's Orchestra, in a bower of cherry blooms and palms, furnished the music for the occasion. Around the dance hall were arranged cozy corners, made home-like with rugs and cushions. Various colored balloons floated over the dancers. Refreshments were served at small tables on the stage. Flowers and soft lights produced the effect of a Terrace Garden.

The Grand March, which began promptly at seven-thirty, was led by the Presidents of the Junior and Senior Classes, Miss Anne Kelleher and Miss Cecilia Fitzgibbon.

The third dance was the "Senior Favor Dance," only the Juniors and Seniors participating. Each Senior was presented with a nosegay.

The attractive programs were the gift of Miss Helen Holland of the class of '16.

Missionary zeal was aroused in the hearts of St. Mary's girls, on Friday, Feb. 17, by Rev. Newton W. Thompson of Ossining, N. Y. In his lecture on Foreign Missions, Father Thompson traced the religious history of a number of the missionary countries. Both the interest of the topic and the fervor of the speaker won the enthusiasm of the students, inspiring them to dreams of labor among the "wild men of Borneo."

This has been a Movie month at St. Mary's. Monday, February 10, we had the pleasure of seeing Douglas Fairbanks in "In Again and Out Again." Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms" entertained us Valentine Day. "America's Answer" was the title of the picture shown on Washington's birthday. Saturday, 29th, Jack Pickford greeted us in "Jack and Jill."

The Fourth Academic Comedians furnished an evening of laughs Monday, the seventeenth. Among the most amusing features was a boat scene, inspired by the marvelous production of Abbu San of Old Japan. The Expression Class was equal to the parody and showered boquets of cabbages. Cleon Pernod and Helen McGinnis were especially pleasing in the dance of the Vogetts. After the entertainment the girls enjoyed a pleasant hour of dancing.

The basket ball game between the Seniors and

Sophomores, with the depressing score of 30 to 6 in favor of the Sophomores, proved that class distinction is of no avail at democratic St. Mary's. Both classes were well supported, and the banners, ribbons and songs heightened the enthusiasm. The Seniors proved good losers and the Sophs most gracious victors.

The Tennis Club entertained Tuesday evening, February 25, with a bridge and five hundred party. Helen Delaney was awarded first prize in bridge, Marion Flaherty second and Genevieve Broussard the consolation. Nancy Daly won the honors in five hundred, Cecelia Fitzgibbons took second place, and Florentia Clark won the consolation prize. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening by the committee in charge.

Wednesday afternoon, February 26, the Juniors enjoyed the first real thrill of "Senior Privileges." Town proved quite a diversion to their eager spirits, but after a show, a visit to Robertson's tea room, etc., St. Mary's looked good to the weary crowd.

SENIOR MURMURINGS.

NANCY (enthusiastically)—"O, I am going to Detroit to interview Mrs. Sullivan's private secretary about my essay." (Don't queer it).

AGNES (lowly)—"Maybe I'm going to Greece." (So you've reached the *melting* point?)

CECILIA (indifferently)—"I think I ought to call at the White House." Make "tum, tum," a substitute(?)

ADA (despairingly)—"O, well, I think I'll go to heaven before I finish mine." (Purgatory must end first).

The Music graduates and under graduates gave an informal dance in St. Angelas Hall to the College and Academic Departments Friday evening, February 28.

The Seniors looked their full dignity Sunday, March 2, when they wore their caps and gowns for the first time. Congratulations Seniors, we are proud of you!

The following former students were guests of St. Mary's during the past month: Mesdames Marie Corbitt-McCarthy and Louise Edwards-O'Donnell; the Misses Hazel Hawkins, Helen Madden, Margaret Elbel and Helen Holland.

The annual Forty Hours Devotion opened at High Mass Sunday morning, March 2.

The Preparatory Department celebrated George Washington's birthday with a colonial party. Decorations in their recreation hall were appropriate to the occasion, and each little girl wore a colonial costume. After a short program in which members of the department appeared, dancing was the principal interest of the evening's entertainment.

Congratulations and very best wishes for the future St. Mary's offers in response to marriage announcements of Rose McCullough to Mr. Claude M. Sullivan of Davenport, Iowa; Blanche Fink to Mr. Patrick Heur Gibbons of Chicago, Ill.; Florence Montgomery to Mr. Lewis F. Keck of Chicago, Ill., and Lyda Murray to Mr. James Stanton Ryan of Silver City, New Mexico.

In their bereavement, St. Mary's offers warmest sympathy with the promise of prayers for their dear departed, to Irene and Kathleen Maher; to Marie, Blanche and Loretto Edwards; to Pauline Doherty; Ethel Hartman; to the relatives of Emma Wright-Riordan and Kathleen Cashin-Jobst.

ORGANIZATION OF MUSIC CLASSES. MARCH, 1919.

PIANO.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Misses C. Betz, E. Broussard, G. Soldani, B. O'Melia.

First Year—Miss E. Meloy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Misses K. Brazzill, K. Dolan, L. Grady, N. L. Holt, R. Kramer, Mildred Miller, M. Purman, L. Riley.

First Year—Misses M. Casey, D. Cunningham, F. Guthrie, E. Hartman, V. de la Houssaye, E. Mahoney, C. Martin, M. Mellett, M. Reece, A. Roth, H. Smith, M. Sugrue, G. Van Heuvel.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Misses F. Ambler, L. Atkinson, L. Barclay, H. Bauman, M. Buckley, M. Butler, A. Constantin, M. Cummins, H. Delaney, A. Duggan, M. English, G. Green, T. Hoeny, A. Johnson, H. Johnson, N. Keenan, I. Kehoe, J. Kelly, M. A. Koontz, G. Loesch, M. R. McManus, A. Mills, B. Morency, M. O'Laughlin, M. Rempé, H. Rend, S. Reynolds, M. Rosek, M. Schuster, H. Smidt, K. Sullivan, P. Sullivan.

First Year—Misses H. Barrowman, M. L. Blanco, G. Boyle, H. Brown, F. Bruckman, E. Burke, M. Collopy, M. Connable, J. Cruzen, L. Daly, F. Dolan, G. Downey, H. Farrell, J. Flinn, C. Foster, M. Frantzen, J. Godhelp, M. Guedelhoefer, F. Haas, C. Johns, Marie Kahl, H. Kelly, F. Kennedy, D. King, M. L. Lennon, R. Logeman, I. Matthews, V. McCabe, D. Menden, Maud Miller, L. Minahan, V. Morrison, M. O'Donnell, E. Pace, B. Paulger, J. Pick, B. Rea, F. Rettig, V. Salerno, L. Sattler, M. Wallace.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Misses E. Brooks, M. Clark, L. Frank, T. Hennessey, H. Holliday, M. E. Holliday, M. J. Johnstone, A. Keenan, I. Kerwin, M. Lancaster, G. Lauth, E. Longley, M. Moynihan, E. Oberwinder, A. T. Orr, A. Santini, C. Villareal.

First Year—Misses P. Dale, N. Elbel, E. Hamilton, F. Kabzinska, V. Kays, J. Kearns, D. Lipson, M. E. Lyon, K. Schmalzried, D. Talbot, M. Watters, W. Watters, H. Willett.

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Second Year—Miss M. Gebhard.

HARP.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Misses R. McCarthy, M. Reece.

First Year—Misses E. Meloy, M. O'Donnell, B. Paulger.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

First Year—Misses R. Soldani, M. Brenner.

VIOLIN.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Miss M. del R. Blanco.

First Year—Miss H. Betz.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Misses G. Broussard, L. Gleason.

First Year—Misses M. Humphrey, M. Jones, J. Kelly, M. Keown, M. B. Van Heuvel.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Misses H. Brazzill, K. Keenan, Margaret Kahl, Miriam Ward.

First Year—Misses P. Sullivan, L. White.

MANDOLIN.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

First Year—Misses S. Couttelenc, H. Rend.

GUITAR.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

First Year—Miss H. Moore.

HARMONY.

Misses E. Broussard, G. Soldani, C. Betz, B. O'Melia, S. Jobst, N. L. Holt, E. Meloy, H. Burke, M. Purman, E. Mahoney, P. Sullivan, M. Reece, M. Miller, M. O'Laughlin, M. Gebhard, K. Brazzill, M. Sugrue, H. Betz, L. Riley, H. Rend, F. Guthrie, V. McCabe, M. Rosek, D. Cunningham, R. Kramer, K. Dolan.

VOCAL.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Miss S. Jobst.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Miss F. Guthrie.

First Year—Miss G. Soldani.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Misses M. Gebhard, D. Ryno.

First Year—Misses A. Constantine, D. Cunningham, A. Johnson, H. Smidt, L. Shaughnessy.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Second Year—Misses L. Atkinson, N. L. Holt, N. Keenan, R. McCarthy, R. Stoll.

First Year—Misses G. Boyle, H. Burke, E. Burkhartsmeier, N. Elbel, A. Hoit, M. Humphrey, V. Kays, H. Kelly, R. Logeman, J. Lecour, D. Massey, Mildred Miller, M. O'Laughlin, M. Purman, H. Smith, P. Sullivan, L. White.

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I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

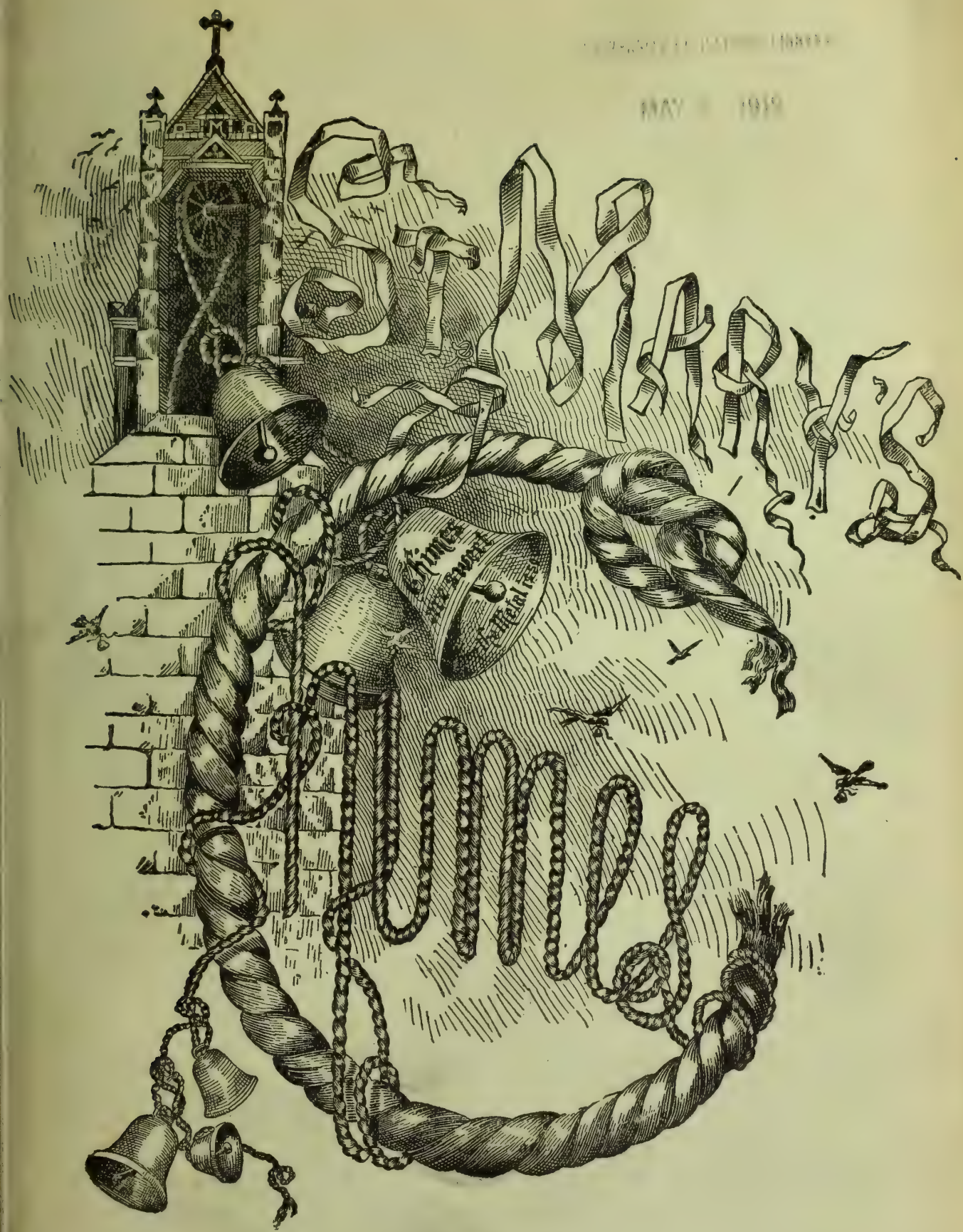
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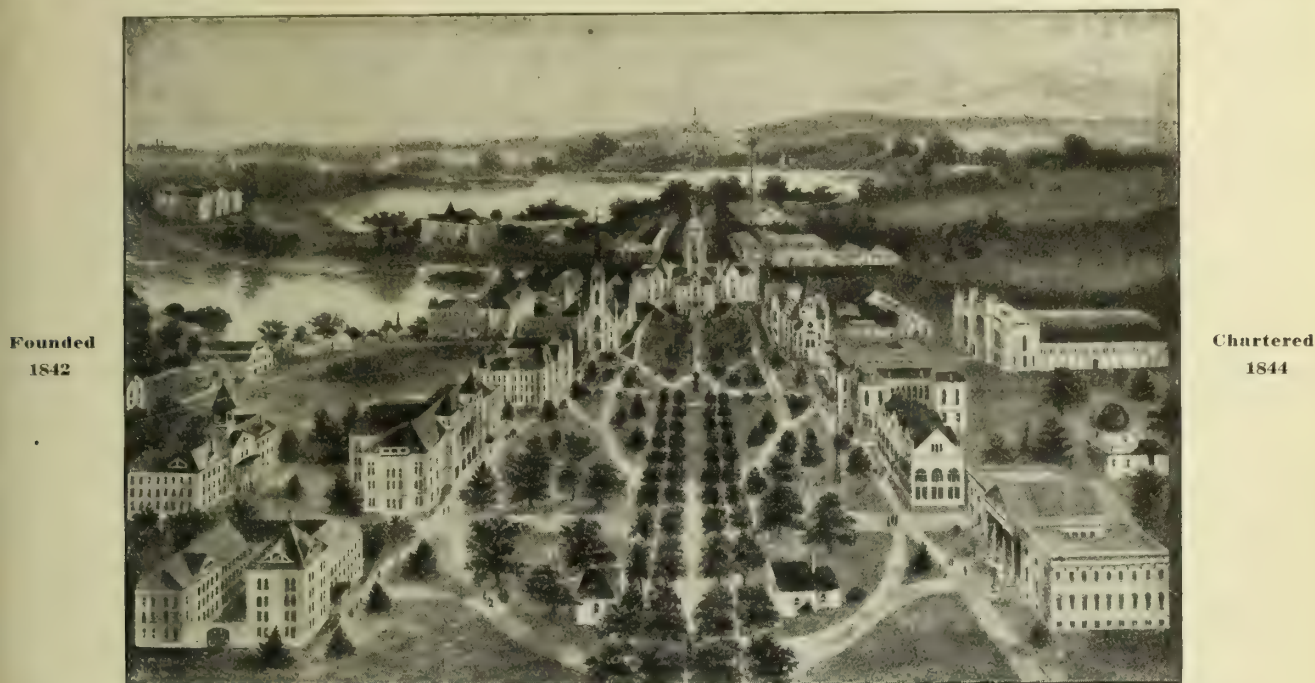
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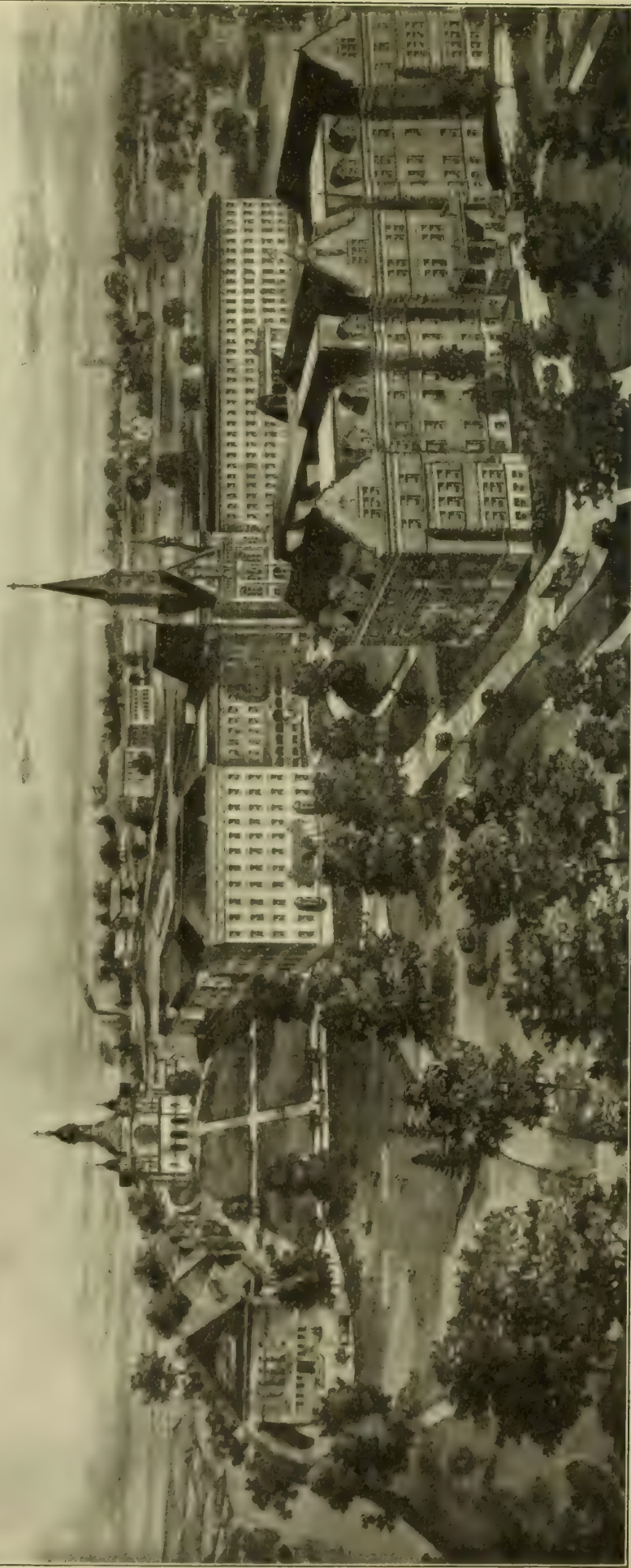
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He is risen, He is not here, behold the place where they laid Him.

St. Mark ch. xvi, vs. 6.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., April, 1919

No. 8

FULFILLMENT.

But now, O breathless joy, you take my heart!
A thousand tremulous loves within me start!
The night before the morning sun is fled—
Lo! He is risen, as He said —
My Christ, whom all the world called dead.
Ah! yes, the scars upon His brow, the wounded side,
But see again! How wondrous glorified!

S. M. F.

RUSKIN AND LOWELL AS CRITICS OF DANTE.

IT is significant that the most beautiful tributes to Catholicism, whether it be to her dogma, her ritual, her treasures of art or science, her illustrious saints or her men of fame, are the tributes of those outside the faith. To the Catholic the Church is the sun which illumines and vivifies all things. He becomes so accustomed to her brilliancy that he only half appreciates it. But to the non-Catholic the Church is like a dazzling light against the black night. Although he cannot comprehend her truths he is awe-struck by her beauty and magnificence. It is not strange, therefore, that the critics of Dante should be found without the Church. Ruskin, in England and Lowell in the United States, more than any other English critics have appreciated the work of the exiled Florentine.

Ruskin's criticism of Dante was like Ruskin himself, whole-hearted but erratic. He never wrote a deliberate critical essay on Dante but references to the *Divina Comedia* are found, if not on every page at least in every chapter of everything which he wrote after he became acquainted with Cary's translation of the poem. Dante seemed, like art, to permeate his whole being. From the rich store house of the *Comedia* he drew material to illustrate every lesson, artistic, moral or philosophical that he wished to teach (and Ruskin was forever teaching). Lowell says of this passionate devotion to Dante, "The imaginative Ruskin is rapt by him as we have seen perhaps beyond the limit where critical appreciation merges into enthusiasm." This unbridled enthusiasm was the only fault, if fault it could

be called, of Ruskin's criticism. Insight he undoubtedly had, but it was an emotional rather than an intellectual sight. Because of this, Ruskin's judgment of the *Comedia*, though never lacking in conviction and force is sometimes blurred and inaccurate. His artistic temperament, his broad culture, his great love for Italy, the incarnation of the beautiful, were qualities which more than atoned for his faults. They made him, indeed, the ideal critic for Dante, the poet, the artist and the patriot. In his criticisms Ruskin, the artist, is never far in the background. He comments on the "thick brown mist," which Dante encountered in the *Inferno* and explains that the color lacked warmth and would correspond to a dark slate gray. He marvels at Dante's skill in portraying Francesca de Rimini. The beauty of the portrait is due, so he tells us, to the skillful use of color. "Without color perfect expression can never be." Of the structure of hell he says, "Here it is in labyrinthine form." He then proceeds to supply an illustration which he discusses in great detail. "It is accurately separated into circles drawn with well-painted compasses; mapped and properly surveyed in every direction, trenched in a thoroughly good style of engineering from depth to depth and divided in the accurate middle of the abyss into a concentric series of moats and embankments."

But more often Ruskin, the ardent disciple, predominates. Dante to him was the incarnation of human perfection, "the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral and intellectual faculties at

their highest." Something of what Beatrice meant to Dante, Dante meant to Ruskin.

Our own James Russell Lowell came to the study of Dante with quite a different spirit than did Ruskin. The latter carried Cary's translation of the *Divina Comedia* with him at all times "for an antidote for venomous thoughts." Lowell opened the sacred pages of the *Comedia* in his book lined study or in the class room. He wrote of it such things as he had learned from twenty years of assiduous study. The result is less spontaneous but more literary than Ruskin's. "The stern outline of his system," he writes of Dante's plan, "wavers and melts before the reader in a mirage of imagination that lifts from beyond the sphere of vision and hangs in serener air images of infinite suggestion projected from worlds not realized but substantial of faith, hope and aspiration." Ruskin would have blurted out the thought with less precision, but with very much more force. Lowell is interested in Dante as one of the greatest literary figures in all history. Carefully and painstakingly he examines the merits of the poet but he does not discover them. His poetic interpretation of the poem, although it does not add anything to previous criticism, "touches things unexpectedly with that ideal light which softens and subdues like distance in the landscape." The poet in Lowell responds to the poet of the *Divina Comedia*. He sees Beatrice, as Dante saw her, the inspiration of the epic of the soul of man. "Take her out of the poem and the heart of it goes with her, take out her ideal and it is emptied of its soul."

The criticism lacks unity. It treats of practically every phase of Dante's life and work. It lacks too a certain charm of expression that characterizes Lowell's poetry. It has no persuasive power. He confirmed the accepted rather than commended the overlooked. But on the whole, it is one of the finest of Lowell's critical essays. He knew his subject in its every phase. Perhaps it was this very knowledge that made a single view-point impossible. He was steeped in the literary history of the middle ages. His admiration for Dante was genuine though perfunctory. It is lamentable that he did not put more of himself in his essay for whatever Lowell's literary faults may have been, the man himself possessed the ineffable charm, personality, and the elusive gift of genius.

NANCY DALY, '19.

A SONG OF HOPE.

AGAIN I trust,
Full joyously I rise,
And fling my breeding sorrow to the skies.
For well I know must
Humble my spirit to the dust,
If I shall rise.

Can I be sad?
Sheer gladness is the pain,
By which I am brought close to Him again;
Knowing full well I had
Not failed in vain.

ELIZABETH MCDUGAL, '20.

APROPOS OF AUNTS.

CHARLES LAMB in speaking of his old nurse and cousin, Bridget, in that charming essay, "Mackery End in Hertfordshire," says, "I have obligations to Bridget extending beyond the period of memory." This sentence reminds me of certain obligations of my own dating back to my most lambkin days. More fortunate than Lamb—or much less fortunate, as you may think it—my obligations are just six times as numerous. 'From earliest infancy I have been blessed, now and then I think I have been cursed, in having six old maid aunts. When I tell you somewhat of them you may understand better.

I have always cherished the perverse desire of being different in some way from other people, which desire, it occurred to me not long ago, was more than realized when I, the first grandchild of my grandmother, was ushered into this world of old-maid aunts. Now these aunts "raised me," individually and collectively. It seems that they must have been from their earliest years predestined to perpetual maidenhood for my special benefit. And had I not been an unusually buxom baby, I don't think I should have ever survived to tell the story of my bringing up.

First of all, these aunts of mine have opinions of consequence, very definite and decisive opinions upon all matters, temporal and eternal. And they are not in the least wise backward in giving you the benefit of these opinions, especially their adverse ones concerning yourself. To their thinking, my mother, their own sister, for example, made the irretrievable mistake of her life when despite their unanimous advice she married a man. In that conviction they were

tully and unchangeably confirmed when I put in my appearance.

Well, as already said, one and all of these aunts "raised me." My mother was the merest witness to the performance. And of six aunts of mine constitute an august court which sits in judgment upon all my doings, undoings, and misdoings. Every time I happen within their horizon they look me over and look me through with a thoroughness which no peccadillo can escape. I fairly wither under their scrutiny. Then when I do get beyond the range of their inspection I revenge myself by being wicked in all the ways they denounce. These aunts, like Lamb's Bridget, have a pious abhorrence of anything in bad form, and it is a part of the irony of fate, I suppose, that I should be essentially an outlaw. And besides I have to be such in self-defense. If I were all or half of what my aunts would have me, I should be unmentionably intolerable to myself and to all other lovers of liberty.

Still, the more I think about these aunts, the more I think of them, nor would I for a moment hear anyone else speak ill of any one of them. Do not imagine for an instant that they are of that unlovely stock type with which you are so well acquainted. On the very contrary, each one of them is a character, as distinct and as interesting and as dear as Lamb's Bridget ever was. There's Aunt Elsie,—“Old Auntie,” I call her because she is the oldest of mother's seven sisters. She is my godmother, as perchance you might guess from her aged appearance, prematurely put on by these years of responsibility. Still, she is young in her heart and knowing in her mind. For example, when a young one like me does something she “hadn't orter,” Old Auntie

can give a dozen reasons why “that child will never be worth killing.” She is not a professional fortune-teller, but she does not have to know a boy or a girl more than ten minutes before she can say categorically and for sure what his final future is to be. According to “Old Auntie” I am altogether and hopelessly wrong—and yet she could not be any better to me if I were just right. I like her for divers reasons, not the poorest of which is, that she likes to stay up nights and does not insist, as everyone else does, on my going to bed with the chickens. Many and many are the evenings she has let me sit with my chin on her knees while she knit mittens and told me stories till it was time for the ghosts to come. Nobody else ever told me stories like hers—and in strict confidence I might tell you that “Old Auntie” is my favorite aunt, though, you understand, it would not do at all for me to say so out loud.

Next after her, in years at least, comes Nora-Nini. All that I can tell you about her now is that she is exceedingly red-headed and that she sews hard and steadily, trying to make me “respectable looking.” Then the other four: one is an artist, one a business woman, the third a sweet little lay nun, and the fourth is just an old maid. In her day she refused one “proposal” after another, for the simple reason that she did not have the heart to break up the half-dozen.

This is meant only as a faint suggestion of my obligations to these aunts, provoked by Lamb's talk about Bridget. Indeed, you could begin to understand these aunts of mine only by knowing them as I do and by being under obligation to them as I have been for so many years of “raisin’.”

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

“BUDDY.”

GOD chose the dearest thing in heaven
To give to us below;
The charms He gave to this small boy
God only could bestow.

He plays the queerest pranks on me
And sometimes he's quite bad.
But still find I love him more and more;
He's such a little lad.

MERCEDES REMPE, '21.

TO SWING YOU.

YOU want me to swing you way up high,
 Up through the branches, up to the sky,
 Higher and higher yet until
 You catch your breath and your heart stands still:

And I watch you, lovely flying thing,
 A sweet, bright bird of a child on wing,
 With eyes all shining and lips apart;—
 On a sudden I catch you to my heart!

There, little girl, I will swing you far
 Past the topmost branch, past the day-quenched star
 To that Heaven away beyond the sky,
 I will swing you as high as my love is high.

S. M. M.

MUSICAL SCIENCE: ITS DEVELOPMENT.

IN his *Idea of a University*, Newman devotes one of his discourses to a discussion of the bearing of other knowledge on theology. After explaining carefully the perversion resulting to other sciences by excluding theology from a university curriculum, he passes to the fine arts and the bearing of theology on them. Sculpture, painting, architecture and music he takes to be the "high ministers of the beautiful and noble" and the special attendants and handmaids of religion. In view of the attitudes taken by our late Holy Father Pius X in the matter of Church music it is both interesting and instructive to follow Newman's reasoning in the subject. He says, whereas music is a most beautiful attendant in religion it is apt to forget its place and unless restrained, instead of being the servant will aim at becoming principle. The law of the Church for her music is Gregorian and this style of music has so little innate vigor and life in it, that there is no danger of its going out of its place and giving the law to religion.

Music as in art or as a servant ministers to the beautiful and noble and as such is the handmaid of religion. It is true, the science of music has a field, rich and vast, of its own. It has an object of its own, it is an art in itself. As a science, it is the expression of ideas great and profound. Once a great master gives himself "to this mysterious science," trusts in its inspiration, relies upon thoughts which come to him through nature, he finds in music, both object and matter sufficient in themselves and dependent on nothing for law. Music as music is sufficient for itself and comes

under the jurisdiction of no other art or science. Once music dedicates itself to the service of religion, (and it is quite natural that it be attracted by the sublimity of the Catholic doctrine and ritual) it must then sacrifice its freedom and be regulated by that of religion. No more can it be a law unto itself, for in order that music do honor to the highest of subjects, it must make itself the scholar of religion and follow the direction given it.

The law of the Church in regard to music, as has been said, is Gregorian chant. Hence it follows that music must be compatible with these laws regulating its highest of subjects and be Gregorian. On November twenty-second, 1903, Pope Pius X, of blessed memory, issued the "Motio Proprio" in which he stated laws concerning the music of the Church. In April, 1904, he inaugurated a new era for plain chant. From this time on, all Church music is of more dignified character and has lost all semblances of the operatic style of music. It was, however, not until April 8, 1908, that this law was put into effect and made an obligation for the whole Church.

We may say it seems almost prophetic that Newman, twenty-five years before the issue of the "Motio Proprio" should make such an eloquent appeal or plea for the use of the present style of Church music in his discourses delivered before the Catholics of Dublin, Ireland. His soul must indeed have been closely knit to the soul of the Church to have understood so well even the particular quality and character of her music.

SOPHIA JOBST, '19.

THAT I MIGHT SEE!

UPON the ancient road to Jericho
 A blinded beggar sat. With quickened ear
 He heard the crowd that followed Jesus near
 And to the passing Christ, the Man of Woe,
 He cried, "O Son of David mercy show."
 "What wilt thou, Son, that I should do to thee?"
 Christ asked him. "O, Lord that I might see,"
 The blind man prayed. And it was even so.

The self same prayer, O Lord, I pray for sight
 To see in upcurled petals of a flower
 Thy beauty imaged, and in night thy power;
 Thy providence in falling rain and flight
 Of birds; for sight, O Lord I pray, to see
 In all created things eternity.

NANCY DALY, '19.

THE WIDOW'S MIGHT.

"COME, son, I won't be callin' you agin,"
 came in threatening tones from the foot
 of the stairs.

"Thank heavens for that," exploded Tom as
 he snuggled down, relieved, into the depths of
 his feather-bed.

It was early Easter morning. Tom, having
 long since been disillusioned as to the visits of
 the Easter rabbit, could see no necessity for
 early rising. For the third time his mother had
 called him, urging, then scolding, but to no avail.
 Now she closed the door with a bang and Tom
 thought his troubles were at an end.

Mrs. Benny went back to the stove humming.
 Even Tom's disobedience did not ruffle her good
 humor. The pile of rice-cakes grew higher and
 higher and the coffee smelled stronger than
 usual. Every now and then, she glanced toward
 the window-sill, letting her eyes rest contentedly
 upon the lily, which lifted its graceful head to
 the morning sun.

"Won't the deacon be pleased?" she purred
 delightfully, "a lily is so significant. Surely that
 will bring him around. Well, it ought to after
 all my potterin' around carin' for it. The only
 one in the village, too. Maybe it ain't Christian-
 like but I'm powerful thankful that wind-storm
 blew Sarah's off the winder and busted it in bits.
 I can't fer the life of me understand that deacon.
 Sometimes he sorter relaxes, but there seems to
 be something holding him back. He orter know
 my feelin's by this time. Well, if he don't this
 here lily will tell the story. What can be the
 matter with that Tom of mine?"

Ever since Deacon Jones had put in his ap-
 pearance at Crooked Creek, the "Widder Benny"
 had had visions of wedded bliss. Often she had
 pointed out to him the dangers of solitude and
 elaborated upon the comforts of home-life. But
 the deacon still "boarded out." When at break-
 fast, Tom inquired, "Maw, where's the white to
 my egg?" she looked shame-facedly at the tall,
 blue cup in the cupboard where she was saving
 them to make an angel-food for the deacon.
 Many a time she skimped herself in order to pro-
 vide some luxury for him. But the deacon
 seemed unmoved by her sacrifices. True, he
 singled her out for president of the Sewing Bee
 and always addressed his remarks to her side of
 the church. Possibly that was due to the fact
 that she was the only regular attendant beside
 Sarah. For when she called him "Dear Deacon"
 and pressed his hand ever so slightly when he
 greeted her, he became strangely nervous and
 suddenly remembered an appointment he had
 made. Long ago, she had decided that it must
 be his reverence for the late Mr. Benny which
 withheld him from marrying her. And although
 she had counseled him to "let by-gones be by-
 gones" and assured him she lived only in the
 future, he hesitated and wavered. But now it
 seemed her victory was in sight. Everyone in
 the village knew how she had loved and tended
 the lily during the winter months. In giving it to
 the deacon, she was surrendering one of her
 dearest treasures. Even the deacon would feel
 that.

Aroused from her musing by the smell of
 burning pan-cakes, she threw open the stair door
 to let the smoke out, calling at the same time.

"Thomas Hartman Benny, you get yourself
 down here this minute or you won't get a bite
 to eat, do you hear me?"

A sleepy grunt answered her summons.

But soon Tom, tousled and sleepy-eyed, slid
 down the bannister, a shoe in each hand.

"Why didn't you answer me when I called
 you? You'll be late for services on Easter
 morning."

"Now, maw, don't be scoldin' a feller. Can't
 yuh let a feller say his prayers in peace. What
 would the deacon say?" and Tom grinned malig-
 nantly.

"That reminds me, son, I have an errand for
 you to the deacon this morning. I'm going to
 send him the lily for an Easter gift."

"Why, maw, give him that lily what you think

so much of. No, siree!" grumbled Tom, his mouth full of rice-cakes.

"Haven't I told you not to talk with your mouth full? And what's more, it isn't for you to be questioning what your mother wants to do. Hurry up and finish your breakfast."

"But maw—"

"Don't maw me. I want it that the deacon should have the lily. Giving is the spirit of Easter. Don't stand there looking foolish. Brush your hair and hurry on or you will be late for meetin'."

Tom dug his hands deep into his pockets and started upstairs.

"Now don't that beat the dickens! Her so silly about that lily and then givin' it to the deacon. I wonder," and Tom gave a low, surprised whistle. "It's just like me and Mary Jane. Now I wouldn't spend my last and only quarter on anybody 'cept Mary Jane, and I'm goin' to buy her Easter eggs sure as life. It must be love. Anyway that what's Mary Jane tells me it says in her Cinderella. Maybe I'll see her on the way home from services. I'll hurry back from the deacon's and stop in the candy store for her eggs. Hope they have pink ones, 'cause Mary Jane likes pink heaps."

Poised on the edge of a soap-box, Tom surveyed himself in the tiny, cracked mirror. A round, shining face grinned back at him. He slicked his hair down from the part in the middle and patted the flaming red tie into place.

"Bet Mary Jane will like that tie," he chuckled as he slid down the bannister into the kitchen.

"All ready, maw, gimme the lily. What do yuh spose the deacon'll do with it?"

"Never mind your questioning," answered the widow, placing the lily with a final pat into his hands. "Now don't drop it. Tell the deacon your mother sends it with 'Best Regards.' Understand?"

"Yes-um, with best regards," repeated Tom.

His mother helped him out the door and watched him as he started down the village street. Then with a somewhat nervous sigh of relief she went back to her dishes.

Tom, divided between balancing the pot in one hand and walking the crack in the side-walk, failed to notice the fair Mary Jane, a bundle of pink fluffiness, tripping down the street.

"Hello, Tom, Happy Easter," she chirped. Tom stopped short, hastily rubbing the toes of his dusty shoes on the back of his much-mended stockings.

"Lo, Mary Jane," he blubbered. He had never dreamed of meeting her empty-handed on Easter morning. He was provoked at himself, at Mary Jane, at his mother, the deacon, at the world. But Mary Jane mistook his sullen manner for embarrassment.

"That's a pretty lily yuh got, Tom, what yuh goin' to do with it, huh, Tom? Was yuh comin' down to our house, Tom? Say, I got somethin' for yuh too." She held out her hand and placed a brown paste-board rabbit in his unwilling one.

"It's filled with candy beans too, Tom, pink and red and all kinds and can stand up and everything. I can take the lily now," she ventured, "it's beautiful!"

"Thank yuh, Mary Jane," gulped Tom, as he relinquished the treasured lily into her eager hands.

"What's the matter, Tom, don't yuh like your rabbit? I know it ain't half so grand as a lily and heroines don't give 'em in stories, but I thought we'd like the candy beans."

"Oh, sure Mary Jane's it's—it's the beatenest ever. I'm much obliged to yuh, honest. Why, it's the nicest rabbit I ever had," he stammered desperately.

Convinced, Mary Jane smiled once again and Tom breathed more easily.

"Wasn't it nice of your mother to let you have the lily? And she thought so much of it. She must understand, don't you think, like Cinderella's fairy godmother?"

"Uh-uh," agreed Tom with difficulty. "I guess I'd better be goin'. Maw will be wonderin' about me."

"Say, Tom, can't yuh come over this afternoon? I'll show you all my Easter things and we'll read Alla Baba and the Forty Thieves."

"All right. I'll ask maw. Thank you, Mary Jane."

Tom stood looking after her, sorry or glad he did not know. She had never treated him so nicely before. And she was going to read him his favorite book. But what would maw say? Something had to be done.

Pausing outside a shop-window, he pressed his small, hot face against the pane. His anxious eyes fell upon a cloth lily, edged in silver tinsel. Why, here was a lily, if he only had enough money to buy it. The deacon was little near-sighted, he would never know the difference. It was Sunday morning but the shop-keeper, a long time friend of Tom's, opened the door.

"Want something, Tom?"

"How much does that lily cost, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, son, since the season's about over, I'm sellin's 'em for a quarter, dirt cheap."

Tom clutched his quarter with desperate triumph.

"Gimme one, quick, Mr. Jones."

The old man, amused but anxious for the money, blew the dust from the once white lily and handed it to the boy.

"Goin' to give it to yer girl, eh, Tom?" he queried. But Tom was already on his way to the deacon's. The world was once more bright and fair. His short, stout legs soon brought him to the cottage. A knock, and the deacon peered out the door through his thick-rimmed spectacles.

"What is it, what is it ye wan't, huh?"

"My mother sends this lily with her best regards," answered Tom, depositing it in the hands of the bewildered old man.

"My, my; Ain't that nice, now. Tell her I thank her. Tell her I thank her many times, do ye hear, son? In fact, tell her I'll be around to thank her myself."

"Yes, sir," chuckled Tom gleefully and hurried away.

The deacon stood there examining his gift. "I declare it's just like my mother used to have, just exactly, silver and all. And it's durable and inexpensive. At last the widow has developed those two necessary qualities, which I feared she did not possess. Probably after all I will be able to support her. No, I don't believe she is extravagant, probably only with me. Yes, yes, I will ask her this very day and I feel she will not refuse me."

That afternoon as Tom arrived, panting at Mary Jane's home, the deacon straightened his tie, smoothed his hair and nervously prepared for a similar encounter.

ELIZABETH McDUGAL, '20.

A MESSENGER OF SPRING.

I HEARD a merry red bird sing
One bright and early dawn of spring,
A reverie, so sweet and clear
Which filled the dreary world with cheer.

The world is ringing with your voice,
You bid the earth be glad, rejoice;
You wake the flowers back to life
And make the world forget its strife.

MARIE GUIDELHOFER, '21

A MODERN PROLOGUE.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO CHAUCER.)

A companye of merry maydes I knew,
And do you gyve me eare, I'll telle to you
The maners and the lookes of them alle,
And bye theire proper tytles wil them calle;
And synce but symple gyrles of school they be,
Me thinketh beste to gyve apologie.

A Presidaunt ther was, of grete renown,
Whose smyle was nevere marréd bye a frown;
Ful well hir subjects boore hir gentil rule;
For she was muche respected in the school.
This mayden was in Spanishe faire y-taught:
Mete wel coude she translate, nor was she caught
By Latyn termes of any uncouth kinde:
A sweter gyrle one coude noght hope to finde.

Two other maydes ther were with hir, also,
All joks and ways to laughter dide they know,
For they were wondrous skylled in practisinge,
And rag-tyme meloyes they lovede to synge.
Sometymes in lyvely daunces too they stept:
Dorothy and Gladys were they clept.

A secreтарыe was ther of the clas,
A lernéd and wondrous clevere las;
Ful semely verses colde she fabricate,
Nor weren hir longe theses ever late.
From netely-written payges, scattered loos,
A new assignment meant to hir—to choose;
This straunge persoune did really once draw breath,
And wysely called was she, Elizabeth.

A geniale journaliste with them ther came,
Whose inky penn had scratched her way to fame;
Befor a type-writer she spented hir tyme,
Nor did she scorn to make a lyne of rhyme.
Ful faire of countennunce and gaye of port,
This damsel evere haddi apt retort.

A merry lass ther was, y-clepéd Brown,
Who wel coude play the jester and the clown,
Whose love for studie and for bookes was smallle,
(This ilkè lass cared noght for worke with-alle.)
Butte wys was she, and ofte hir tonge colde telle
A lyvely tale, or clever ryddle welle.

I thank you now for your kinde curtisy.
These fewe I've named, nae faire nor skylfully,
I preye you will not holden in disdeyne,
For I hav spoken shorte and semely pleyne;
Butte gentil maydes they are, and if bifalle,
You visite oure faire school some deye with-alle,
You'll fynde this merry class somewhere aboute,
Seeking revelrye withouten doute.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

THE "LADY" OF THE LAKE.

"WHAT do you know about navigation?" demanded the sailor at the desk. He was a good-looking young man, about twenty-two years old and very conceited.

The applicant, a youth of eighteen, shuffled uneasily. They were alone in the office.

"Nothin'," he acknowledged.

The sailor surveyed him with a scathing glance.

"What do you think this man's navy is, an institution for left-overs from the draft? We can't have a lot of inexperienced fellows like you on our hands. Why didn't you study something about it before you came in here. Never occurred to you, did it? Wanted a uniform like the rest of them," he continued sarcastically.

The boy flushed.

"No, sir, I—I never thought much about it. I didn't intend to enlist until an hour ago. Couldn't they use me for a look-out or something like that?"

"A look-out!" exploded the sailor. "Wouldn't a pilot be more to your taste? The ignorance of some people is refreshing. But then, I suppose that I shouldn't judge you—" he left his sentence unfinished.

"What do you do?" the other ventured.

"Me? I'm helping Captain Stanton while waiting to hear of the rank of my commission."

His indifference conveyed the impression that this commission would be very high—maybe admiral. He settled himself comfortably in his chair and studied the awed applicant in a bored manner.

The door opened and a plump, rosy-cheeked sailor entered. It was "Gibbers" Watson.

"Well, how's the 'Lady' of the Lake this morning?" he sang out cheerily. "Don't let me interrupt the interview, old dear. I just saw Marion downstairs. Been up here? Never mind, don't get excited. By the way, the new list includes from 'L' to 'P.' Looks as though you'll have to go," he chuckled.

The sailor colored with suppressed rage and attacked his typewriter noisily.

"See him," he muttered to the waiting youth.

The boy grasping the situation, grinned and winked understandingly at "Gibbers."

None of the boys at the naval reserve station could understand why Edward Manton had joined the navy. He sometimes wondered himself. He was afraid of the water and could

never be persuaded to take a boat trip. He could swim but was always careful not to venture far out from shore. In the beginning he had been stationed in the office and his uncle's influence had managed to keep him there. But Edward never felt certain that he would not be changed and waited fearfully every time the names were called of those who were to take ship. Before long, his comrades sensed his fear and the irrepressible "Gibbers" had dubbed him the "Lady of the Lake."

Edward detested the title and "Gibbers," his tormentor. There seemed to be no limit to the latter's aptitude for jesting. Edward's dislike had been amply fed the previous week-end, when "Gibbers" had spoiled a perfectly good evening at the Yacht club for him. The jovial comrade, having espied Edward, had dragged him over to a crowd of young people and after setting him beside a seventeen-year-old girl who giggled abominably, he had regaled the company with anecdotes at the expense of the "Lady" of the Lake. The girl, Marion Dority, had haunted his steps from that hour. He met her on the street, at lunch, at the Yacht club. Always she hailed him by that odious name, "Lady of the Lake." He suspected, and not without reason, that she was instigated by "Gibbers."

After dinner, Edward remembered that his Aunt Margaret was giving a week-end party the following week and that as yet, he had not been invited. He decided to go out and "get in good" with her.

Arriving at the Norton home, he found his aunt about to take the baby, Gene, for an airing in his cab. She was delighted to see him and condescended to permit him to push the cab. This was not altogether to his liking, but he submitted outwardly. He had on his "whites" and felt "like a blooming nurse maid."

Mrs. Norton chatted incessantly about the coming party and asked him if there was any one in particular that he especially wanted her to invite.

"How about that young man with the hearty laugh and the beautiful voice that I have seen so often at the club? Jibby, Gibblets or something like that, I think you called him."

"Him?—Er-No! I-I don't think that we had better invite him. Er—the fact is, I overheard him talking of a beach party that he intended to go to next Saturday. Yes—I'm sure it was next Saturday," lied Edward and breathed more easily.

"Oh! Very well. Do you know the Dority girls?"

Edward was dubious although he appeared to be suddenly very warm.

"They are very nice girls. Estelle was to 'come out' this year but of course that is impossible just now. I suppose that I had better invite her younger sister, Marion. Robert said that she was very lively."

Marion Dority! Edward's heart pounded.

"Say, Aunt Margaret, why not let the 'kids' have their party later. These giddy, giggling 'flappers' get on my nerves. It may be the last party I'll attend for some time. Never know when I'll be sent, you know," he pleaded earnestly.

His aunt was surprised but decided to grant his wish. The boy was acting queer lately.

They were now entering the park and Mrs. Norton suddenly remembered that she had not talked with Mrs. Farren for a long time. The Farrens lived in one of the great stone houses across from the park. They had two sons in France and one in Alaska. Edward was not anxious to pay a call.

"Really, Aunt Margaret, I'd rather not. I tell you what I'll do. I'll take Gene for his airing in the park and wait for you on the third bench."

Assuring herself that the baby was asleep, she left them.

When Edward reached the third bench, he placed the baby carriage close beside it, spread a newspaper and sat down. One had to be so particular with "whites." Feeling very conspicuous, he alternately pretended to be absorbed in a note-book or scowled at the passing vehicles. He devoutly hoped that none of the "Gobs" would happen to pass this way.

After about three-quarters of an hour, he was startled by an infuriated cry from the region of the baby-cab. It was loud and forceful. The passing policeman was startled too, and gazed suspiciously at him. Edward jiggled the top as he had seen his young cousin do. The baby stopped for a moment, no doubt, surprised by this sudden onslaught. As soon as he caught his breath, he protested loudly.

"Sh-h-h! Sh-h-h! Sh-h-h! There, don't cry. Sh-h! Sh-h!" Some more bobbing up and down. "Sh-h! Gene, there's a good fellow, don't cry. Sh-h-h Sh-h-h! Sh-h-h!" Good Heavens, he can't keep that up very long, with-

out bursting something! "Sh-h-h! Sh-h-h! There's a good fellow," implored Edward helplessly.

Gene's cries grew louder and more strangely, and his color more red—disturbingly so. The policeman was still watching him from the opposite side of the road.

An old man from a near-by bench came over to offer his services. He clucked, snapped his fingers, made faces and sang ludicrous ditties about a horse and a lady. Edward scarcely blamed the child for screaming louder.

"Sh-h! Gene, there's a good fellow, don't cry. Sh! Stop it! Well—I wonder—"

Edward loosened the strap and awkwardly lifted the red, squirming, screaming bit of humanity from the carriage. Its sobs began to subside. He looked about him and then started off again.

Unnoticed, a smart roadster had stopped at the curb and a young girl got out and ran toward the flushed and flustered sailor.

"Why, 'Lady,' what are you doing to that baby? Where did you get it?" she grinned. Without more ado she took the baby from him.

Edward was speechless. Marion Dority of all people! He stood there, hot, crumpled and wrathful.

"O-h-h!"

Edward turned and saw the grinning, questioning eyes of "Gibbers," Tom Daly and Frank Simms. They were huddled together in Tom's Ford roadster. As they passed out of sight, Edward saw visions of the days to come. They would have a fine story developed by morning. He would never hear the last of it. If only Marion Dority had not been there!

He snatched the baby from her, deposited him in the buggy and strode off pushing the cab as if it were a toy. He never looked back. He never wanted to see that girl again! The baby continued to howl and kick. He arrived at the Farrens and his aunt hurried forward.

"Sorry! Can't wait. Got to hurry," he called to her and sprinted to the nearest street car line.

"Captain Stanton ought to be at the office now," he thought. "I ought to be able to make him put me on that list. Been hanging around here too long anyway."

"There are some things worse than sinking," he muttered as he arrived panting, at the corner. "The 'Lady' of the Lake, eh! I'll fix him."

TO MOTHER.

If I were queen of Fairy Land,
 I would build a throne for you
 In the golden heart of a lovely rose,
 And I'd deck it with gems of dew.

Your gown I'd make of rainbow threads,
 And your sceptre, of Cupid's darts;
 If I were queen of Fairy Land,
 I would crown you Queen of Hearts.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

"CHILDREN'S STREET."

It is a merry little corner. Mother calls it the "Children's Street." From the beruffled little miss, who steps daintily from her mother's limousine, to the dirty little lad, who tumbles shrieking off the delivery wagon, they flock there to play. Class distinction is forgotten. For there, beneath the tall maples and straggly walnuts, Rose Marie waits patiently while Sarah Anne takes her turn at the "Slide for Life."

Like an old carpet, the once smooth lawn is worn away in spots by busy little feet. The rope swing, with its tired creak, plies faithfully back and forth, leaving behind it a well-worn trail. The cement walk echoes with the grind of coaster-wheels, while the deaf old lady, across the street, vows she will "go crazy with the noise." Run-away marbles roll leisurely out of the grass, endangering the lives of pedestrians and threatening the lawn-mower with an early death. Ball bats fan the air, following a wild scramble for "First Base." A rag doll hangs languidly over the picket fence. In the side drive stands an old wooden box, covered with a bit of canvass. Above, flares a lop-sided sign, smeared by dirty fingers,—"*Lemonaid fer sail.*" From behind, a grinning urchin serves faded looking city water in a cracked tea-cup. The would-be customer tops it off with a careless, "Charge It," succeeded by a battering of chubby fists.

Even the loved flowers must suffer rather than disturb the children's sport. Often, I have watch-

ed their saddened care-taker, gently pick off a bruised lily, then smilingly shake her head at the guilty rompers.

More often, childish fingers, bruised like the lily, are brought to her to heal with a kiss. Many a muddled ball of string has been untwisted by her skillful fingers, many a broken doll nursed back to health. Oftimes, with a patient sigh, she refills the raided cookie-jar.

Sometimes, weary with play, the children gather on the low stone steps in front of the big, white house and listen to stories, told by the sweet-faced lady, in the low, wicker chair. Now they coax for "Just one more," until she bids them "Run home, it is growing late."

Then it grows quiet on the big front lawn. Timid birds fly down from the tall trees and play hop-skotch on the grasses. A bold squirrel whisks gracefully along the picket fence. Puss pulls teasingly at the forgotten doll. Mother slips quietly out to pick up the scattered playthings. And father looks knowingly up from his paper to wonder,—"*How many new ones mother has adopted.*"

Yes, it is a merry little corner, alive with children and birds. But what invites them to this quiet street? The town folks say it is such a lovely place to play. But I am inclined to believe, it is not the great open lawn the birds and children love, but she who mothers "Children's Street."

ELIZABETH McDUGAL, '20.

A FLORIDA SUNSET.

THE sky in blue of angel's eyes.
The sun, a flaming ball,
Until, as when a bubble bursts.
It floods its glow o'er all.

In orange, rose and coral hues
Melting, the glory fades.
Leaving a canopy of gray
Above the everglades.

ROBBINS LOGEMAN, '22.

PORTIA AND NORA: A COMPARISON.

IBSEN created a "new" woman, but Shakespeare created a true woman; and the creations are contradictory. In "Nora" Ibsen pronounced the name of womanhood interrogatively; in "Portia" Shakespeare said it with reverence. Shakespeare's true woman knew the meaning of devotion and of love; Nora was devoted to herself and laughed at love.

This Nora, an embodiment of Ibsen's contemptible individualism, is an absolute contradiction of Portia whom time has tempered and proven.

When we first meet Nora, she represents a delightful, coquettish, irresponsible, doll-like child. Although she has been a wife and mother for eight years, she is still childish and plays with her children as if they were toys, or as if she played a game of motherhood whenever she grew tired of playing "grown up." She fibs artfully and enjoys her art. But she is aware of no difference between truth and falsity. Nora represents a type wholly devoid of the worthiest of womanly attributes. She lacks culture, refinement, common sense. But we believe that she loves her husband.

When we first meet Portia, her grace and eloquence are as charming as Nora's dollishness is entertaining. Portia has all the culture, refinement, common sense and womanliness that Nora lacks. Nora deceives her husband to eat candy. Portia would not break a promise to her father in order to marry the man she loves.

Nora's forgery can be overlooked and forgiven. In it, she was human and prompted by a powerful motive, the love of a wife for her husband. Her crime gives the only sign of a womanly trait in her. She contemplated suicide. But that was natural for her kind, because she had no substantial qualities of character to uphold her. Since she only contemplated it—it

is less significant. The flirtation with Doctor Rank follows from her unsophistication and super-childishness, or, perhaps, it is the trademark of Ibsen's revolutionary feminism.

In the last act of "A Doll's House," Nora is fiendish. She has suddenly outgrown her doll-like self. The result is horrible. Her realization of her failure as a woman, a wife, and a mother, is pitiable, but according to poetic justice. When she reproaches Helmer because he would not give his honor for her, she proves that she does not know what true love means. To his echo of Lovelace's

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."

she answered, "Millions of women have done so." Her answer is weak, illogical. But poor little Nora gropes in a darkened world, unprotected by any standard of truth, and unguided by a religious sense of right.

Helmer realizes that he has not been an ideal husband, and says meaningly, "I have strength to become another man." But Nora's answer is the reverberating echo of the closing door. She has gone away from her home, husband and children—and the shrine of all that is sacred in womanhood. She has gone away to "be herself."

Nora's supreme moment is in the last act of the play—Portia's is in the trial scene. There she stands forth, the quintessence of queenly strength and power, to save her husband's friend from injustice and to save her husband's honor by paying his just debt. Her sense of religion, her high principles, tempered with the best graces and feelings of a woman, are displayed. Her strong mind commands attention, especially because it is the strong mind of an essentially womanly woman—not one tainted with ineffective desire of masculine power though lacking its strength. Her practical tastes are virtuous and alive. They are dominated by her buoyant spirit, her dignity, and tenderness. Her buoyancy is not the mad playfulness of Nora. Her beauty-loving heart is feminine, but truly so, not in revolutionary guise. She longs for the duty and love of wifehood and motherhood. Nora shunned it. Portia said:

"A light wife doth make a heavy husband."

Nora did not seem to agree—judging from her actions. Portia is young and lively; Nora is merry. Portia has enthusiasm and decision of purpose; Nora is a slave to her own selfishness and admits it. Portia is a woman; Nora, a doll.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

THE NEW CRANFORD.

THE spinster has always received a good share of the world's adverse criticism, but it is only lately that voices have been raised to defend her. In this discussion the romantic old maid and the old maid by force of circumstances will not be included, for they already have the public sympathy. With the modern economic independence of women the unmarried class is growing in numbers. If women do not choose to marry now-a-days they need no longer be dependent upon some male relative as formerly, but have as broad a field as men in which to earn their living. It is true that there are only two absolute vocations for women, but there is also this third conditional vocation which should receive some recognition. To the ordinary man two possible reasons exist why a woman does not marry, either she was not asked or she is incapable of loving any one but herself. But he tacitly admits that he does not altogether believe this by the annoyance which he generally shows in speaking of "old maids," for they are an affront to his vanity. They have not been enticed by any of the charms of the masculine sex into changing the odious Miss to Mrs. The spinster retaliates by pointing to the blear-eyed Leas and saying, "If that is evidence of your good taste we need not be envious." The battle of the sexes will always continue, however, for the feminine mind is just as incapable of getting the masculine point of view as the masculine is in appreciating the feminine—but may she always be spared the egotism of saying, "What is not feminine cannot be logical or intellectual."

The "bachelor maid" of to-day is largely the result of a social upheaval. In place of normal actual motherhood she has succeeded in filling her life with other things. It is she who has destroyed the fallacy of the ages, that intellect was an inherent quality of the male sex only, and that there was but one possible gender of brains. We will find perhaps when this age has passed and men are considered the equals of women in morals as well as ability, that we may have several things for which to thank her. In the first place she has had the courage to refuse those offers of matrimony which did not fulfill her ideals and she is willing to work rather than sacrifice these ideals. It is she who is teaching the young squire that it is no longer quite the proper thing to go out and sow the wild oats that his wife and children will have to reap. Heretofore it was only the young man who had the right to demand certain qualities at the marriage market, while the young lady remained modestly silent on all questions concerning her future life. Now it is really permissible for the young woman to inform the young man that he does not measure up to her requirements. When the young men of the country are taught that certain conditions must be present before they will be considered as future husbands, then the bachelor maid will have achieved her purpose. She is not opposed to marriage but champions it in its perfection. It is quite unnecessary to prove her unselfishness, for he who runs may read of her achievements.

Should another Cranford be written it would breathe a freer atmosphere of usefulness, rather than the one of meaningless convictions and futility, which the bachelor maid has taught us to abhor.

ADELAIDE HOPFINGER, '19.


A BIRD SONG.

WHEN earth bound birds were in the nest
A bird near Heaven soared on high,
And sang a song to the listening sky,
A heaven-born bird that sang of love,
Fair Venus of the West.

It sang my weary heart to rest.
Was ever the song of a bird on wing;
So sweet as the song I heard it sing,
That Heaven-born bird that sang of love,
Fair Venus of the West?

MARY ETHEL HOLLIDAY, '20.

MY GARDEN.


 Y garden like a gypsy gay,
 With tulips red and white and gold
 Runs riot at the call of May,
 And like the vagabond of old,
 The portulaca wanders free
 Within my garden fold.

My stately lilies row on row,
 I fancy bow their heads to me,
 And blushing poppies whisper low,
 As down the garden path they see
 Me pass—the pansies lift their heads
 And smile half timidly.

I watch them fondly night and morn,
 I like to think they love me, too—
 My children, fairest flowers born,
 From trumpet-vine to violets blue,
 Their choicest perfume yield to spring.
 From hearts of beauty true.

My garden is the work of love,
 Its fragrant buds for me unfold,
 And tiny hearts to skies above,
 In simple holy prayers are told,
 As Heavenward they look to God,
 In charm—my fancies hold.

CECILIA FITZGIBBON, '19.

DIARY OF A DONKEY.

THIS diary was written by "Stub," a donkey belonging to Mark Anthony. It was dated some time back, this was the only part which could be made out. It seems that the donkey had been sold to Mr. White, in whose possession he must have remained until he (the donkey) departed from this world for a better one.

JAN. 1ST: All is well. I am in my new home and I suppose everything will go all right if I am left alone.

JAN. 2ND: Last night I slept on a bed for a change. I had a blanket and also a wonderful board mattress, but when I awoke this morning the blanket was gone; no doubt I ate it.

JAN. 3RD: It rained all day and I was very sad. When the only son of the White's came out to see me, Fred, as he was called, noticed the tears in my eyes, so he stayed all evening.

JAN. 4TH: I received a terrible whipping this morning. Mr. White came out to see me. Well, he was very nice at first, but later he began to make fun of me, so I just turned around and kicked him. He picked up a stick and gave me such a beating as I had never received before in all my life. All during the violent exercise he recited an epilogue, a prologue, or something, but

since I was not very well acquainted in this line, I could not translate it.

JAN. 5TH: After the beating I received, January the fourth, I wept and wept. Last night I had a bad headache, so the doctor was called and he pronounced it poisoning. It all resulted from the blanket that I ate.

JAN. 6TH: Last night the house caught on fire. Fred ran out of the house, leaving his baby sister to burn. I knew that she would be burned to death, so I ran in the house and picked her up by the dress, and carried her to safety. When it was all over I realized how dreadful it all had been, but now I have to laugh to think how neatly it was all accomplished.

JAN. 7TH: Mr. White came out to see me this morning and brought the baby along. He put his arms around my neck and kissed me. He called me lots of queer names that did not sound like what he said when he was beating me the other day. He said he was never going to part with me. I am glad, for I like him quite well.

JAN. 8TH: I fear that I shall die soon. All night I suffered dreadfully from indigestion over the buttons I chewed off Mr. White's coat yesterday when he was kissing me.

JAN. 9TH: I died.

KATHLEEN SULLIVAN, '21.

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APRIL, 1919

THE SAVING FACT.

Four years ago the magazines were full of articles on such subjects as "The Failure of Christianity" or "The Collapse of the Church." More than twenty years ago Coventry Patmore published an essay entitled "Christianity and Progress," in which he meets and answers the question of the real failure or success of Christianity. A reprint of this essay now would do much to silence and illuminate many stupid, ignorant, and inconsistent utterances on the subject. Before one can measure the effects of Christianity, one must know the purpose of its Founder. At no time did Christ anticipate a Utopia of any sort, at no time did he look for a league of nations or the actual and universal brotherhood of man. He did speak of poverty and blessed it, he did speak of suffering and persecution and sanctified them. As long as these conditions continue and succeed in perfecting and purifying the few who accept them in a Christ-like spirit, so long will Christianity have achieved its express purpose.

In like manner the resurrection of Christ has been relegated to the realm of the unscientific or the unessential, as if a fact could be destroyed by being dismissed. It will cease to be history only when the Roman empire ceases to be history. In the mean time four-fifths of the world is in ignorance or doubt of the truth of the resurrection. So are they in ignorance of the law of gravity, but the law of gravity does not cease to act on that account. The resurrection of Christ from the dead the third day after His crucifixion is the great fact of our spiritual preservation as God's ever creative act is the essence of our physical existence. What though the world find this, too, a hard saying, the fact remains and is as potent for the world's redemption as God's will

is for its existence. The comparative fewness of those who bear witness to the truth is no argument against its validity or its efficacy. It is through the Redeemer and not the redeemed that salvation is come. And, after all, only three women and two men beheld the empty tomb on Easter morning, and of the thousands who knew and followed Christ, the Man, only a few hundred saw Him, risen from the dead.

JEANNE D'ARC.

On April 6, Jeanne D'Arc was formally canonized by Pope Benedict XV in the basilica at Rome. On that day not only France, but the whole world paid belated homage to the peasant maid of Domremy. On that day the maiden who five centuries ago was burned at the stake was proclaimed Saint and was raised to the altar.

The life of Jeanne D'Arc is one of the most fascinating in all history. Its appeal is universal. Historians, poets, romancers, critics, philosophers, theologians, politicians, all have found in the life of the Warrior Maid a constant source of inspiration. The life of no other character has been so often the theme of dramas, histories, novels and poems. Since her death in 1431 nearly 500 books have been devoted to the story of Jeanne, approximately one a year.

Jeanne D'Arc was born in the little village of Domremy in 1412. Her parents were unlettered peasants and Jeanne herself never learned to read or write. As a child she was noted for her remarkable piety and she would often leave her games, it is said, to kneel in prayer. In 1424, when she was thirteen years of age, Jeannie first became conscious of the manifestations, which she later designated as her "voices." At first St. Michael alone appeared but later he was accompanied by St. Margaret and St. Catherine. The manifestations continued until in 1428 Jeanne was convinced of the divinity of her mission. In May, 1428, she laid her case before Baudricourt, the king's representative at Vaucouleurs. Baudricourt gave her no encouragement and she returned to Domremy. After her return the voices became more insistent and in January, 1429, Jeanne again visited Vaucouleurs. This time she was received with favor and in May of the same year she was presented to the king at Chinon. Despite the disguise which the king adopted

to mislead the girl Jeanne recognized him and at once saluted him. Because of heavy losses which the French were suffering at the time Charles listened to Jeanne, acceded to her request to lead the French army. The consummate skill which the maiden showed in all her military manœuvres has seldom been surpassed. An unlettered peasant of eighteen, she won victories which Cæsar and Napoleon might have envied. By the summer of 1429 she had driven the English back, recaptured Orleans, and crowned Charles king of France. Feeling that her mission was accomplished she asked to be allowed to return to the quiet of her native village. Her request was refused and in 1430 she was taken prisoner by the English. The following year she was tried as a witch and burned at the stake on May 30, 1431. "Never was there such a trial as this if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence and hellishness of attack." The French people for whom she had done so much, Charles VII, for whom she had risked her life stood by and made no effort to obtain her release. The death sentence, moreover, was passed not by the English but by a court of French judges. In 1455 the verdict of the court was revised and Jeanne's memory was cleared but too late to benefit the girl whose ashes were thrown upon the Seine twenty-four years before.

Of all the tributes paid to Jeanne none is more sincere, none more inspired than that written by De Quincy. "Pure innocent, noble hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges of thy truth, that never once,—no not for a single instant of weakness didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, never! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of the king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee, cite her by the apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf five centuries."

STUDENT VERSE.

There may be some budding geniuses in the colleges of our country who can call their efforts in verse, poetry, but there are others of us whose name is legion, who never dare to aspire to anything more impassioned than verse. And Oh, how much of hope and desperation, of labor and disappointment that tiny word can encompass! Those of you who have burned the midnight oil and suffered in the sweat of your brow to complete tomorrow's assignment can supplement my words. Those of you, who start with a burning inspiration only to see it wane into a disjointed line deserving only of red ink, can find hosts of kindred spirits in this small world of ours. Those of you who know the anguish of having your poetic offering returned to you deluged in red ink or have seen that line wiped out, which you considered too inspired to repeat except in a low tone of awe, know truly the agonies of pseudo-creation. Those of you who have searched throughout Hood's Rhymster for a word to express exactly that delicate shade of suggestion which will also rhyme with a word two lines above, and have come to the dire realization that there is no word—I claim you all as comrades in the weary road of education and on the stony paths to original literature.

POETRY.

Scribner's for March prints three poems. "Her Tears and Mine," by Edith M. Thomas, is a tribute to a woman's tears. Though sprung from sorrow, the bitter brine is changed to sweetness, indeed such sweetness that for it

"I with my life would pay!"

Herman Hagedorn sings of "Love in Marriage." He says that he no longer would sing of his wife's physical beauty, but of love which is her highest charm. The four stanzas of this poem are full of tender devotion and appreciation. "Remembering," by G. O. Warren, gives us an odd thought. The poet hopes that when he dies, his friend will listen for one more word; and he promises that he will

"... lean and whisper—then sink back to God."

Century, in Laurence Housman's "The Quick and the Dead," gives us a delightful picture of dawn, as typical of the vibrant life of earth.

Then, in contrast, it describes the moon, whose day is done. The meter is attractive and well-suited to the theme of the poem. "The Secret," by Robert Nichols, is written in a melancholy strain. The poet is sad because, beholding a lovable woman he

"... can only turn away."

"The Peace Call," by Edgar Lloyd Hampton, is an inspiring after-the-war poem. It calls the soldiers to resume their former occupations, and rejoices that Mammon has been dethroned, and God once again worshipped. Zoe Akins, in "Seventeen," gives us a beautiful tribute to a young girl. She realizes that she is no longer a child, and lays aside, somewhat reluctantly, the ribbon from her hair.

The Atlantic Monthly presents B. K. Van Slyke's "When I Read Names of England." In it the poet wonders if some day the names of Michigan and Chicago will not hold the same mystical charm that names of England possess. "Lies," by Grace Fallow Norton, is a wierd twelve-line fragment. A young girl fed her life with lies, on which is flourished—

"... Oh lies, lies
That may be true!"

The poetry of this month is principally retrospective in tone. "The Quick and the Dead" seems to me the most truly poetical of any of the poems, both in subject matter and treatment. However, I enjoyed "Seventeen" most of all. Perhaps, because it is a song of youth, it appealed to me. Certainly, we can all remember the period at which this girl is.

REVIEW.

Under the title, "The Saving of Pug Halley," there comes from the pen of Reverend P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., another addition to the list of worthwhile plays for boys.

It is a bright little play, full of life and fun. There are three acts, and twenty speaking parts in all. The staging and costuming are such as make its production easy in a school hall of moderate equipment.

"The Saving of Pug Halley," with Father Carroll's earlier play, "The Ship in the Wake," will be welcomed by Grammar school teachers and directors of dramatic clubs for boys.

(Published by the Author.)
220 North Hill St., South Bend, Ind.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT.

The annual Retreat which had been postponed from October 28, was opened on Wednesday evening, March 19, by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Glass, C. M., D. D., of Salt Lake City.

The instruction throughout, dealt with the important things of life yet were made more forceful by the earnest, heart to heart, manner in which his Lordship spoke. Special stress was laid upon the need of practical faith among young women of the world today, which looks to the convent-trained girl as a leader in positive influence for good.

According to custom, the Retreat closed with the Holy Hour during which the students repeated aloud the Profession of Faith. After the Benediction the Bishop imparted Papal blessing to the retreatants.

Leaflet souvenirs of the Retreat of 1919 will remind the students of their resolutions and will be mementoes of friendship with Bishop Glass.

FREDERICK PAULDING.

On March 27 Frederick Paulding of New York opened his series of lectures for the students of St. Mary's. Versed in Shakespearian drama, Mr. Paulding's forceful diction, graceful style and vivid character portrayal make his lectures worth while. His deep faith and eagerness to spread its message are valuable influences in the world of to-day. The series embraced the following subjects: Cyrano de Bergerac, The Torch, Collette Baudoche, The Four Gospels, The Merchant of Venice and The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The first Graduate-Recital of the class 1920, St. Mary's Conservatory of Music, was given on the evening of March 6 by Miss Catherine E. Betz.

PROGRAM.

"The uplifted spirit hardly knows
Whether the Music light that glows
Within the arch of tones and colours seven,
Is sunset-peace of earth, or sun-rise joy of Heaven."

* * * *

Sonata, Op. 12, No. 1 - - - - - Beethoven
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.
Hark! Hark! The Lark - - - - - Schubert-Liszt
Violin Quartets in G - - - - - R. Bohne
Misses M. del R. Blanco, G. Broussard, H. Betz.
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

March Winds - { - - - - - MacDowell
 Improvisation }
 Etude Op. 23, No. 4 - - - - - Rubinstein
 Violin—"Cavatina" - - - - - Raff
 Miss H. Betz.
 Etude—"Un Sospiro" - - - - - Liszt
 Vocal—Ave Maria "Cavalleria Rusticana" Mascagni
 Miss D. Ryno.

Piano—Miss G. Soldani.
 Harp—Miss R. McCarthy.
 Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

Polanaise Americaine - - - - - J. A. Carpenter
 Faust Waltz - - - - - Gounod
 First Piano—Misses E. Broussard, G. Soldani
 Second Piano—Misses B. O'Melia, N. L. Holt.
 Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

* * * * *

The following program was offered as a grateful tribute to the Right Reverend Joseph S. Glass, C. M., D. D., by the students of St. Mary's College and Academy, Notre, Dame, Ind., March 24th, 1919:

How wide it seems from sea to sea
 When friends are far apart.
 When snow-capped hills and weary plains
 Keep heart from waiting heart.

And yet how near from sea to sea
 From east to western strand,
 When we remember that the world
 Is held in God's right hand.

* * * * * S. M. R.

PROGRAM.

Selection - - - - - St. Mary's Orchestra
 A Tribute of Gratitude - - - - - Miss N. Daly
 Piano—Fantasie—Impromptu - - - - - Chopin
 Miss G. Soldani.
 Vocal Quartette—"An Irish Folk Song" - Foote
 Misses F. Guthrie, S. Jobst, G. Soldani, M. Gebhard.
 Piano—Miss E. Broussard.
 Violin—"Air Varie No. 6" - - - - - C. deBeriot
 Miss M. del R. Blanco.
 Piano—Miss B. O'Melia.
 Piano—"Novellette" - - - - - MacDowell
 Miss B. O'Melia.
 Song—"The Americans Come" - - - - - Foster
 Miss S. Jobst.
 Piano—Miss E. Broussard.
 Hope March - - - - - Papini
 St. Mary's Orchestra.
 Song—"The Lord is My Light" - - - - - Allitson
 Miss F. Guthrie.
 Piano—Miss E. Broussard.
 Waltz from "Faust" - - - - - Gounod
 1st Piano—Misses E. Broussard, G. Soldani.
 2nd Piano—Misses B. O'Melia, C. Betz.
 "A Parting Word" - Rt. Rev. J. S. Glass, C. M., D. D.
 Bridal Chorus, "Rose Maiden" - - - - - Cowen
 St. Mary's Glee Club.
 Piano—Miss E. Broussard.

Star Spangled Banner - - - - - St. Mary's Orchestra
 Violins—Misses M. Blanco, G. Broussard, H. Betz,
 J. Ryan, L. Gleason, M. Humphrey, M. Jones,
 M. Ward, M. B. VanHeuvel, M. Keown, H.
 Brazzill, K. Keenan, M. Kahl.
 Cello—Miss G. Loesch.
 Harps—Misses M. Reece, R. McCarthy.
 Piano—Miss E. Broussard.
 Drum—Miss M. Purman.

* * * * *

A compliment to the faculty and student body on the evening of April 8, was the Recital by Bernice Oberwinder, pianist, and Laura St. A. Keller, soprano.

Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, - - - - - Bach
 Sonata Op. 90, - - - - - Beethoven
 His Lullaby, - - - - - C. J. Bond
 Come, We'll Wander, - - - - - Cornelius
 Aria from "Tosca," - - - - - Puccini
 Harlequin, - - - - - Bartlett
 Spinning Song, - - - - - Baeker
 Capriccio, - - - - - Jordan
 Nocturne No. 2, - - - - - Chopin
 Preludes, Nos. 1, 3, 7, 11, 18, 23, - - - - - Chopin
 Berceuse from "Jocelyn," - - - - - Godard
 One Fine Day from "Madame Butterfly," - Puccini
 Springtime, - - - - - Fleta Jan Brown
 Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner-Liszt

* * * * *

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 April 3, 1919.

PROGRAM.

Lohengrin, Introduction to Third Act - - - - - Wagner
 First Piano—Misses M. Purman, C. Betz.
 Second Piano—Misses N. L. Holt, L. Riley.
 Violin—Professor R. Seidel.
 Etude, Op. 10, No. 5, - - - - - Chopin
 Miss L. Riley.
 Traumerei, - - - - - Schumann
 First Violin—Miss M. del R. Blanco.
 Second Violin—Miss L. Gleason.
 Piano—Miss B. O'Melia.
 Nocturn Op. 37, No. 2 - - - - - Chopin
 Bridal Chorus, "The Rose Maiden" - - - - - Cowen-Spicer
 St. Mary's Glee Club.
 Accompanist—Miss E. Broussard.
 A Haunted House - - - - - MacDowell
 Miss M. Purman.
 Souvenir - - - - - Drdla
 Violin—Miss H. Betz.
 Piano—Miss C. Betz.
 Presto Op. 61, No. 3 - - - - - Lenormand
 Miss N. L. Holt.
 Allegro Moderato, Op. 107 - - - - - Lachner
 St. Mary's Violin Quartette.
 Dedication - - - - - Schumann
 Miss E. Meloy.
 Galop de Concert - - - - - Milde
 First Piano—Misses R. Kramer, K. Brazzill.
 Second Piano—Misses K. Dolan, L. Grady.
 Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

GLEANINGS.

Special sermons during Lent were given in the Community Church by the Rev. Daniel Hudson, C. S. C., on "The Passion"; by the Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C., on "Virtue," and by the Rev. William Carey, C. S. C., on "Penance."

On Wednesday evening, March 7, Mr. Ross Crane gave an interesting and instructive talk on Modern Art and Artists. As usual Mr. Crane brought with him a number of valuable paintings to illustrate the beauty and originality of our modern painters.

The Movie, "Pershing's Crusaders," came as a welcome diversion on the evening of March 11.

With the spring days and the spring weather baseball teams and tennis contests occupy the free hours of the day and bid fair for enthusiastic games at the close of the year. Much to the delight of all, Lake Marion is being prepared for the opening of the Canoe and Swimming season.

St. Patrick's was a gala day at St. Mary's. The Freshmen were hostesses on this occasion and proved themselves very capable. The lower hall and recreation room were artistically decorated in emerald green. Music for the dance was furnished by the Rag Pickers. At the close of the evening refreshments were served in the Domestic Science Dining Room.

The Fourth Academics not to be outdone by their college sisters entertained the same evening with a dinner-dance. Their Refectory was cleverly decorated in the class colors. Donahue's orchestra furnished the music during the dinner, later there was dancing in the Exhibition Hall until the very late hour of ten-thirty.

The Senior Dinners which have been among the social successes of the winter were climaxed on the evening of March 29th when His Lordship Joseph S. Glass was the guest of honor. The Seniors were the envy of all with their exquisite corsages of crimson roses.

Interest in the Academic Department centers around the Academic reunion in June for which notices have been sent to the former Academic graduates by the officers *protem*.

After Retreat Bishop Glass spent several days at St. Mary's in which the girls learned to know him better. There were a number of little informal talks and gatherings in which he was the central figure. Among the many things of in-

terest Bishop spoke about was the organization and customs of the Mormon church.

The Rev. Ernest Davis, C. S. C., who as chaplain experienced many miraculous escapes from death in the front-line trenches and who has but recently returned to Notre Dame was the guest of St. Mary's during the month.

To honor the newly canonized, Saint Joan of Arc on the day of her canonization, April 6th, a statue was duly placed in a position of honor in the college study hall.

Father Carrico gave the Catholic students a short talk, Tuesday evening, April 1st, on the Devotions for Holy Week.

The basket ball game of April 2nd between the Juniors and the First Academics, which had been heralded for a week, resulted with the score 4 to 3 in favor of the First Academics.

The holiday which the Bishop kindly gave on the Monday after Retreat was thoroughly enjoyed by all. It gave us an opportunity to get back to earth after the Retreat. In the morning we took a long walk around the lakes of Notre Dame. Pilgrimages to the kitchen, the dairy and many forbidden spots were enjoyed during the afternoon.

The Triduum for Holy week was given by the Rev. Joseph Boyle, C. S. C., of Notre Dame.

During Passion Week requiem masses were offered in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart for the souls of Mrs. Emma Wright-Riordan, Mrs. Kathleen Cashin-Jobst and Miss Mae Collentine.

The Misses Regina Wolter of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Florence Montgomery and Mary Frances J. Curry of Chicago were recent guests of St. Mary's.

Sincere wishes for future happiness is St. Mary's acknowledgment of the marriage announcements of Nelle E. Makens to Mr. John F. Sullivan of Aberdeen, S. Dak., and Vera Lucile Hawkins to Lieutenant Frank A. Gaddis of Chicago, Illinois.

St. Mary's offers heartfelt sympathy to Helen Boyle Lauinger on the death of her beloved mother, to Helen and Lucile Johnson, who were called to the death bed of their mother, to Florence Dolan on the loss of her sister, and to Loretto Vaughey on the death of her uncle.

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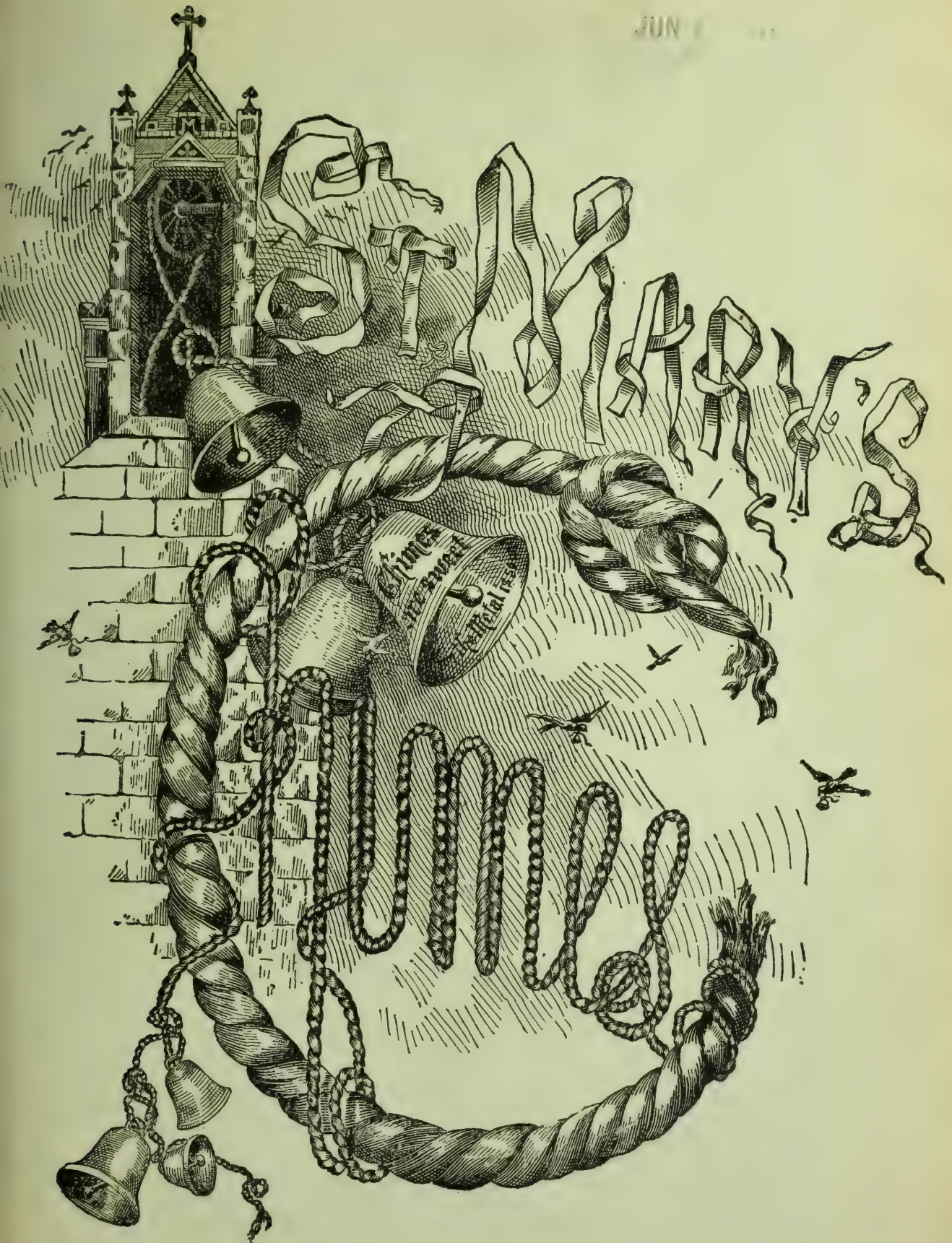
I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

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May, 1919

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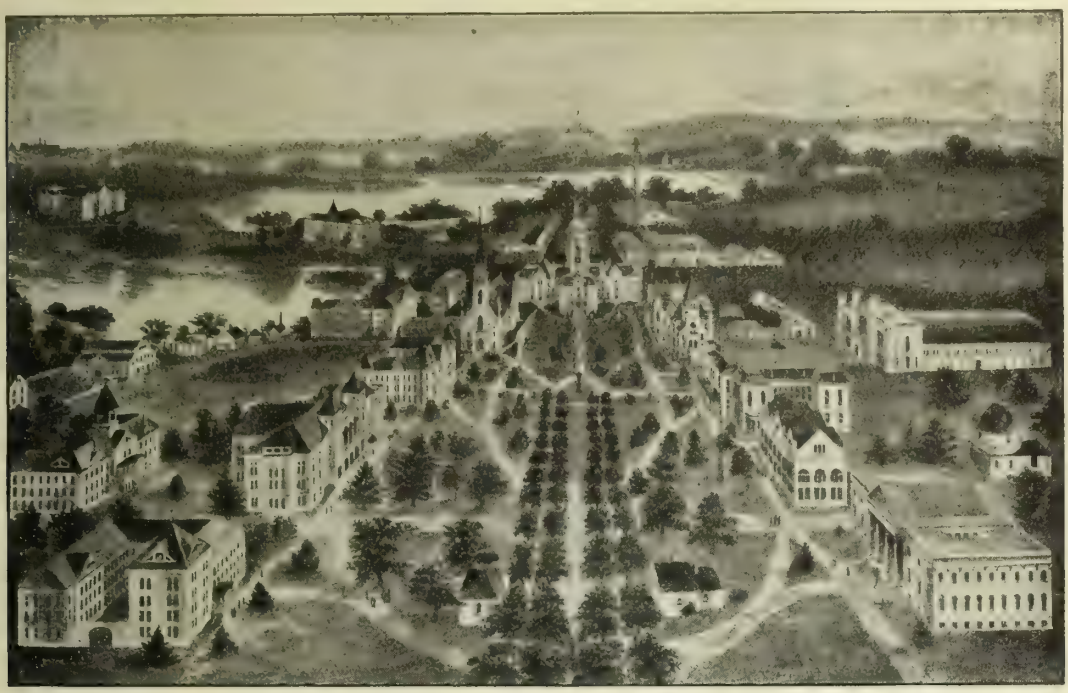
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"I Know Mine and Mine Know Me."

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., May, 1919

No. 9

A DANDELION.

OH! scorn him not, whose plume of yellow gold
Is flaunted forth when even violets cower
Beneath the blasts that late were Winter's dower;
When brave anemones shrink from the cold,
Warm cuddling in the dark and sheltered wold:
A warrior, he, who rises at the hour
Of Spring's first trumpet-call, to vaunt her power.
Think not the valiant stranger over-bold.

He comes a servitor, a faithful knight,
A herald of the Spring, his lovely queen.
That plume which borrows of the sunbeam's light
Is but the oriflamme whose glinting sheen
Call forth the ranks of flowers. 'Tis his right
To lead them with his sword of leafy green.

CLARA SELEGUE, '21.

A STUDY OF MYTHOLOGY IN THE INFERNO.

IN the lands bounded by the rising and the setting sun what names are better known than Hercules, Minos, Venus, Apollo and the others of their kin? These names have been spoken for ages and ages, and they are still talked of to-day. But were the bearers of these names realities? They are mentioned in ancient and modern literature as if they were real, and yet these living names connecting wonderful creatures and marvelous deeds belong to the realm of mythology.

The myths are one species of the fruit of the mind and imagination of the Greeks come to us in their precious legacy. They are the result of Hellenic religion. As the Greeks figured out for themselves the existence of the world and its varied population their active imaginations pictured everything for them—gods, goddesses, nymphs, furies, the abode and life of the etherial beings, how discord and evil entered the world and the place where they are punished. So clear cut and real were these images that they appeared to the people in dreams and even in the waking hours of day. Their deities lived in close relationship with them, favoring and punishing individuals, taking active part in battle.

Many spots, trees and plants were sacred to these creatures.

With the growth of religion, knowledge and civilization the myths did not die but lived indelibly printed not only on the literature of Hellas but of the world. It first appeared in religious hymns such as the songs of Orpheus. Then came the works of Homer and Hesiod overflowing with myths and heroes whose parentage was half divine, half human. Pindar sang of facts about gods and heroes connected with religion and later they were woven into the dramas. So the myths influenced and made native literature as well as sculpture and music. But the influence was not confined to such limits. It spread farther and farther until it reached the entire west. Italy's literature mirrors, rather cloudily at times, Greece. She even traces her founder to one of Homer's heroes. She, in turn, sent the light on to England. Shakespeare knew the children of the Greek mind. Many of the loveliest passages of Spencer and Milton are songs of mythical beings. All kinds of literature dip into this storehouse now and then to make a thought the clearer, a simile or metaphor more forceful, a comparison or contrast more vivid.

Dante, one of the world's greatest poets, searched into the corners of the myth storehouse and found material to garnish one of the greatest poems ever written. This literary artist was an Italian and he inherited the myth treasure from other great Italians—Ovid, Horace, Lucan but most directly from Virgil. In Virgil and in the others were reflected the wondrous deeds of heroes, an account of Hades, the underworld, from the visits made by Hercules, Orpheus and Aeneas. Dante was writing a "Divine Comedy," a third of which was to consist of an Inferno so he fashioned its framework out of mythology—its foundation he had from Christian faith. However, Dante treats the myths from the Christian view-point and places the famous heroes of the centuries in hell because of their unbelief in the true God. This damnation did not kill them but only added to their immortality.

Circle seven of the Inferno, including six of the thirty-three chapters, is the most mythical. The very punishments are in the spirit of the myths. Those guilty of suicide are transformed into trees upon which the Harpies, mythical creatures half bird, half woman, nest and feed. These trees have the power of speech and if wounded or broken spurt forth blood. Dante, from their semblance of defilement, makes the Harpies symbols of remorse. There are references to the gods—Saturn, his wife, Rhea; their son Jupiter. Mars, considered god of war by the Greeks is still so called and Vulcan still forges the thunderbolts. Mention is made of the war between the gods and giants, the story of the spider's beautiful weaving—the result of Arachne's challenge to the goddess, Minerva. Here we find the Centaurs, a combination of man and horse typifying that man is higher than beast and that sense must be subordinated to reason. Dante identifies violence with bestiality in the Minotaur which he has guarding that portion of hell where those who committed sins of violence are confined. Geryon, the monster who murdered his guests that he might feed his dogs is made the symbol of fraud and is guardian over those guilty of it. Thus the entire circle is sowed with myth creatures.

The rivers which were fashioned for the pagan underworld also found a part in the Commedia. They are conceived as being the tears shed by men for their sins committed since the Golden

Age, that period before the advent of Jupiter when Saturn ruled supreme. Phlegethon, Acheron and Styx flow through the Inferno in all their ugliness. Lethe, laden with sin, is there too, but its source is in Purgatory where it cleanses the penitent of all remembrance of sin and carries its polluted waters to the underworld. Charon is there ferrying the souls across the Styx. Minos, the lawgiver of Crete, still practices his profession in judging and assigning the souls to punishment. Furthermore he is symbolical of the sinner's guilty conscience. Cerebus depicts the effect of gluttony on the soul, the furies, remorse and Medusa despair while the Arabian Phoenix symbolizes the soul's immortality.

The use Dante has made of these figures is in keeping with their original nature but I think those ancient Greeks would lie uneasy if they knew that their idolized heroes whom they raised to the sphere of the very gods are condemned by Dante to eternal torture. Ulysses and Diomedes, world-famed heroes of Troy, burn in an eternal flame because of their evil advice. Achilles, the god-like one, is merged in darkness where he is blown about ceaselessly by strong winds. He is with the carnal sinners, but Helen and Paris keep him company. Even Homer and the great lights of the literary, philosophical and art world, those of real flesh and blood are excluded from heaven, from perfect happiness though they are not inflicted with pain.

Thus Dante brought new light upon mythology, viewing the illustrious figures of Paganism through a Christian lens, making the unbeliever leave his footprints on the burning sands of hell.

AGNES CONNELLY, '19.

SLEEP.

WITHIN a basket trimmed in pink,
A baby under blankets white
Lay cuddled in a tiny ball,
All tucked and covered for the night.

The mother loved her baby girl
And watched her long and tenderly,
As mother bird does o'er the nest
That ways so gently in the tree.

So baby slept in peace and love,
So birdie rested in the nest,
And God sent down to both of them
An angel fair to keep their rest.

DOROTHY KIPLINGER, '20.

HOME.

THERE'S a valley long and narrow
In the hills quite far away,
Where the feathered chief his arrow
Shot, where tomahawks held sway.

Homes, to-day replace the tepee,
Nature there expands, is free;
Thunder rolls and winds blow gently,
Oh! 'Tis home—the world to me!

AGNES CONNELLY, '19.

IN THE SPRING—

“MM! Isn't this a' de-e-licious day!”
sighed the tall blond girl, rapturously in-
haling the spring air.

“There it is again! Can't you think of another
adjective, Ruth? It sounds so—well-er—epi-
curian,” reproved her brown-haired boyish com-
panion.

“So sorry, dear. What do you suppose is
keeping Jo and the Infant?”

“Here they are now.”

“Oh! Margaret, I weigh ninety-four, now.
I've gained a pound in two weeks!”

“Well, if you keep on at that rate, Bobby,
you'll catch up to Jo in two years,” said Ruth
with a sly glance at the indignant Jo.

“Let's walk home through the park,” Margaret
hastily interposed. “It surely is a grand and
glorious day and I feel as though I need air after
that chemistry 'lab.' What do you say?”

“All right,” they agreed.

The four girls were Seniors at the Academy
of Our Lady and were known as the “Happy
Four.” Their names appeared on the school
record as Margaret Day, Marybelle Joyce (Bobb-
y), Josephine Martin and Ruth Sanders.

“Would you like a game of tennis this after-
noon? Jerry was rolling the court when I left
this morning, so I think that it will be ready.
To-morrow's Saturday so there will be no les-
sons to prepare.”

“I haven't the least idea where my racket is—”
began Ruth.

“Oh! I have enough,” promised Jo.

“I've just been crazy to begin,” nodded Mar-
garet.

“I'll come,” Bobby agreed. “Wouldn't it be
great to be a tramp? I would wander away along
country roads where there were violets and green
things bobbing up.”

“In the spring—,” suggested Margaret with a
quizzical grin.

“I admit that I have spring fever,” mourned
the afflicted one.

“Behold! There is a bed of young tulips,”
cried Ruth.

“Do you remember those that we planted at
the farm! I wonder if they are up yet,” said Jo.

“Speaking of the farm reminds me of those
two weeks as a farmerette. Weren't those the
happy days? Do you think that your father will
let us help this year, Jo?” Margaret demanded
excitedly.

“The farm—oh!” Jo beamed.

“What's the idea? Share it.”

“I just thought of the best plan. Why not go
out to the farm for the week-end? No one has
been there since October, but we could 'phone
Mr. Denby to open the house and pile up some
logs. If Mary can be persuaded to come,
mother will consent.”

“Oh! Wouldn't that be de-e-licious?” caroled
Ruth.

“If Mary goes, I can,” Bob assured her.

“Count me in,” beamed Margaret.

They found Mary in the garage examining an
extra tire. She was ten years older than Joseph-
ine, but was always willing to enter into their
plans and play chaperon. Of course, they all
talked at once. When they had finished, Mary
was as enthusiastic as anyone could wish.

“The country is the only place to be in the
spring,” she agreed. “My nerves are on edge
and I need a few days of quiet. I had another
near-accident this morning. I will ask mother
right away. Did you hear about the Thompson
burglary last night? The thief was caught, but
Mrs. Thompson was so upset that she refused to
stay in the house and has gone to the Springs.”

“Oh! Isn't that terrible!”

Ten minutes later, Mary found the “Happy
Four” sitting on the back porch eating bread
and jam.

“We can go to Liberty Farm,” she announced
gaily. “Mother thought that we would feel safer
if Tom was with us, but I did not think that you
wanted any men in this party.”

“Oh! No!” most emphatically.

“I 'phoned your homes and it is all arranged,”
she continued. “We will catch the five o'clock
interurban car. Gladys Rockwell is coming with
us, too. She is in the living room now with
mother. Lucy is filling the hamper. Now, hurry
home and get your things and Tom will be home
in time to pick you up and take us to the sta-
tion. Speed!”

Three hours later six heavily laden girls walked up the evergreen path and around to the side porch of the large, homey farmhouse.

"D-doesn't it look gloomy?" Bobby whispered to Jo.

"Did you bring some of those de-e-licious sandwiches, Mary?" Ruth inquired solicitously.

"Yes, and angel-food cake," Mary assured her as she fumbled with the lock.

"Oh!" squealed Margaret, "Look at the great log fire. Listen to those logs crackle and snap."

Bobby nodded but looked apprehensively at the darkened rooms beyond.

Mary lit the lamps and taking one with her started for the kitchen. She found a fire in the stove and the kettle boiling. The covers were removed from the furniture in the great living room and dining room. Mrs. Denby had prepared everything for them.

"Ruth, will you carry my valise, while I take the lamp? We might as well get our things settled at once," Joe decided and started up the stairs.

"Margaret and Ruth will sleep in this room; Joe and Bobby in the adjoining one. (There is a door between them); and Gladys and I will be in my room across the hall. Don't waste much time primping if you want something to eat. There is something for each one of you to do." Having issued her orders, Mary returned to the kitchen.

"Isn't this de-e-licious!" crowed Ruth. "The sky is perfectly de-e——. Here comes Mr. Denby and he has two packages."

There was a race for the stairs.

"Hello, Mr. Denby!" shouted four breathless girls, eyeing his packages inquisitively.

"Well! Well! Hello! Hello! Where's Miss Mary? Mother sent some beans and an apple pie for your supper, Miss Mary. I brought some milk, too."

"Mrs. Denby's beans and a pie in one meal! That is a treat. I want to thank you both for fixing things so comfortably. Won't you both come over and visit us this evening?"

"Well, Miss Mary, I think that I can persuade mother because its been so lonesome around here this winter. We're always glad to have young folks around. I have to make another trip to the barn, so I'll have to leave now."

"Isn't that thoughtful! Margaret, did you bring some new records?" inquired Jo as she shut the door.

"Uh-huh! eight. Do I smell something burning?"

Mr. and Mrs. Denby entertained the girls with the legends of the neighborhood, particularly the "ghost" stories. When they left the girls seemed loth to separate. When Mary began to lock up, the five followed her around. At ten-thirty they were all in bed. Mary wound the clock and placed a lamp on the table in the hall.

"Weren't those the most de-e-licious stories," began Ruth.

"Oh! Go to sleep," grumbled Margaret ungraciously. "I feel sort of queer. Guess I ate too much pie or something."

In the next room, Bobby asked in a small voice, "J-Jo, Mr. Denby was just trying to frighten us, wasn't he? I don't believe that they were true, do you?"

"Of course not," Jo maintained stoutly. "Are you cold, I'll get another comforter?"

"N-No, I'll be w-warm in a m-minute," Bobby chattered. "W-where is my flash light? Never mind, I'll get it. There! I feel better now."

Across the hall, Gladys stood at the window, putting her hair in curlers.

"It is a beautiful night. I don't feel a bit like going to sleep. There are just trillions of stars. There is someone coming down the road with a lantern."

"It must be Denby's Jake. This will be one night that I will sleep with both eyes shut tight. No fear of burglars will annoy my dreams," confided Mary. "What's that! O-oh! Your shoe. Heavens, Gladys what size do you wear?"

"Never mind, they are comfortable. You are as jumpy as a shell-shocked patient. You need quiet all right."

Bang! Crack! Rr-r-rip! Bang! Crack! *Thud!*

Six startled girls sat up and stared wildly about.

"What's that!" gasped Mary, "Burglars? O-o-oh!" She buried her face in the pillow.

"Sh!" cautioned Gladys as she hopped out of bed. "Might as well get up and see who it is." She found her bathrobe and slippers. Mary followed her and wrapped a comforter around her.

In the other rooms, a similar performance took place. Ruth slipped down under the covers and drew them up over her head. Margaret was tempted to follow her example, but fear and curiosity drew her from her bed.

"Don't leave me" wailed Ruth.

"Come into Jo's room," whispered Margaret as she caught up her bathrobe and slippers and

ran from the room. Ruth quickly followed her.

"Who do you suppose it is?" whispered Jo.

"Must be tramps."

"Or auto bandits."

Bobby's teeth rattled—she was so frightened.

"Where is Mary? Let's go to her room," suggested Jo.

The six girls met in the hall and huddled together just as the barrier fell with a final crash. They peered over the bannister with wide, frightened, fascinated eyes.

There were fumbling footsteps below.

"They got in through the French window on the porch. It wouldn't lock So Mr. Denby had it boarded up," whispered Mary.

"I'm going to' phone the police," Jo declared bravely.

"But the telephone is down-stairs and they might kill you if they found you."

Thud!

There was a muffled exclamation.

"They must be intoxicated," whispered Ruth in a horrified voice.

"Let's scream real loud and frighten them," pleaded Margaret.

"I could scarcely croak and you sound rather hysterical. They might cut our throats. If we are quiet, may be they will go away," reasoned Jo.

At this, Gladys began hurriedly to undo her curlers. Ruth looked questioningly at her.

"I would hate to be found dead in these things," whispered Gladys solemnly.

Bobby's eyes seemed twice their size.

The intruders had reached the living room.

"Someone's been here."

"That's funny."

"Sh! Isn't that a light."

"Let's investigate."

There was a flash of light and the foot of the stairs was illuminated.

"Who are you? What do you mean by breaking into a private dwelling at this hour of the night. I have sent for the police, but I warn you not to attempt to come up these stairs," commanded a loud, steady voice.

It was Bobby.

There was a dead silence.

"Well!—What?—Who?—Police!"

"Say, are you sure this is the right house?"

"'Course I am!"

"Well, the brass of—. Answer her!"

"Who are *you*," demanded a gruff angry voice.

Bobby located the sound and focussed the light on the intruder.

"Vin!" ejaculated six high-pitched feminine voices.

"The light snapped off and the torch rattled down the stairs.

"It's Sis!"

"Light the lamp," called Mary, assuming command. "How did you get here? Why aren't you at school? Who's with you?"

"Spring vacation. We drove here in Dan's car. It was so late that we decided to stop here until morning. Got any food around?"

"The hamper is on the kitchen table. Help yourselves," called Jo. "Who is with you?"

"The whole crowd. Is mother here?"

"No, just Gladys, the girls and myself."

"Hello, everybody," called the "whole crowd." "What brought you out here?"

"Violets and Spring," Jo replied laconically.

"Well, may we stay, too, Mary," begged Dan.

"Surest thing. But don't be keen about an early morning tramp," she warned.

"Isn't this de-e-licious?" piped Ruth.

"That's Ruth," laughed Vin.

"Put something in front of that window, Vin," counseled Bobby.

"You bet!"

"Now, to bed everyone or you will all have the flu. I'll fix your rooms in the wing," she called to the boys.

"Bobby, you proved yourself a hero. I never had so much excitement in so short a time in all my city-bred life," laughed Margaret. "You deserve a medal but I'm going to give you my tennis cup."

"I feel awfully wobbly and unheroic. I'm glad that I wasn't born in Belgium," Bobby said with feeling.

"However you had the courage I will never understand," declared Jo.

"I'm glad we brought the music. Paul's a de-licious dancer. Aren't you thrilled?"

Margaret hurried the "de-e-licious" one off to bed.

"Don't forget to put your hair up again, Gladys," giggled Jo.

"Not another word until morning," Mary commanded. "I feel a lot more safe since those boys arrived," she confessed to Gladys. "I don't feel right unless there is a crowd around. The country has more charm by daylight in spring."

"Mary, shall I wait up for the policeman," called Vin.

"What? Oh! There are no policemen out here, child. Bobby was 'bluffing.' Go to bed."

THE RED BIRD.

I hear you call O, pretty winged thing
 Ere the first sunbeams on the dark earth shine;
 I marvel at your hue, the song you sing,
 And claim the joy of life as really mine.

But, lo! when eastern skies reflect the sun,
 You startle, flutter, then away you fly,
 To barren woods where melting streamlets run,
 Where sleeping flowers under brown leaves lie.

And these you bid arise, by cheerful call,
 And deck their tender shoots with colors gay,
 While Spring upon the waking earth lets fall,
 The lovely flower-decked mantle of the May.

MARY CASEY, '21.

POE AS A MASTER OF TECHNIQUE.

MOST literary critics will agree as to the essentials of a good short-story. But literary canons are more easily made than obeyed. We find very few stories which embody all the necessary requirements. Most great short-stories are not great in all points, but brilliant merits overshadow the defective parts. Therefore, it is interesting as well as pleasing, to encounter an author who fashions his stories into a perfect structure.

Poe has been described as a master of technique, as the great craftsman of English narrative. Undoubtedly, in the realm of terror and unreason, which Poe has made peculiarly his own, he is the greatest, if not the first. Canby designates him as "the lord of the bizarre, the terrible and mysterious." Most fittingly, these words have been inscribed upon his memorial statue,

"He was the voice of beauty and of woe,
 Passion and mystery and dread unknown."

Poe set his own standard and criticised himself severely in regard to them. "Conceive," he says, "with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought, then invent such incidents, combine such events, as best aid in producing the effect." Poe's ratiocinative power was perhaps one instrument of his success. His stories of ratiocination are all technique, except for their peculiar style. Such grotesque tales, so subtle in their effects, would be impossible without technique.

Take for example, "The Cask of Amontillado." It is a story in Poe's characteristic style and most typical of his romantic emotionalism. Let us

analyze it according to Poe's own standards, and thereby estimate its worth and success as a short-story.

As a story-teller, Poe is chiefly an impressionist. Edmund Clarence Stedman has said, "The Cask of Amontillado paints with a few strokes all that has been conceived of Roman pride and vengeance." He invests his reader with an atmosphere of mystery and terror and then proceeds with unwavering attention to effect the revenge. Even his initial sentence tends toward this subject. The wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes the redressor or the wrongdoer is not made to feel that the revenge has been complete. Then he invents his two characters, Montressor and Fortunato and fits them together in a situation which best aids him in developing his effect.

The story is told in a convincing form by one of the characters. It is brief, about two thousand three hundred words in length. Not one word is written or one incident related, which does not tend toward the pre-established design.

The setting is especially good. Strikingly satirical is the contrast between the supreme madness of the carnival season and the dark vaults in the catacombs of the Montressor's. Notice the victim in motley dress, jingling merrily on to his own destruction. Prompted by vanity and jealousy, he is anxious to test the cask of Amontillado. Cunningly, the author with specific words, heightens the atmosphere and strikes terror through the soul. Even the motto of the house has been cleverly chosen to portray the spirit of the story, "Nemo me impune lacesit."

The plot is no more than the conspiracy against an enemy, but the interest is so intense, the description so real, that we follow the two men breathlessly down the dreary vaults, between the nitred walls and among the crumbling bones. Artificial as it is, the "grim tale" is powerful in its expression of emotion, startling in its vividness and excellent in its art. Truly, Poe wields his magic over us. But are these morbid figures of Poe's imagination healthy, are they true? Their loftiness might be questioned, but that is another matter. "The Cask of Amontillado" accomplishes its legitimate results. It fills the mind with the horror of true revenge. That is all art requires of it.

ELIZABETH McDOUGAL, '20.

A KINDERGARTEN CIRCLE.

PROEM.

For a long time, I have wondered at the patience and sympathy that the kindergarten teacher has with the dozens and dozens of little tots that come to her from so vastly different surroundings, and with as many different dispositions as there are children. While these young, unsatiable spirited beings are amusing themselves with blocks, colored charts, paints, and learning their A, B, C's without realizing they are, the kindergarten teacher is deftly instilling some of the first principles which are to be the foundations of their later lives.

The kindergarten circle is one place to find real life and I believe it is one of the most amusing places to go.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

There is a dainty, much frilled and ribboned child in every kindergarten circle and she is her "mother's own darling child." She always reminds me of Dolly Dimples in the colored paper section of the Sunday edition, and sometimes when she stamps her pretty foot and demands the undivided attention of her teacher, I think it is Dolly Dimples come to life.

THE PEDAGOGICAL CHILD.

The pedagogical child has a father, who has made a thorough study of Sociology and believes unswervingly that environment has the greatest effect upon the child, therefore his son has always been surrounded with plenty of queer-looking geniuses as well as having a special illustrated copy of Cæsar's Gallic Wars for his picture-book in order that he might be aroused to great things.

THE AESTHETIC CHILD.

The æsthetic child is similar to the pedagogical child in many respects. While her father is not a professor, he is a dancing master in one of the country's oldest institutions and he firmly believes his child should learn "to trip the light fantastic toe" as soon as she has taken her first step. She has also to learn to appreciate art and nature by listening to the final rehearsals of her father's lectures on "The Beautiful."

THE STREET WAIF.

From one of the by-streets in "little Italy" comes another, who generally manages to be late and to march in with his breakfast in his hand. This small ragamuffin has a father, but the

latter has never been interested in his offspring except that the little waif be on hand when he wants him to run around the corner with his pail for his evening drink. His mother has never read the articles on the rearing of children in "The Mother's Magazine" or "Good House-keeping," so this small bit of humanity with his big blue eyes and dirty face is left to battle for himself. But underneath that dirty skin and roughness there is "the makings" of a real citizen.

THE REAL BOY.

Last but not least, is the "real boy"—the biggest addition of noise to the circle. He doesn't know much about the theory of the beautiful, but he does know how to make the best kites and even at this tender age, he has taken his big brother's watch apart and succeeded in "jimming" the works, nearly causing a family revolution, but his father is positive he will be another Edison, so there are hopes.

CECILIA FITZGIBBON, '19.

WINDOWS.

PROEM.

Since the days of Montaigne every tyro essayist has felt competent to attempt what Montaigne did. But they are not all lucky enough to succeed as he did. It takes genius to write about oneself and not bore the reader. No, I am not going to write about myself. But I do herewith affirm that I am going to write upon a personal subject, one that is so a part of my life that I see everything through it.

A window is the most subjective thing in the world. No two people ever see quite the same patch of life through it. One may see nothing, the other all things that are. It is the old story of the prisoners looking through the bars, one saw the stars, the other only the mire.

THE SMALL BOY'S WINDOW.

Windows flourish best in certain climes and under certain conditions. They are an outgrowth of civilization. The savage had none of them, and quite a degree of civilization is required for their proper appreciation. The small boy, who is the nearest approach to the savage in this modern ultra-civilized world of ours, looks upon them with contempt. Viewed from the inside they are shining panes of glass which he

must not touch lest his grimy fingers mar their spotless splendor. From the outside they are even more impossible. They interfere with every game he plays. No matter how straight he throws, the baseball inevitably heads straight for the nearest window.

WINDOWS AND WINDOWS.

Sometimes a window reflects nothing that is without. That is the virtue of the window. It is kind enough to withhold from the eager eyes that gaze out of it the true scene. A shop girl, on her first night in a large city, straining her eyes through the small back window does not see the crowded tenements opposite, nor the filth of the city streets. If she did she could never endure it all. She sees the towering buildings, the thousands of lights gleaming in the distance like jewels against the black of night, she sees success and opportunity before her, and she is encouraged to go on.

There are as many windows in the world as there are people to look through them. There is the window through which a mother anxiously watches her little ones go off to school. She sees nothing but their happy faces, all else is the background. There is the window where a child watches with eager face pressed against the pane, for the return of "Daddy." There is the window of the artist, from which he sees the inexplicable beauty of nature, the beauty of sky and flower which his artist soul yearns to express perfectly, yet cannot. There is the window of the invalid and of all windows this is the most blessed, this more than all other windows has a divine, a God-given mission. Through it the unfortunate of humanity sees life, the throbbing world outside; the nature world with its ever changing, ever shifting beauty, its order, its miracles of sun and rain, and seasons; the human world, life with its comedy and tragedy, laughing children at their play, youths with the light of hope and love in their eyes, young men and women to whom life has not yet revealed her fullness, old men and women who have seen and tasted the sweet and the bitter of life and have not been embittered; all this the window of the invalid discloses. All this any window may disclose if we but open our eyes and hearts to receive it. The character of a window, whether it be an opening or a barrier depends on us. We are the makers of our own windows.

NANCY DALY, '19.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

W HILE by my window, in a chair,
I heard a sound of music rare,
So soft and sweet—I took great care
To see from whom, and then from where.

It did not take me long to see,
It drifted from the apple tree,
And was a robin telling me
To welcome Spring—and happy be.

HELEN BROWNE, '21.

THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

A LITTLE envy is a dangerous thing at any time. But when such a seed lurks deep in the heart of a small maid, something is sure to happen.

Hyacintha Marie was no earth-dwelling cherub; neither was she so wickedly naughty as to disgrace her own sex. The fact is, that the best and the worst which could be said of Hyacintha Marie, was that she had about as much individuality as any single polka dot in a yard of cloth. A head of neatly-braided, tow-colored hair, gray wistful eyes, piercing from a thin, colorless face, a diminutive narrow-chested body, supported by two spindle legs: collect this array of human imperfection, christen it Hyacintha Marie Hicks, and you have my heroine. Having surmised that she was no beauty, you may wonder what else there is to tell. But sometimes this little Miss Nonentity had dreams all her own, dreams which carried her out of the dull village, into the great world of Everywhere, where she was a Somebody. Always too, there was a Somebody Else, but only recently had this one materialized into definite form. From a vague dream-hero had grown a true flesh-and-blood Prince Charming, whose name was Jimmy Davis. The real Jimmy sat in front of Hyacintha Marie in the fifth-grade section of the country school room. From her own seat of vantage, she loved to watch the movements of her idol as he wriggled about, snapping flies, or freshening up the skull-and-crossbones tattoo on his forearm. She would also giggle appreciatively at the growing skill with which Jimmy could wiggle his ears.

Once a few weeks before when, at the Friday afternoon program, Jimmy had "spoken a piece," Hyacintha Marie had almost wept, she was so

stirred by his eloquence. How dramatically he had begun,

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere—"

His small listener was enslaved for days afterward.

But here romance ended. After school, Hyacintha trudged home alone, while the young hero remained with his own friends. Jimmy Davis had never been known to concern himself with any girl, except to jerk a loose curl, or in winter to throw a tantalizing snowball. So Hyacintha Marie enjoyed a kind of negative bliss; even though Jimmy did not trouble her with his attentions, at least he gave them to no one else.

Just now a storm cloud was darkening Hyacintha Marie's horizon, in the form of a black-eyed, curly-haired newcomer, whose beauty was everything that *hers* was not. Hyacintha always wore a modest little brown hair-ribbon; the new girl flaunted a huge crimson bow; Hyacintha's unattractive little face did not compare well with the other's piquancy.

From the first moment she espied her seated opposite Jimmy Davis, Hyacintha Marie suspected trouble. As you know, she possessed a small seed of jealousy and like Mr. Phinney's turnip, "it grew and it grew." Her brave Paris might well withstand the attacks of her own mild little eyes, but what warrior bold was proof against the deadly weapons of a Mary Ellen Harding?

Hyacintha Marie didn't pass a very agreeable morning that first day that Mary Ellen appeared. She watched young Jimmy covertly to find how he regarded the new pupil. As the last school bell was ringing, he had rushed in from the playground, and slid breathlessly into his seat, without a glance at the new girl. Hyacintha Marie stared fixedly but Jimmy began to sharpen his pencil gratingly on the desk. She was about to draw a free breath when she heard a gentle feminine whisper,

"Please, little boy, sharpen my pencil, too," and Mary Ellen shoved a beautiful pink pencil toward Jimmy. He looked at the strange neighbor, then shyly took it. Hyacintha Marie glared at her geography. Soon summoning her sweetest smile she, too, touched Jimmy's shoulder and whispered loudly, "Jimmy, c'n I use your knife?"

Other times Jimmy had always answered,

"I'll sharpen your pencil, Cinthy," but now he slowly added some unnecessary scrapes to the pink pencil, passed it to its gracious owner, and handed the jack-knife to Hyacintha Marie. Her little gimlet eyes angrily bored the sleek brown head before her.

"Mean old thing!" she grumbled.

The rest of the day echoed the morning; Mary Ellen didn't know what the reading lesson was, so Jimmy showed her; she dropped a book and gallant Jimmy was on the spot to rescue it. That afternoon, when school was dismissed, Jimmy Davis, the invincible, the most bitter of women-haters, walked boldly down the road with the beautiful Mary Ellen Harding. The whole school was witness to the surrender of the hero.

Nor did the one unhappy day complete the tragedy of Hyacintha Marie's life. The second, the third, and the fourth saw the same distressing end. Hyacintha Marie grew more pale and worried than ever. On the last day of the week she decided that action was necessary.

That noon Jimmy had panted into the school room, late as usual, and dropped upon his desk an enormous red apple. Hyacintha Marie guessed immediately that this was young Paris' offering to his goddess. She had never heard of the mythological controversy over an inoffensive apple, but this one aroused all her smouldering jealousy; she racked her mind for the punishment to be inflicted upon her rival. Above all things, Mary Ellen could not have that apple.

School was hardly closed when Hyacintha Marie determinedly seized Mary Ellen's arm, saying sweetly,

"I'm going by your house to-night, Mary Ellen, and we can walk together"

Mary Ellen edged toward the waiting Jimmy, but Hyacintha Marie was not to be evaded so easily. Down the dusty road walked the three, Jimmy swinging Mary Ellen's book strapped to his; Hyacintha Marie carrying her own old speller. Observing his bulging pocket, she was sure that Jimmy still had the apple.

She ventured, "What you got in your pocket, Jimmy?"

He did not answer.

"Jimmy!" she insisted.

"Nothin'!" stoutly.

She accepted the rebuke, and the three tramped on, Jimmy stirring up the dust about Hyacintha

Marie, so that she had to draw away. Mary Ellen minced along the path at the road's edge.

After an unhappy silence during which the self-elected chaperon tagged at the others' heels, Jimmy spoke softly to Mary Ellen,

"Let's go across Turner's field; it's shorter, 'n anyway I want to show you somethin', Mary Ellen."

He helped her over the rail fence, but the chaperon not to be lost so easily, scrambled over unaided. Once in the pasture lot, Hyacintha Marie again fell behind, kicking the stones in the path with vicious thrusts. She tried again,

"Oh, Jimmy, you look so funny with your pocket all bulged out," she giggled. "What you got?"

At this, Mary Ellen whirled about, glaring at her rival.

"Cinthy Hicks, ain't you ashamed o' youhself to come taggin' after us? You know nobody wants you!"

She stamped her foot angrily. Hyacintha Marie's face grew white with fury, but before she could choke out a word, something happened.

A moment before, young Paris had reached the boiling point of exasperation. Picking up a stone from the path, he had hurled it spitefully into the air. All the energy of the twelve year old swain had carried that stone straight against the flank of a goat grazing quietly some rods away.

Before Hyacintha Marie could even turn, Mary Ellen, the beautiful, was racing across the boggy pasture lot, red ribbon flying, and lusty little throat emitting terrified shrieks. Not far behind was the gallant young Jimmy, retreating disgracefully but barely equalling the speed of his beloved. Some distance away, his lowered head showing plainly his purpose, galloped the injured goat straight toward the culprit, Jimmy.

"Run faster, Mary Ellen," gasped the vanquished hero, as they hopped over a muddy spot. For answer Mary Ellen slipped, slid ungracefully into the wet swamp-grass, and clung there. Jimmy, already a bit ashamed of himself, and exasperated with his wailing charge, gave one glance behind at their pursuer, and slipped into the bog after her.

A jerk or two dislodged the lady in distress, but did not silence her angry sobs.

"Jimmy D-Davis!" she screamed. "Get me out! Pull me out, quick!"

As soon as she saw that she was not yet annihilated, she turned upon Jimmy who was beginning to wonder if he had been dreaming. No goat was in sight!

"D-Don't you ever dare speak to me again, Jimmy Davis. You're the ha-hatefulest boy, I ever saw, so th-there!"

"Why, Mary Ellen ——"

"Go 'way from me! It's all your fault, an' you know it! You made me come across this old muddy place, you know you did! Let me go!"

She scrambled to her feet and ran, a wreck of bedraggled finery, not once looking back to the cause of her woe, the goat. Jimmy looked after his indignant lady-love, with one farewell, then turned to find Cinthy behind him. He had not once thought of her."

"Why, Cinthy, where've you been? An' where's that goat?"

"Oh, Jimmy, did you get hurt? You're all dirty an' scratched an'——"

"But, Cinthy, where is the goat?" he demanded.

"The goat?" she asked vaguely, "Oh, he's over there somewhere. I stopped him."

Jimmy's head drooped lower and lower. He scraped his shoe lingeringly in the grass, then asked shamefully,

"C'n I carry your speller for you, Cinthy?"

Without the least malice, Hyacintha Marie handed her faithless idol the old book. Side by side, they reached the fence, climbed it, and turned down the road. Neither mentioned Mary Ellen; neither looked at the other. As they drew near Hyacintha Marie's gate, Jimmy shuffled hesitatingly, plunging his hand in his pocket.

"Cinthy," he began bashfully,

"What you want, Jimmy?" encouraged the wily lady.

He fumbled for a moment, then drew out the prize and held it toward her.

"Want an apple, Cinthy?" he asked.

A wicked smile gleamed on Hyacintha Marie's plain little face, as she accepted the peace offering.

"G'by Cinthy."

"G'by Jimmy."

As she walked toward the house, Hyacintha Marie reflected half regretfully, "I do wish that Billy hadn't been father's tame goat!"

MY GARDEN.

MY garden boasts no climbing rose;
 No stately trellised vine,
 And not a single palm tree grows
 In the garden that is mine.
 No honeysuckle's tendrils wind
 About a rustic seat;
 No rare exotic shrubs you'll find,
 No pansy faces sweet.

My garden grows in battered cans
 Of varied size and form,
 Upon my window sill it stands
 Untouched by wind and storm.
 Although my worn plumosa droops,
 My red geranium sighs,
 My pink oxalis weary stoops
 They're beauty to my eyes.

A very tiny garden plot;
 Humbler it scarce could be,
 Yet how so homely this wee spot,
 'Tis loveliness to me.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

ENGLISH THEMES.

“NOT least among the painful consequences of the fall of Adam and Eve,” reflects many an aspirant to knowledge, “is that obstruction on the fair horizon of school days, the English theme.” It is a necessary evil which concentrated efforts seem able neither to conquer nor escape; it is an affliction, ubiquitous and domineering. Certain well-meaning but over-zealous instructors, believing firmly that grapes come not of thorns, nor figs of thistles, have set about applying this remedy to their respective little thorns and thistles. Relying upon the principle that every well-ordered machine must be constantly repaired, they center all their attacks upon the much abused mother tongue. The unwilling spirits of their victims cower helplessly before

their approach, but in vain. Inevitably, the fateful days brings forth fresh mutilations of the English language, torturesome to reader and writer alike.

In the matter of coöperation, pupils vary. From some, the extraction of a theme verges on the impossible; no amount of persuasion nor coercion can produce a logical succession of ideas, agreeable to the eye of the theme-censor. As the number of such unhappy beings is distressingly large, it is only the privileged few who may criticise. Being not of the latter number, I do not presume to set forth a learned arraignment of pedagogical methods, but only in behalf of suffering humanity, to voice my humble protest, “Let us have peace!” ADA COSTELLO, '19.

* * * * *

MY Dad is a far-seeing man, at least the rest of the family think well of his “crown of glory.” To my mind, he demonstrated it beyond a doubt when he sent me here to school. After much cogitation on the matter he concluded that if I was ever to be anything more than an ornament and a nuisance, that if ever I was to be worth my salt, nothing but some years of boarding school could turn the trick. And so he matriculated me here in this home of discipline, religion and regularity, in the hope that I might develop some practical value. He had studied the St. Mary's catalogue from cover to cover. Many an evening I had lain on my couch upstairs during the dinner hour just to avoid hearing Dad recite the old catalogue by the page. I am

subject to indigestion anyhow, you know, and when he and mother got discussing what would be good for the girl, I immediately had an attack. Ma thought Domestic Science would do a good bit towards taming me and Dad, he liked all the prescriptions and most particularly the statement that weekly themes are required in the English classes. He thought that was a capital idea, and told Ma to get me ready for school right away. They didn't persecute students with themes when Dad was a boy, and no doubt that's why he likes them so well and thinks they are so good for me. He is sure, in fact, that these themes are just what I need. You see so many letters come to the office saying just what they don't mean, and very often

when the stenographer can't say just what Dad wants said he goes off into spurts of "court language" and says he'll do some real, high-class business when his girl graduates from college. In his own words he "calculates to make an efficient office hand" of me by means of these weekly libations in literature.


Now, all I can say is, that if his proud hopes are not fully realized, it will not be that the theme assignments are mere catalogue camouflage. It is a notorious fact that as surely as we go to bed at nine o'clock on Wednesday night we have to hand in an English theme at nine o'clock the following morning. I don't mean that the latter is, by any means, an effect of the first, but the sureness with which they go together would make anyone less than a logician think so.

Well, we write these weekly themes after the latest, prescribed fashion of the Familiar Essay. We take some unheard-of subject, write it up in a strictly original way, employing some two hundred words with more or less utter recklessness, sign our name to it, the date, and English II on the left fold of the paper, and that constitutes a weekly theme.

In conclusion let me say that if my father is rejoicing over the good effect that discipline, religion and regularity are working in his darling daughter—and if he is building air castles on my rapid development through English themes, and if in a moment of exultation on the day of my graduation he fires his steady old stenographer—well, my father will have shown himself every inch the rash man I have always feared him to be.

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.


THE BIRDLING'S SONG.

 LITTLE birdling, sitting on this tree,
Your song is chanted over land and sea,
And often has it brought much joy to me.

Your life is like the single dewy star,
That leads the weary soul from paths afar,
To peaceful lands where all things perfect are.

MARY REEFE, '21.

FOR THE HONOR OF HIS HOUSE.

"AY pants, where yuh goin' with that boy?" sang out the jolly, red-faced soldier, standing, his arm thrown carelessly around the barber-pole, puffing a cigarette.

"Oh! go on, I betcha don't know where that uniform's goin' to take you," retorted the proud owner of his first long trousers. Still the offended personage grinned deliciously and drew near, his eyes wide with frank admiration.

"You're all right, sonny, real stuff! I believe you'd make a stravin' good soldier."

"Ain't it the limit, though, we ain't got one soldier in our whole tribe. The big ones," and the lad leaned confidently forward, "are all girls and you know they ain't no account for nothin'. Makes a guy feel like a slacker, but how can a fellow help it that his sisters ain't boys." He pulled up his trousers with a conscious attempt at carelessness.

"Well, cheer up, sonny. Uncle Sam can use you for reconstruction work. Fact is you're almost big enough now in those long breeches. When you're ready to go I'll give you a recommend." With a quick salute, he was gone.

The lad stood looking after him, a puzzled look on his roguish face. "Suppose he's kiddin' me," he mused aloud. Turning, he surveyed himself in the window of the barber shop. "I do look mighty grown up in these pants, although dad says I'm nothing but a dressed-up baby. I wonder if that khaki guy was kiddin' me."

Then Bub remembered his errand and hurried toward the post-office. The window was not open so he wandered listlessly around, his mind still occupied with his unpatriotic family. His eye chanced upon a poster on the office wall. "Men wanted for the army" greeted him in bold headlines. He studied the uniformed figures

carefully, following their outlines with his fingers and occasionally patting them.

The postmaster breezed in with a cheery "Hello, Bub. Going to join the army?" Bub did not answer but procured his money-order and hastened home, a determined look on his face. Noting his seriousness, his mother questioned him. But to her earnest inquiries he grunted, "Nuthin's the matter."

At dinner, his favorite chocolate pudding failed to arouse his enthusiasm and even the chicken-pie appeared plain and unusual. The evening proved long and uninteresting. Mistaking his preoccupation, his mother forced him to an early bed. He lay there thinking it over. He would be a soldier. The thought filled him with excitement. He must share his joyous suspense with someone.

His low, clear whistle brought Johnnie tumbling into the room. He stood there, a merry little imp, in his flannel pajamas, his hair tousled, his eyes bright with expectation.

"What yuh want, Bub?" he inquired anxiously. A conference with his big brother at this time of night must mean something very special.

"Well," began Bub seriously, "can a kid like you keep a secret?"

"Say now, don't yuh remember that I never squealed a bit when yuh drove the car to Hiawatha, and the time you docked Bert's dog's tail and the time—"

"Well, hold on then, I guess you'll do. Don't you dare tell a soul, but I'm goin' to be a soldier."

"Oh, dad says the war's over. Quit your kiddin' me."

"But they're still takin' them for reconstruction work. A soldier told me so and there's an ad in the post-office for army men. I tell you its time for some of this bloomin' family to do something. Not a soldier in the whole tribe. Makes a guy feel like a quitter."

"Say, didn't I sell thrift stamps and didn't mother and sis knit and didn't dad buy bonds?"

"But that isn't real fighting. Wemmin can't fight. It's up to me."

"Huh, dad won't let yuh go, I betcha," announced the youngster.

"Well, he ain't goin' to know nuthin' about it, that is, if you keep quiet."

"I said I wouldn't tell, didn't I?" maintained the little fellow in hurt tones.

"All right then, see that you don't. Dad said I could go to the country tomorrow and I'm goin' to skip from there. The poster said to register in Omaha."

"Aren't yuh going to tell mother?"

"Sure not, she'd raise an awful rumpus. I tell you, boy, wemmin get all excited over such things, and you don't want mother to get all nervous, do yuh? I tell you what I'll do. I'll write a letter like they do in stories and hide it behind a picture. Then mother will find it some day and then know where I'm at."

"I know a good place, put it behind grandpa's picture."

"Why?"

"'Cause he's dead."

"Well, maybe, but I'm not telling."

"Say, Bub, I don't want yuh to go to war. It will be so lonesome around here," and two big tears rolled down the boy's cheek.

"Now, you're just like the wemmin folks. I wish I hadn't told you. Don't you want a soldier in the family? All the other fellers in the neighborhood have got brothers in the army. Don't you want one, too? There, don't cry about it," he added tenderly.

"All right, when yuh goin' Bub?" Johnnie bravely grinned up at him.

"In the morning, I reckon. But there comes dad. You'd better skip. Goodbye, Johnnie! Don't forget your promise."

The door closed. Bub, relieved of his secret, stared open-eyed out at the stars. But down the hall, a little tousled-headed lad slipped down beside the bed and prayed,

"Dear God, let dad find it out before he gets away."

Then he buried his head under the pillows and cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke the sun was high in the heavens and the sunbeams played tantalizingly about his face. He was tired and hot and he thought he had had a bad dream. But as he jumped out of bed, it all came back to him, it was not a dream. Dressing hurriedly, he hastened downstairs, calling to his mother, "Where's Bub?"

"Why, he went with father to the farm, dear. Did you have a nice sleep?"

"Yes'um," answered Johnnie listlessly.

The morning seemed endless. A heavy weight seemed to bear him down. He felt

strangely responsible for his brother's doings. A visit to the post-office and a study of the poster confirmed his dread. Then he remembered the letter. Bud had concealed it behind grandfather's picture. If only mother would find it before it was too late. He stood looking up at it trying to attract her attention.

"Why don't you change the pictures around, mother?" he suggested.

"I do, dear, in the spring when we house-clean."

"Why don't you change grandfather's?"

"Because that is such a nice cosy corner and I always imagine he is more comfy there by the fire-place. Just a fancy, dear."

"Ain't there a cobweb up there, mother?"

"No, surely not, dear," answered his mother.

The clouds in Johnnie's sky grew darker. Mother would never change the picture, she would never find the letter. O, if he had only not promised to keep the secret. He went out in the yard to think. Aimlessly, he threw his ball about, just missing a window in his mad throw. But this gave him an idea. He would throw his ball, even at the risk of severe punishment, and break the glass in grandfather's picture.

Slipping into the sitting-room, he aimed carefully at the picture.

"Excuse me, sir," he said in solemn voice, "but its got to be done."

A clatter of broken glass followed and his mother hurried into the room.

"Why, son," she said in a pained voice, "Mother has told you so often not to throw your ball in the house. You shall be punished for this. Go to your room and remain there, until I send for you."

"Let's clean up the floor first, mother," begged the culprit in a small voice.

"Go to your room at once," ordered his mother.

But hiding in the folds of the portiere, Johnnie peered out at his mother. Breathlessly, he watched her. Would his scheme work? Climbing on a chair, she lifted the picture from its hanger. An envelope fell to the floor. Wonderingly she picked it up. Her face grew more puzzled as she read the boyish scrawl.

"Dear folks, I have gone to be a soldier. Ask Johnnie, he can tell you all about it. Your patriotic son, Joseph."

"What can this mean?" she asked herself aloud.

"It's a dead sure fact," came an excited answer from behind the portiere. Then a scurry of feet up the stairs.

The mother thought a moment, then reached for the telephone book. After some difficulty, she succeeded in locating her husband. Informing him as best she could of Bud's plans, she told him to bring the lad back to town with him. Then she called Johnnie. He came in, nervous with excitement.

"Did you get him, mother?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, dear, suppose you tell me all about it."

"I can't, mum, honest, I promised I wouldn't tell a soul."

"All right, son. You need not return to your room."

She smiled a queer little smile and Johnnie thought she looked as if she might cry.

Late that evening, two boys stood in front of the picture by the fire-place. The glass was wanting, but the same merry blue eyes smiled down at them. The big lad was intent on the picture before him, but the little fellow was studying his brother's face.

"So you see," the father was saying in a low, serious voice, "we are not without patriotism. Remember your grandfather gave his life in the Civil War."

ELIZABETH McDUGAL, '20.

ON ANTICIPATION.

THE bud is fairer than the rose full blown.
Soft petals hover close around its heart
To guard its perfume. Soon, though loathe to part,
They open. Now the changing charm has flown.
The sun, just mounting to his lofty throne,
Sends earthward many a gentle, rosy dart,
Whose glints that at the dawn from heaven start,
Surpass the noon-day shining, bolder grown.

So pleasures wrapt in dim futurity,
The joys we hope for, triumphs unattained,
When realized, or standing in the light
Of yesterday, oft lose their purity,
Although they once awakened joy unfeigned.
Reality puts fairer dreams to flight.

LUCILE POTTER MILLER, '21.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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MAY, 1919

MAY—MARY'S MONTH.

As the dark days of the winter are forgotten when Spring is with us, so are a thousand worries and cares and disappointments lost sight of in the joys of May. The trees and the flowers and the birds are a part of Mary's month. The sky wears her colors, the waters whisper her name. To appreciate how much Mary's is to us it is only necessary to think for a moment of what we would be without her. May would be infinitely less missed from the year than Mary would be from our lives. During this month every Catholic heart turns with more than usual devotion to Mary in whom every one may find a guide and model. Mary, whose very name is symbolic of purity, whose life was consecrated, is a worthy model for girlhood days. Mary, the spouse and mother is the patron of the Christian home and Mary, Our Lady of Sorrows, is the tender consolation of the bereaved and the burdened heart.

May days in all places are beautiful, but May days at St. Mary's have a special grace and charm. May is Mary's month, and she is our Mother.

"NEVER TOUCHED ME."

"And she was a convent girl, too!" is the comment one sometimes hears when a young woman's conduct falls short of the highest canons of the conventional. From this, one would infer that the office of convent-school training is not only to turn the mind and heart of the spoiled darling of indulgent parents toward high ideals, but also to correct in a short time the faults due to years of injudicious training. Indeed, in some cases it would be necessary to substitute an entirely new nature for one that is not what it should be.

Convent schools realize, more keenly than others, perhaps, that to build up a strong, beautiful nature the work must begin within, so ready-made qualities are not supplied the needy pupil to don at her entrance.

Most young girls who enjoy the advantages of convent school training are from homes in which right ideas of conduct are inculcated, and these students are held to the highest ideals during their years at school. But even these are not labelled on their graduation day "warranted to wear well."

There are always a few who will not yield themselves to the best influences, or who let them take but a superficial hold upon them, so it is hardly to be wondered at that in after years they fall short of the noblest and the best. And in considering these few, people are apt to forget the countless many who realize that "a good woman has no history."

"Simple dignity, unaffected piety and cultured intelligence" were recently given as a summary of what a convent school aims to develop in its students; and among other reasons why the aim is not always reached, were noted defective home-training, absence of home restraint and permitting young girls to take an active part in society before school-days are over. The result of this kind of training is hard to counteract and at best can only be partially done.

A philosopher of our day declares that you can send a young man to college, but you can't make him think; so, unless a young woman appreciates the necessity of coöperation with those intrusted with her education, best and lasting results cannot be obtained.

Neither must she expect her instructors to do for her what she can and should do for herself. The law of growth is self activity. In the words of the Rev. Thomas Crumley, C. S. C., "The student's mind is something more than a sponge to be saturated, or a store-house to be packed; it is an instrument to be finely fashioned, and the user must be the fashioner." Or as the Right Rev. Joseph Glass so recently said, "The school cannot educate you; fine buildings, laboratories, libraries, and instructors may be at your service; you may have all of them, and still be able at the close of your course to say, 'Never touched me!' The big element in your education is *yourself*."

SOCIALISM.

No other social revolutionary movement has received the widespread comment that has been accorded Socialism, both by its advocates and by its opponents. Yet no movement has been less understood. The laboring classes have accepted Socialistic doctrines, not because they feel that Socialism offers an assured solution to their problems, but because it offers any solution. Until the present the system has had no chance to be realized. But the newly established Soviet Republic is an example of what might be called a truly socialistic state. Glance over some of its constitutional laws: (1) Abolition of all private property and inheritance laws, (2) those who do not work cannot have part in the government, (3) religion is abolished in the schools, (4) socialization of women, (5) only civil marriages recognized, (5) divorce by petition only. Could any person desire to see the social conditions that these laws give rise to? It is as bad as an autocracy as that of the Hohenzollerns. Instead of offering a solution to the problems that exist under the present capitalistic regime, Socialism would only augment them. It would mean more turmoil, more class bitterness and more suffering, for, instead of making men equal as it claims to do, it would only subordinate the capitalists to the manual workers. Obviously this would not make for social harmony. Socialism is the result, not of civilization, but rather of perverted liberty and decadence. The present labor difficulties are the result of selfishness on the part of employers and socialism would only supplement one form of selfishness for another. In the doctrines of Christ alone, where there is no shadow of self interest, lies the true solution of this, as of all other problems involving the rights and duties of mankind.

SUNBEAMS.

Sunbeams are ever so many little sisters and brothers, who have the great, golden sun for a father and the beautiful, silvery moon for a mother. Each day, their Father Sun, sends them out to flood the world with happiness. Some mornings they ride away on the wings of the breezes and hunt out some lonely heart and make it happy all the day.

Another day, they look unceasingly for cross,

little girls and boys, and when they find them, they creep up and surprise them with a shower of dancing rays that make them forget their troubles and dance, too.

Sometimes Father Sun dresses his children in a thousand brilliant colors and hurries them off to scatter their brightness over a little sick child's room.

These good little fairies love to nestle in the arms of kind Mother Earth. When they guess that Spring is calling, they creep into the tiny hearts of her children, the flowers, and they in return burst into myriads of blossoms.

Then they love to dance in the running brooks that wander through the grassy meadows. Here, they reflect all of Nature's glory and make a jewel of every pebble.

Again they steal to the silent pines and giant oaks in the great forest. All the day they play hide and seek amongst the whispering leaves. When autumn comes, they coax Father Sun to give them his choicest colors and with Jack Frost, they paint the leaves a thousand brilliant shades.

ST. MARY'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

GRADUATE RECITAL BY MARY GRACE SOLDANI.

Grace Notes.

*The winds are alit with the year at the spring,
the world that is new;
The birds send spilt raptures of song on the wing
up to skies that are blue;
I stand on the threshold of Maytime and sing,
Lady Mary, to you.*

S. M. M.

PROGRAM

- Suite *Bach*
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.
- Allegro Moderato Op. 7 *Grieg*
- Quartette, Op. 188, No. 2 *Dancla*
Violins—Misses M. del R. Blanco, H. Betz, G. Broussard, L. Gleason, M. Humphrey, M. Kahl, M. Ward, Professor R. Seidel.
- Etude, Op. 25, No. 11 *Chopin*
- Fantasie—Impromptu *Chopin*
- Song—"The Sailor's Wife" *Burleigh*
Piano—Miss E. Meloy.
- Idylls *Boyd Wells-Goldbeck-MacDowell*
- Nonturque *Liszt*
- O Belle Nuit *Offenbach*
Harp—Miss E. Meloy
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.
- Staccato Caprice *Vogrich*
- Etude, Op. 24, No. 1 *Moszkowski*
- Slavonic Dance *Dvorak*
First Piano—Miss B. O'Melia, C. Betz.
Second Piano—Misses E. Broussard, M. Purman.
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

* * * *

As a "tribute of loving gratitude" to the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., of the University of Notre Dame the following program was offered by the students of St. Mary's on the evening of April 27:

I

- Notre Dame, O Notre Dame.....Chorus
The Students.
Jubilee Greeting to Our Guest of Honor.....
Cecilia Fitzgibbon.
Piano Duet—Ungarn.....*Moszkowski*
Misses E. Broussard, G. Soldani.
Quartet—Comin' 'Thro' the Rye.....*A. W. Platte*
Misses F. Guthrie, S. Jobst, G. Soldani, M. Gebhard.
Trio—The Lass With the Delicate Air.....*Arne-Fox*
Misses D. Ryno, D. Cunningham, E. Burkhartsmeier.
The Americans Come!.....*Fay Foster*
St. Mary's Glee Club.

II

- Duet Cycle—A Day in Arcady.....*Harriet Ware*
Spring Morning; The Seas of Noon; Good-Night
Misses F. Guthrie, S. Jobst.
Cantata—Across the Fields to Anne!...*Clough-Leigher*
St. Mary's Glee Club.
Star Spangled Banner.

The opening chorus, in which guests and students joined their voices gave the keynote for the touching word of Father Cavanaugh who spoke at the close of the program. The Glee Club was never heard to better advantage than in the Cantata, "Across the Fields to Anne."

Among the guests present were the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Provincial, the Revs. W. R. Connor, T. Vagnier, B. Ill, J. Gallagher, J. Maguire, T. Irving, J. McGinn, J. Burke of the University of Notre Dame and Father Gregory, O. S. B.

* * * *

On the evening of May 6 Miss Sophia Jobst of the vocal department gave her Graduate-Recital. Miss Jobst possesses a Mezzo-Contralto voice of broad range and sympathy which promises strength and power. Her stage presence is simple and delightfully pleasing. She displayed great versatility in the groups of song which composed her program. Her ability was demonstrated, particularly, in the second group, being best in the Aria "He Was Despised."

CLASSICAL AIRS.

- Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.....Old English
Caro Mio Ben (1744).....*Giordani*
Le Cycle du Vin.....Old French
Pretty Polly Oliver.....Old English
O Divine Redeemer.....*Gounod*
Violin Obligato—Prof. Richard Seidel.

ORATORIO.

- He Was Despised (Messiah).....*Handel*
But the Lord is Mindful of His Own (St. Paul)
.....*Mendelssohn*

- O Rest in the Lord (Elijah).....*Mendelssohn*
Violin Solo—Ballade et Polonaise.....*Vieuxtemps*
Prof. Richard Seidel.

OPERA.

- O Mio Fernando (La Favorita).....*Donizetti*
Adieu Foret (Jeanne d'Arc).....*Tschaikowsky*
My Heart at Thy Dear Voice (Samson and
Delilah).....*Saint-Saens*

MODERN SONGS.

- I Am Thy Harp.....*Huntington-Woodman*
Dawn in the Desert.....*Gertrude Ross*
A Moonlight Song.....*Charles Wakefield Cadman*
The Eagle.....*Grant-Schaefer*
The Americans Come!.....*Fay Foster*
Accompanist—Miss Estelle Broussard.

Miss Jobst was assisted by Professor Richard Seidel, violinist, whose solo number was received with enthusiastic applause. Miss Estelle Broussard gave proof of splendid musicianship throughout the difficult program.

* * * *

SONATA RECITAL.

ENSEMBLE CLASS '19.

- Sonata, Op. 12 No. 1.....*Beethoven*
Allegro con brio.
Andante con moto
Rondo
Miss Nellie Lee Holt.
Violin—Prof. R. Seidel.
Sonata in G major.....*Haydn*
Allegro Moderato.
Miss Katherine Dolan.
Violin—Prof. R. Seidel.
Sonata in F major.....*Mozart*
Allegro.
Miss Elizabeth Mahoney.
Violin—Prof. R. Seidel.
Sonata, Op. 69, No. 1.....*Dussek*
Adagio cantabile.
Allegro molto con quoco.
Miss Mary Purman.
Violin—Prof. R. Seidel.
Sonata in F major.....*Grieg*
Allegretto quasi andantino.
Allegro molto vivace.
Miss Eunice Meloy.
Violin—Prof. R. Seidel.
Sonata, Op. 100.....*Dvorak*
Allegro risoluto.
Miss Mildred Miller.
Violin—Prof. R. Seidel.
Sonata in G major.....*Grieg*
Allegretto tranquillo.
Lento doloroso.
Allegro vivace.
Miss Helen Burke.
Violin—Prof. R. Seidel.

NOTES.

In preparation for Easter Communion on the morning of Holy Thursday a very instructive and interesting tridum was given by the Reverend Joseph J. Boyle, C. S. C., during Holy Week. Father Boyle is a member of the Notre Dame

Mission Band and his sermons and instructions are always liked at Saint Mary's.

The most important athletic event of the month at St. Mary's was the much-anticipated game of basketball between the Little Juniors and the First Academic team. At least three weeks before the event the Juniors were scouting about for supporters for the "reds." They put up a very hard fight, the Academics winning only by the close score of four to three.

The Easter holidays began this year with Holy Thursday and lasted until Thursday of Easter Week, some two days more than was ever enjoyed before at Easter time. Many of the students spent the holidays at home. Those who remained at school never had a more pleasant time taking long walks, gathering flowers in the woods, enjoying their late sleeps, going to town, and numerous other diversions according to the liking of each. On the evening of the 23rd the annual Easter ball was held in the college recreation hall.

Saint Mary's is very happy to welcome among us again the two war chaplains, the Revs. Charles L. O'Donnell and John McGinn, Holy Cross priests who have just returned to Notre Dame after more than a year of service with the American troops overseas. After three months in France Father O'Donnell was sent to Italy as chaplain to an American regiment of Engineers. While there he visited Rome and the Holy Father. Father McGinn was present at a recent collegiate function, and Father O'Donnell said Holy Mass in the Novitiate and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Community Chapel.

The following old girls were guests of St. Mary's during the past month: Marie McCarthy, Juanita Thompson, Florence Casey, Mary Deur, Martina Smith, Ruth Kinsler and Marjorie Barrett.

Although of late Movies have been few and far between at St. Mary's, the pictures that we have had have been excellent. "The Light Eternal," one of the most inspiring and beautiful pictures of the screen was shown in St. Angela's Hall, Thursday evening, April 24. It portrayed the life of our Lord on earth from birth to the Resurrection. The "Transgressor," a modern drama of economic life was shown Wednesday afternoon, April 30.

Rev. Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, gave a short talk, Thursday evening, May

1, introducing Miss Lucy McGee, the well known entertainer and lecturer who is working in the cause of Irish freedom. Miss McGee gave a very interesting talk on the history of the Irish people and concluded with a number of Irish Fairy Tales. Much to the delight of her audience Miss Lucy McGee, dressed in peasants costume, danced the jig, the reel and the horn-pipe.

Special sermons during the month were given in the Community Church, on Easter Sunday by Rev. Father J. L. Carrico on the "Divinity of Christ," on Low Sunday by the Rev. Thomas Irving on "The Holy Eucharist"; on May 4th the Rev. Cornelius Hagerty preached on "The Good Shepherd," and on May 11, by the Rev. Thomas Burke of "The Love of Our Neighbor."

The Misses Drusilla Matthews and Teresa Currey, St. Mary's Alumnae, recently sailed for France where they will be engaged in the Red Cross Reconstruction work. Alma Mater's blessing and prayers are ever with them.

The final meeting for the season of St. Mary's Notre Dame Club of Chicago was held on the afternoon of May 10, at the South Shore Country Club. Among those present were friends and relatives of the members with Mother M. Pauline of St. Mary's as special guest of honor.

On Sunday, the 27th of April, the Seniors and Juniors of the college department were privileged to attend the solemn jubilee Mass of Father Cavanaugh, President of the University of Notre Dame, celebrated in the Sacred Heart Church at Notre Dame.

A great privilege was enjoyed when the graduates in English, the graduates in music, members of the Glee Club, the Violin Quartette and instructors in St. Mary's Conservatory of Music attended the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra at the Oliver Opera House, South Bend, on May 12.

On May 5 Dr. J. J. Walsh gave an interesting and instructive lecture on Marshal Foch.

As the CHIMES goes to press invitations are out for the St. Mary's Canoe Club Dance which promises to be a great success.

The following announcements of marriage have been received, and in acknowledgment St. Mary's offers sincere congratulations and hearty good wishes for the future: Lucille Miller to Mr. Bennett B. Bobbitt; Mary Louise Cowser to Captain Edward Harold Saer; Clara Costello to Mr. Henry C. Hirsch.

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My dear Mr. Secretary:

I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

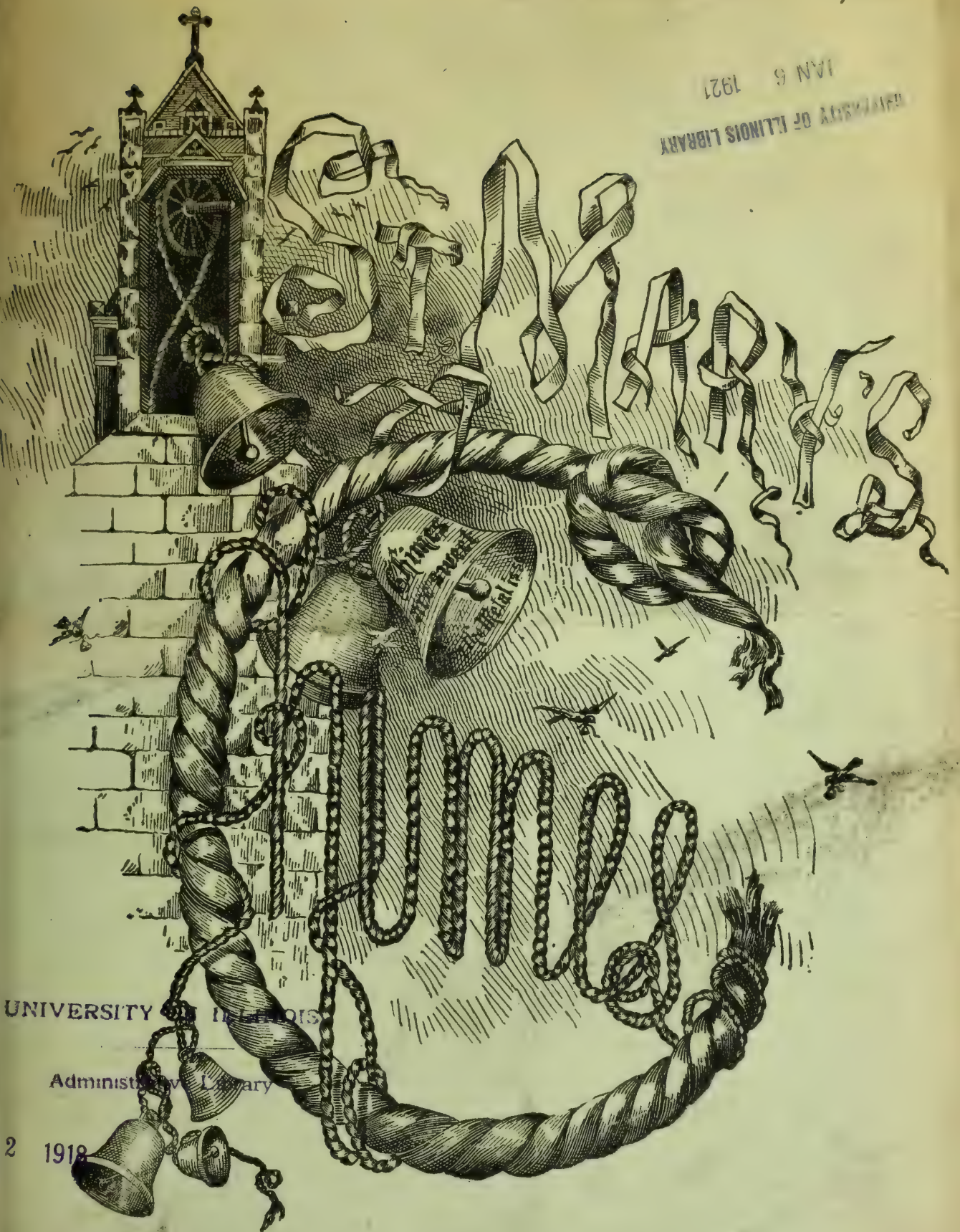
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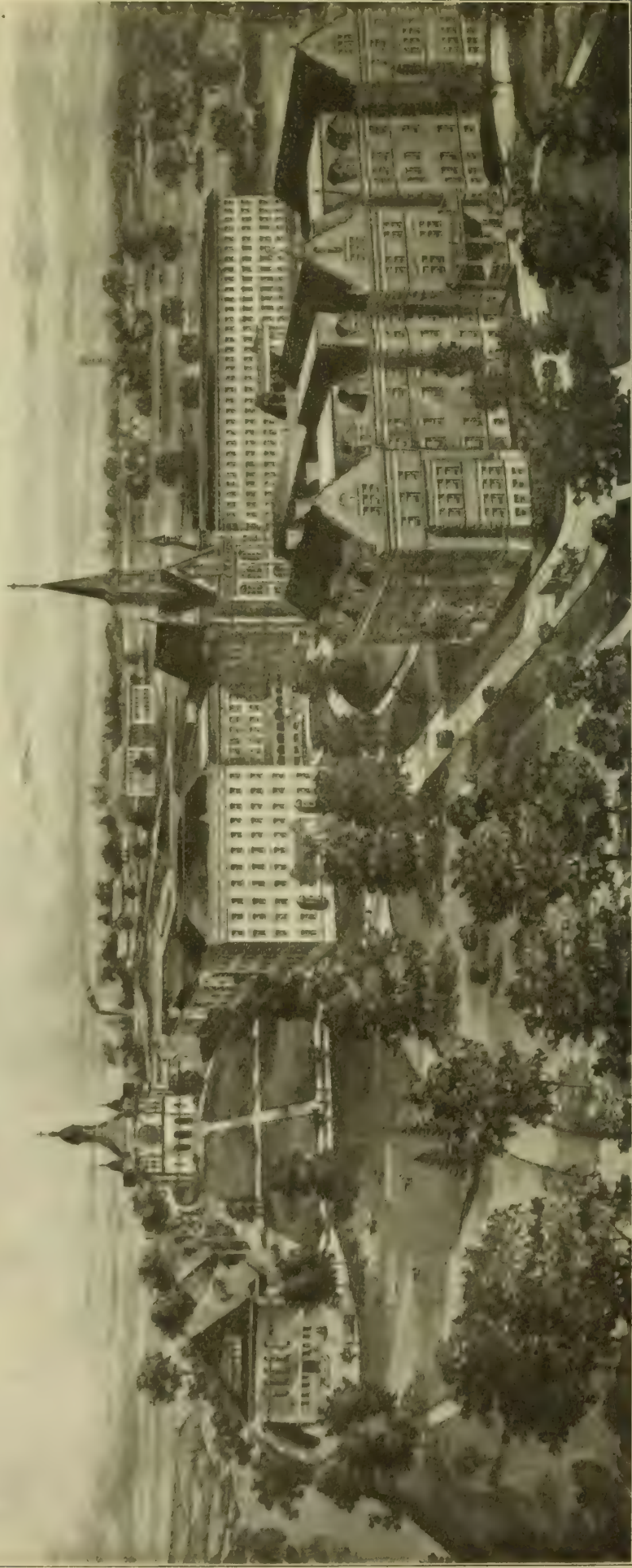


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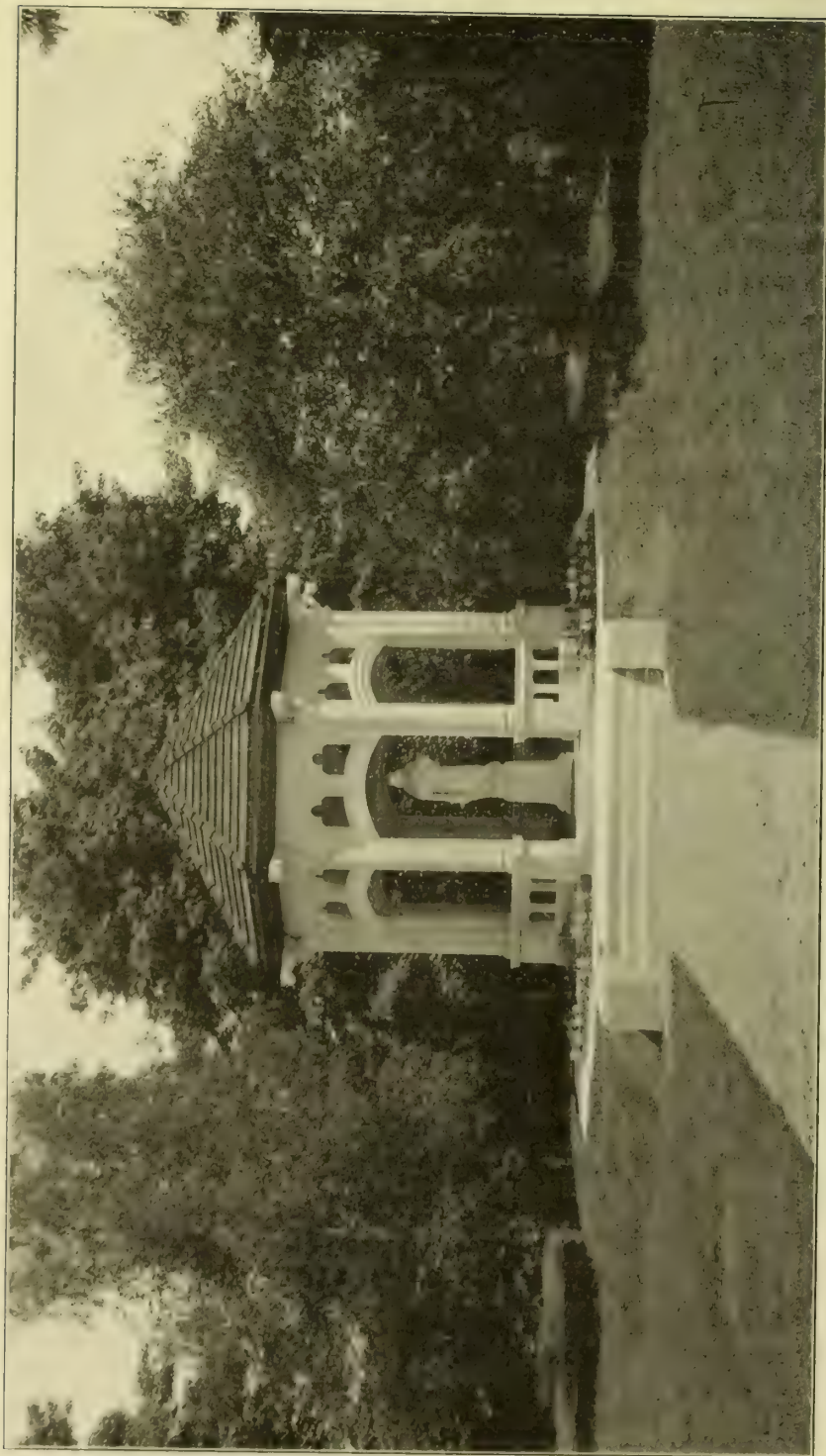


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Shrine of the Sacred Heart

*Presented by the Sisters of the Holy Cross to
Mother M. Perpetua, Superior General.
Solemnly Blessed on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1918.*

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVI

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., June, 1918

No. 10

Program for Commencement Week

Saturday, June Eighth

Distribution of Certificates in Music and Penmanship
and Athletic Trophies.
Officers Meeting Alumnae Reception
Greek Play - - - - - "Endymion"
By Students of Expression

Sunday, June Ninth

8:00 A. M. Procession to Church; Blessing of U. S.
and Service Flags.
8:30 A. M. - - - - - Mass
Celebrant - - - THE REV. J. J. FRENCH
10:00 A. M. - - - Commencement Exercises
2:15 P. M. - - - Benediction
3:00 P. M. - - Alumnae Business Meeting
7:00 P. M. - - - Social Evening

Monday, June Tenth

8:00 A. M. Requiem Mass for Deceased Alumnae
Celebrant - - - THE REV. J. GALLAGHER
10:00 A. M. Business Meeting; Election of Officers
1:00 P. M. - - - Alumnae Luncheon
5:00 P. M. - - - Japanese Tea
Compliments of MRS. ADA SHEPHARD-EMERSON,
Alumnae.
7:00 P. M. - - Social Gathering on Campus

Tuesday, June Eleventh

ADIEUS.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

THE REV. WM. BOLGER, C. S. C.
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice,
and all these things shall be added unto you."

Matt. 6-33.

The present is a time of intense earnestness and grim determination. Inspired by the magnitude of the issues at stake in the world conflict and chastened by the universal sorrow that hangs like a cloud over Christendom, men and women the world over have been driven to serious reflection. They are now questioning old assumptions, critically revaluing accepted principles, searchingly examining the individual and national conscience. Democracy, patriotism, religion, marriage and the family, the meaning and value and purpose of life—these are the vital things with which men are now concerning themselves. More than ever they are turning to religion for a philosophy of life; and what the Catholic Church has to say on any question is of interest to an increasing number of our fellow citizens.

With the possible exception of the war, the winning of which is our immediately urgent national purpose, no question occupies more attention than what has come to be called the woman question. Outside of the Catholic Church there never was a time when the minds of women themselves were more confused regarding the things that touch most intimately the lives of women. There are those who appear to think that the ballot will usher in the woman's millennium; a brilliant woman writes a book to prove that economic emancipation is woman's immediate need; some tell us divorce laws are too rigid; others say they are too lax. On marriage and children there are opinions varied enough to suit the most fastidious. Some would have husbands for the sake of children; some children for the sake of husbands; some would have husbands but not children, and some few children but not husbands. The simple unsophisticated woman looks on in perplexed amusement. For herself she wants a husband and children, and she loves her husband all the more because he is the father

of her children and her children all the more because they are children of her husband.

Some months ago a keen observer of American social conditions asked me whether I thought that the graduate of our Catholic woman's colleges understood the Catholic doctrines regarding marriage or whether like other women they merely follow the ideas and practices of their women friends and associates. I said I thought that the great majority of our Catholic College women accept whole-heartedly the Catholic ideals of marriage, and that making due allowance for the weakness of human nature, they prove themselves loyal to what they are taught, when put to the test. However that may be, it will be worth our while this morning to consider the exaltation of woman and family life wrought by Christianity.

The principal purpose of Christ's coming was, it is true, to redeem and save individually the souls of men. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you." This comprehensive statement of our Lord asserts the absolute unchallengeable supremacy of his doctrines in every domain of human activity. The acceptance of his doctrines involved a complete social reconstruction, the creation of a new civilization. Catholic doctrines are the social first principles upon which Christian civilization is founded. The most important because the most fundamental social reconstruction wrought by Christ's teaching was the rehabilitation of woman and the reconstruction of the family. Consider a moment the status of woman and the condition of family life when Christ came. She occupied a degraded position in every country, nowhere was she treated quite like a grown-up person. The code of the Hindoo law-giver Menu expresses well the mind of antiquity regarding women. "Woman during infancy depends upon her father; in youth upon her husband; when her husband is dead upon her sons; if she has no son upon the nearest male relative of the husband; for a woman ought never to govern herself according to her own will." In all the ancient civilizations polygamy was a privilege of the wealthy. It was an accepted social ideal. In the Athens of the brilliant Periclean age wives and mothers were the social inferiors of their husbands. "Dwarfs of the gynæceum," they bore and tended the children while their husbands sought companionship with the bril-

liant, cultured, and beautiful, but immoral, *hetærae*.

Divorce, too, was rampant. In modern America offices are the spoils of party victory; in ancient Rome the spoils were women. A modern historian of ancient Rome writes, "We see every political vicissitude of importance shrouded in a curious web of divorces and marriages. Now one great man hands his wife over to another, now he marries the other's daughter, now he gives his sister to wife. The poor women wander from one house to another, with the same facility with which nowadays a traveler changes his inn. For all these marriages lasted only as long as the political combinations on account of which they were entered into. To get a divorce the husband needed only to write a letter to his wife announcing his intention." The woman Christianity found was a social inferior; in her family life she was the helpless victim of polygamy and divorce. Against this background of pagan domestic life at the time of Christ's coming, the greatness of the task of elevating woman and family life is clearly seen.

Conduct is born of creed; social institutions are the product of social principles. Several Christian doctrines have contributed to the elevation of woman and the regeneration of family life. The first of these doctrines was the infinite dignity and worth of each individual considered as an end in himself. In the ancient world the individual was a means, the state an end; the individual had no rights which the state was bound to respect. If he chanced to be a slave—and the majority were slaves—he was not a person but a thing in Roman law. If he happened to be an unwished-for child, he was exposed to death.

Upon the Greeks and the Romans came Paul, the Apostle, preaching Christ crucified for the love and salvation of the individual souls of men, preaching the preciousness of each soul and the inviolable sacredness of each and all to live lives worthy of Christians and human beings; preaching the essential equality of all. The gospel knew neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, friend nor foe. The most insignificant child dwarfed in body or in mind was more precious than all the wealth and power of kings. Only a religion from God could have impressed such a doctrine upon the world; and nothing less than a religion from God can preserve the concept of essential human equality in the world today. The

doctrine of essential human equality, that every person must always be treated like a person and never used as a thing,—the acceptance of that doctrine was the first step in the Christian exaltation of woman. Henceforth woman must always be regarded as a person, with all the rights of a person, the social equal of her husband, must be what God from the beginning intended her to be, the worthy helpmate and companion of man.

A second Christian doctrine contributing indirectly but powerfully to the exaltation of woman was the divinity of Christ. When Christ, the Son of God chose to become a man, chose to have a mother as other children have, by that infinite act of divine condescension he dignified and exalted womanhood and motherhood beyond the power of the human mind to conceive. And what a mother was Mary. Summing up in her own person all that is tender and strong, all that is pure and lovable in womanliness, she has enshrined Christian womanhood forevermore. Becoming a mother while remaining a virgin, she has been for twenty centuries at once the special patron and model of the mother and the nun. To Mary the pious mother dedicates her unborn child; in imitation of Mary, the nun consecrates her virginity to Mary's son. From generation to generation with increasing power her loveliness holds captive the Christian imagination. In the divine maternity of Mary is woman's supreme exaltation.

A third Christian doctrine contributing to the exaltation of woman, is the doctrine of the superior moral excellence of the freely-chosen virgin state. This doctrine exemplified in the Blessed Virgin herself, enunciated by Christ, proclaimed by St. Paul, and from the beginning taught by the Church has been a powerful factor both in exalting woman and in enriching family life. On the one hand, wherever marriage is regarded as the only honorable and satisfying career, woman's life is cheapened. She is looked upon as incomplete unless married. On the other hand the more truly womanly women are the less likely are they to find a soul-satisfying career in business or the professions. The great woman has a big heart and must dedicate herself to some person or cause worthy of her deepest affection. Normal women crave concrete human devotion and companionship. Thus it is that the religious life furnishes to the women who have the courage, the fitness and the desire to embrace it, a noble and satisfying career, furnishes the high

seriousness of a life irrevocably dedicated to God, tempered to human nature by the consecrated companionships of religion. I have said that religious celibacy ennoble marriage. This is the reason. Without conjugal fidelity and purity marriage is intolerable or degrading. Now the mere presence in the Christian community from century to century of consecrated men and women is a proof by example of the practicability of purity, a daily reminder of its moral beauty and excellence. Never more than to-day did the world stand in need of the constant example of those who have overcome themselves. Because sensuality is a perpetual danger to the race, and because women are in a special way the victims of sensuality, the ascetic ideal exemplified in the religious life, is a socially indispensable defense of woman and the family. The nun becomes a defense of the mother.

But the Catholic doctrines on marriage, its holiness, its indissolubility and its purity are the doctrines which most directly effected the regeneration of the family and the elevation of woman. The primary end of marriage, the generation and education of children, makes marriage essentially a sacred institution. Search the pages of history, study the constitution of the earliest families among all people before they have become corrupted by a false civilization, and you will find that marriage is everywhere regarded as sacred and marriage ceremonies are religious ceremonies. The sacredness of marriage resides in its purpose. Its end is the direct coöperation with God in the creation of human souls. Parents, it is true, do not create the souls of their children but they place conditions without which God does not create souls. This coöperation with God, if the word be not irreverent, is essentially sacred and that is why any perversion of marriage partakes of the character of sacrilege.

Best to promote its primary end marriage must be between one man and one woman for life. The mother needs the love and companionship as well as the support of the father of her children. The child needs for its right upbringing the father's guiding strength as well as the mother's tender care. A little girl in an American divorce court was asked whether she wished to live with her father or her mother. She answered, "I want to have my father and my mother both as other children have." The voice of reason and of nature spoke through the child. Christ our Lord, the author of reason and of nature, restored mar-

riage to the unity and indissolubility in which God first established it. "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife and they two shall be in one flesh. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The infinite worth of every individual and the inviolable sacredness of his rights; the essential human equality of men and women, the divinity of Christ exalting womanhood and motherhood in the person of the Blessed Virgin, the superior moral excellence of the freely-chosen virgin state, the holiness, the purity, the unity and indissolubility of marriage — these are the doctrines of Christ which have raised woman from the deep degradation to which ancient paganism had lowered her, and they are her only defenses against the modern paganism which threatens to degrade her to-day. Cherish no delusions, rank paganism is with us again, blatant, impudent, self-righteous, contemptuous of the equal right of all to live, spreading its old divorce, boasting of its ancient impurity.

Recently a woman lecturer in an Indiana town, addressing an audience of its educated women declared that, should a defective child be born to her, she would destroy it with as much unconcern as she would drown a superfluous kitten, and the cultured ladies of Indiana applauded. In all great city hospitals not under Catholic auspices innocent life is taken as part of the day's routine. The medical journals and the medical profession approve it, and American public opinion does not condemn it. When the surgeon's hand is lifted to destroy innocent life, the Catholic Church is the only institution in all the world to-day that echoes back the words once thundered forth on Sinai, "Thou shall not kill."

In ancient Rome divorce destroyed all stability in marriage; in modern America divorce grows apace. In the United States there is one divorce for every twelve marriages; in four states one for every six, while one large city has the unenviable pre-eminence of having one divorce for every three marriages. Should the divorce rate continue to increase at its present rate, by 1990 one marriage in every two will be disrupted by divorce. Against this evil, destructive of the stability of family life, the Catholic Church is the only institution that stands with Christ and boldly proclaims, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

But modern family life is stricken by a curse even more deadly than divorce. In ancient Rome the most horrible abominations of impurity became respectable and Romans grew too degenerate even to propagate their kind. In modern America that outrage to conjugal purity and all human dignity, euphemistically called birth-control, spreads over the land like wild fire. No human power can stop it; American public opinion has surrendered, distinguished members of the medical profession approve; other churches hesitate or yield, the barrier of the civil law weakens day by day. There is only one power in all the world that both sees the danger and has the divine courage to oppose it. The Catholic Church and the Catholic Church alone says to the artificial limitationists, "That which you call a social reform is an abomination of impurity; that which you advocate for the good of woman is woman's deepest degradation." Women, understand it well, your temporal as well as your eternal well-being consists in fidelity to Christ and His Church. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice," and personal worth, the sweet joys of pure motherhood, the hallowed peace of consecrated virginhood, all that makes you noble and lovable and joyful shall be added unto you.

Graduates of a Catholic woman's college, it is your distinctive mission in America to-day to carry forth from your school the highest ideals of robust Christian womanliness, to carry them forth in the firm conviction of your reason, in the warm assent of your faith, in the generous love of your young hearts, and above all in the daily conduct of your lives. Just because you have enjoyed the opportunities of this old shrine of culture and religion, you have a special apostolate, an apostolate of explanation, the duty and the power to give the reason for the faith that is in you. Because of these very ideals of true womanliness which we have considered here to-day, the world which despised Christ will affect to despise you, and it maybe, persecute you. In that day your character will be tested, in that day you will, we trust, prove yourselves worthy of the consecrated women whose consolation and joy and hope of eternal reward have been to spend their lives in order to make you like unto Mary the model of women. Go forth valiant daughters of your more valiant mother, St. Mary's, and join her great army of valiant daughters.

THE VISION OF JEANNE D'ARC.

FRAGRANT fields of Domremy!
 Where Jeanne d'Arc played long years ago,
 Do you not hold some secret half-revealed,
 Some hope half spoken, half concealed
 For which she fought to make France free?
 Would that we might know.

City gates through which she passed!
 So young, so brave in armor clad,
 Did she not see, at her army's head,
 Hosts yet unborn, by her spirit led,
 Charged, the die of worlds to cast?
 For that was her heart glad?

Blackened stake where the Maid stood bound!
 Felt she a future world-war's throes?
 In that last hour her victory's palm
 Burning fagots—was she thus calm
 That in her a helpless nation found
 Immortal hope? God knows.

HELEN IRENE KUST, '18.

VALEDICTORY.

ST. MARY'S IN PEACE AND WAR.

FOUR years ago, we came to St. Mary's amid an atmosphere of peace, whose serenity was only emphasized by the cloud of war, "no larger than a man's hand" on the European horizon. We brought with us chiefly good will and deficiencies. We had come to school to find out some of the necessary facts of history, philosophy, literature, science that we did not know, to acquire some of the culture and poise that we did not possess. Beyond the most obvious purposes of going to school, our objects were indefinite, our aims undetermined, our ideals vague. At that time of our country's peace and our own real need, St. Mary's received us as a kindly Mother, a queen among schools that she is. Hers is the mission, the duty sacred beyond the education of the mind. It is the nobler work of training the heart, of moulding character. The forming of the perfect Catholic woman is her exalted aim. And in such unpromising materials as we brought to her, she pointed out the possibilities of high moral strength and courage, of the incomparable beauty of womanhood, of spirituality and idealism. For touching our eyes to this vision of what we may be, no less than in

making us what we are today, we thank St. Mary's with all the eloquence of grateful hearts, however meager our words of gratitude may be. From such a vision of peace, from our four years' dream fulfilled, we turn to our school of the present crisis, Saint Mary's in time of war. Always a follower of Divine ideals in times of peace she sees even more clearly the white light of truth, and points out to us, with more holy zeal, the shining of the Cross through clouds of war. We are proud of her in her position of Champion of Catholic Patriotism. Grasping better than mere human calculations can appreciate the true meaning of war, she understands also where lies the sword by which victory will be won. She has heard voices amid the peace of these lovely grounds, bidding her seek out the strong armies of her children's faith and prayers to lead them out to certain conquest against every enemy of her Christ and King.

She has been our loving Mother in peace, she is our dauntless, our courageous Leader now. She has armed us with the armor of God, she has girded us with the breast-plate of justice and the shield of faith, our feet and hers are shod with the gospel of peace. How shall we speak of gratitude, of loyalty to such a leader, or to those who inspired by such leadership have communicated it to us? What shall we say in Valedictory? This is not a day of farewells,—it is a day of battle cries and God-speeds. It is ours to carry the standard of Saint Mary's before the world, it is ours to raise our own blue and white so high that only the blue and white of heaven will be above it. As our brothers have felt in leaving home for the braver service of country, so do we feel in leaving you, Mothers, Sisters, school girls and friends at Saint Mary's.

In our Mother at Saint Mary's we have a concrete embodiment of all our ideals. In our teachers we have found lessons more abiding and potent than any lessons learned from books. These beautiful lessons which you have taught us we hope to imitate and to uphold throughout our lives. Mothers, Sisters, schoolmates what a trinity of ties to bind us forever to you, beloved school! With your name on our lips, your hopes in our hearts, your ideals before our eyes, we go forth to fight and to win for Saint Mary's, for America, for God.

LORETTO BROUSSARD, '18.



THE WARRIOR-MAID.

HALT you and stay,
 O World, make way,
 Make way for Liberty!
 She spurs her down the ages
 In company with saints and sages,
 This warrior maiden of democracy,
 This terror fair of tyranny—
 And halts abreast the turmoil of today.
 In marvellous array
 To smite, to slay
 She swings her spirit sword, the while
 Her breastplate wrought in justice flashes death
 Before autocracy.
 Ah! she is passing fair to see,
 Accoutred well in armory of God.
 She rides her snow-white charger, shod
 With peace, and peace is on her face and in her smile.
 With shield of faith and helmet of salvation
 She leads a freedom-loving nation,
 And truth and peace wake with her white soul's breath.

Lead on, lead on, fair Liberty!
 Thou art triumphant in the way.
 Lead thou our armies on to victory.
 For was it not thy spirit in the fray
 Who trod the Persian's neck at Marathon?
 Dids't thou not stay
 The scourging Attila at glorious Chalons,
 The first great Marne? At Tours did'st thou
 Not scatter Islam's power before thy paradisal sword?
 'Twas thou repulsed that bloody horde
 When Ypsilanti rose to fame immortal.
 Once more the sons of freedom bleed,
 Sore wounded by the sons of greed.
 O, lead us! See, we list to thy commands,
 For death or life no heed,
 We wait at either portal,
 Finding in thee our need,
 To victory lead our heroic bands.

But hark! she speaks,
 "Ye men of wealth and power and might, would ye
 Be truly free?
 Aye, drag the despot from his throne who seeks
 To thrive on human woe.
 Ah, then the task is but begun.
 Strike, strike the foe
 Within your hearts ere peace is won.
 Put down the selfish passions from their seats
 Enthroning love supreme, that when beset
 By vain anxiety and fear,
 Ye may command them to depart,
 And still their noisy clamorings that ye may hear
 In silence sweet, in care's surcease,
 The whisperings divine of inward peace."

How can we follow, follow there
 In the way that saints have trod?
 Fair Maid of Christ, ah! thou can'st lead us anywhere,
 Divinely armed and shod;
 Thou, Liberty wilt lead us on to God.

POST COMMUNION.

THE feet of Christ are set in human places.
 How shall I tell of ways by which they led
 Who only know I hungered and was fed;
 And presently I came to luminous spaces,
 Where hands were lifted toward me, eyes and faces,
 And voices pleaded past me, "Thou hast said,
 'Come to Me, ye who would be comforted!'"
 These things I knew, O Christ, in Thy embraces.

These things I knew and felt, and comprehended
 That Thou walkest not with me alone, apart;
 Thou comest with a retinue attended
 Of sorrows, Man of Sorrow as Thou art;
 That I may feel, till time and tears be ended,
 The tides of life that break against Thy heart.

S. M. M.

FEMINISM, REVOLUTIONARY AND CHRISTIAN.

PROGRESS, industrial and economic, is the cry of the modern world. We have not taken time to discover what the term means, nor the principles involved in its use. Much less do we know where it will lead, or in what it will result. We assume that movement must mean improvement, that progress must imply getting ahead of, rather than above present conditions. It demands that we move onward rather than upward with the problems of life. The question of woman's rights is as old as Christianity, yet when it is clothed in such vague and novel terminology as "woman's emancipation" and "woman's political claim," it attracts not only the modern radical reformer, but also the general public. The recent demonstration which took place in Chicago under the guise of a "personal liberty parade" proves the general interest of the woman's question today. This problem when viewed rationally is a vital and highly interesting one, but, when looked at through the distorted vision of the modern feminist in her mad desire for freedom, demands "liberties" which are out of the realm of right living.

The Feminist movement, still in its present unformed condition, can better be described than defined. Because of its scope and the many problems which have sought shelter under its title, the term today includes all the radical movements and theories which the modern woman has advanced to gain her industrial, political and economical liberty. It divides itself, in the broad-

est scheme of things, into Revolutionary and Christian Feminism. The names indicate the general and fundamental differences between the two. Closer examination discovers that Revolutionary Feminism has failed to realize that "woman's rights" are closely interwoven with her obligations to God, and that on a moral Christian basis alone will it be possible to gain a lasting industrial and political freedom. The startling ideas given out by the anti-Christian feminist in regard to marriage and the sanctity of the home are being widely accepted today by an uninstructed and restless public. The dangers which follow the spread of such propagandas are appalling, not to this generation alone, but to all posterity. These dangers are not the mere imaginings of the "mediæval-minded Christian," for they are apparent in the innovations that Revolutionary Feminism has brought about and is bringing about today. The result of an individualism so extreme as to take no account of authority leads to a degraded and rapine moral status. This is perhaps their greatest and most dangerous achievement for to separate the idea of moral independence from Christian ethics is to destroy the bulwark of the foundation of Feminism.

Christian Feminism takes as its basic principle the moral liberty of woman, and from that proceeds to build up a freedom and equality for her that is as satisfying as it is lasting. It maintains that woman's and man's positions are the same morally but different physically, so justice

to her can be secured only when the conditions of her physical life respect those of her moral life. Moral liberty concerns the spiritual and therefore the highest element in woman. The Christian Feminist urgently holds that as woman is educated and is concerned with industrial life, it is, of course, her right to have the ballot, but she must be directed in its use by a moral influence. To her, moral liberty is, as Margaret Fletcher has defined it, "the power to develop unhindered one's personality to the highest degree, to make one's way unchecked to union with God, and to repress the animal tendencies that would keep us from Him." This is the foundation on which she builds the whole structure of woman's rights and duties. She must find her solution of true Feminism in the religion of Christ, the divine rule for life. Her task is twofold: as an individual she must strive for moral perfection, and as a member of society she must help to develop humanity. Therefore, "her freedom consists in fulfilling unimpeded this double task with its rights and privileges both in public and private life."

The Revolutionary Feminist makes no provision for subjecting the lower to the higher self. It is doubtful whether she recognizes a higher self in a spiritual sense. She believes that woman's relations to God are distinct from such questions as child labor, the sweating industry and the living wage. A modern school of materialistic writers sets forth ideas of moral freedom so loose that a working girl of seventeen, who helps to support her family is thereby justified in taking her own natural desires and crude reasoning as her sole guide for the moral problems of her life. Such a rule of conduct will destroy all ideas of the authority and duty to family. It is against this extreme individualism that the true feminist must fight to maintain her long established idea of Christian family life which is one of the primary factors in helping woman to develop and raise herself to a high moral freedom which is the foundation for her education.

It is interesting to note that Revolutionary Feminism found its origin at a period when the political life of nations was in a state of decay. Feudalism had given place to absolutism, which was in turn giving way to Democracy. With Feudalism passed chivalry, a synonym for purity, love of Church, and reverence for women. After the so-called Reformation, people began to re-

gard Economics and Ethics as two distinctly separate subjects. They did not see that the non-existence of an objective standard of value, the absolute ownership of property and the right of free contracts between employer and employed, all had their foundations in the divine Law of God, which was given to the world through the Church they had renounced. Christian principles were thrown aside so there was nothing to hold civilization together. Woman became restless and began her fight for liberty, thinking little of ideals in her intense desire to be free.

The low plane, intellectually and spiritually, to which woman fell in the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth centuries records the bad effects of the "new thought theories" on woman, and contrast her condition with that of pre-reformation times when the Catholic Church had raised up such perfect women as St. Theresa and St. Jane Frances de Chantal.

Christianity discovered the individual and in doing so discovered woman. The attitude of the Catholic Church toward her is that of Christ who raised her to that supremest plane of humanity when He expressed His idea of perfect womanhood in His Blessed Mother.

The anti-Christian feminist has urged frequently that the Church is antagonistic to the advancement of woman. This idea is probably gleaned from reading partial extracts from the early Fathers of the Church and judging them without sufficient knowledge of existing conditions at the time of publication. It is easy to authenticate the favorable attitude of the Church when we realize that women are canonized as saints. Some are Doctors of Mystical Theology, and one in particular, St. Hilda, took charge of a large community of men. Today Agnes Repplier and Caroline Gleason are among the conspicuous thinkers of the world and are distinguished not less for their intellectual ability than for their virtue and loyalty to the Church. If the Revolutionary Feminist will recall, it was at the time of the Reformation that woman was deprived of all means of education which until quite recently were not restored to her. Christian Feminism through the church has always insisted that man as an owner of property is responsible to God and morally bound to help the poor, and it demands that the wage of the employed be sufficient to support right and reasonable living. Are

these not the problems before the feminist today?

As a theoretical means to gain her emancipation, the modern feminist offers a perverted conception of the right of the individual. Charlotte Perkins Stetson spoke for her party when she said, "In our present stage of social evolution it is increasingly difficult and painful for women to endure their condition of economic dependence, and therefore they are leaving it. Democracy means, requires, is, individual liberty." In practice such extreme individualism leads to the denial of the Ethical principle that Feminism must find its ultimate justification in God.

The reformer of today often asks why organized Feminism developed outside the Church if it is of christian growth. This is readily answered by the fact that Catholic women, even the most wretched and ignorant, know that this life is not the end for which they are living. They do not experience that hopeless soul-suffering which cries for relief. They look upon their lives as periods of service to God who will reward their labors with divine generosity. This is the ultimate end of their existence, which the Revolutionary Feminist lacks and which she supplies by some absorbing form of social service. On the other hand, if we consider the practical side of Feminism we find that Catholic women, both in the world and in the convents, have always furnished examples of social workers. They may not have called themselves by that name,—Charity prefers the disguise of humility to notoriety.

It was only when it became a necessity to offset the demoralizing influences of Revolutionary Feminism that Christian womanhood organized itself for work. The condition of Belgium before the great war furnishes an example. The government, following the code of Napoleon, gave woman a position inferior to that of the American woman. However, there was a highly developed training for her in agriculture, domestic science and even technical employments, yet Revolutionary Feminism was not a factor in this development. The Belgian woman understands what liberty means for she uses her spiritual faculties to guide her industrial advancement. In his war novel, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," H. G. Wells makes a point of the superiority of the Belgian woman over her English sister who leads the way in Feminism.

Within the last ten years, Revolutionary Fem-

inism has made great progress as evidenced by the spread of its immoral teachings. The innate refined delicacy of Christianity as expressed by St. Paul in his words, "Let these things not so much as be named among you," is a sharp contrast to the brazen campaign of the birth control propaganda which circulates its vulgar literature openly among even young children and displays its crude obscenity on the moving picture screen and the stage. Public opinion has become so hardened as to tolerate such principles as the so-called "emancipation of woman from the servitude of the marriage bond," called servitude because it is, in the eyes of the extreme feminist, a kind of slavery for a woman to be dependant for a livelihood upon a man. These propagandists either forget or do not understand that the matrimonial state has its separate functions for the husband and wife, both of which are equally important and noble. The mere material resources furnished by the man afford a house, but the woman's mission is to make the house a home, surely the greater task. Moreover, these propagandists would deem it a degeneration of motherhood to build about it the sanctuary of the home, safeguarded from desertion by legal, social, and, above all, religious barriers. The popularity today of Ibsen's "Doll's House" illustrates how easily human nature can be blinded to the truth. It is significant, however, that although written in 1879, it was not recognized until about 1900—it took twenty years for people to adjust and lower themselves to such a contemptible ideal of woman.

Christian Feminism is as progressive as Christianity. Both rest on truth, which is unchangeable and therefore cannot be said to progress in the sense of revising or modifying its doctrines. The advance of truth is not internal but external and means its wider dissemination and acceptance. In the same manner Christian Feminism is progressive not in doctrines but in numbers; as it was when Christ lived, so it is today. Its adherents realize that "Progress is not so much an onward but an upward movement." They are striving to show that the modern woman is making a great mistake by placing a materialistic and sophisticated education before religion. The Revolutionary Feminist takes no account of the soul-training. Three fourths of women today know nothing of ethics, and yet this is the one subject in which woman has a final voice. The

questions of life and death are absolutely answered by her. The living wage and the servant problems in their ultimate analysis are ethical. For the most part the training of children is woman's duty and so upon her rests the responsibility of the morals of the world. If she divorces the social and industrial problems from the moral, what kind of training will result? The youth of the country will grow up with no definitions of right nor wrong and they will have no standard by which to judge and correct themselves. As soon as the idea of God and His right is left out of the drama of life, woman, and with her civilization, sinks to a low level. When the anti-Christian feminist grasps the idea that her first duties are to God and the family she will have made a definite gain in her industrial liberty. The proposed difficulty of the revolutionary worker that today women are industrial workers, independent wage earners, and social workers, answers itself by the training of these same workers. If they are educated morally and work for a God-loving public, there will be little need to talk of "woman's rights," social welfare and the like.

The national and international councils of Feminism organized as "undenominational assemblies" to promote the good of humanity, the highest good of the family and state, have left no place in their programs for underlying principles which must bring about and make this unity of thought lasting and not a mere formula. No one will deny that every individual in these various councils will have her fundamental beliefs on religion or irreligion and these must influence her in solving economic and industrial problems. The more domineering members will gain ascendancy

over the more timid and the councils will soon cease to be "undenominational assemblies." It is impossible to coöperate on an undenominational basis and have any worth-while results. France furnishes the best example of this in the Society of "La Fronde" prominent until 1896, when the first organized Christian Feminism appeared with Mdle. Maugeret as leader. She organized on a religious basis with moral liberty as the central idea resulting in the counteraction of the insane and over-worked ideas given out in La Fronde. Since 1900 Revolutionary Feminism has been steadily losing its hold in France, due to the persistent and faithful work of Christian women such as Mdle. Maugeret.

The Christian Feminist realizes that her immediate work is to avert the danger of the hour which is an intellectual one. We must look to her "to separate the gold from the dross" and to teach the rank and file of women the definition of liberty. With the coöperation of intellectually capable Catholic women she will be able to bring those most exposed to the revolutionary movement to a definite understanding of the basic principle of Feminism, the moral liberty of women.

The war has done much to check the anti-Christian spirit. Today the world has little time to bother with the immoral propaganda of the Revolutionary Feminist. It appeals to the true, self-sacrificing woman to serve as the inspiration for the manhood of this world. It asks her for the ideal and perfect woman and mother; the Revolutionists have nothing to offer. Christianity points to the Mother of God; and if that world cannot see in her a subject of veneration, it must at least recognize in her the Immaculate Queen of womanhood.

RUTH BEATTY, '18.

JUNE.

'TIS life, just life, and June—
On petal dew, the sun
Climbing to cloudless noon,
Birds on the wing,—and summer just begun.

'Tis life, just life, and June —
To bees low hum, are we
Fancy's glad captives soon
Heart-deep in June's sweet witchery.

CECELIA FITZGIBBON, '19.

"THE BIG SISTER" MOVEMENT: AM I MY "SISTER'S KEEPER?"

IN the course of one of the Bible History classes, not long ago, a third grader was reproducing the story of the Five Wise and Five Foolish Virgins, and said, "While they went to buy oil, the 'bridegroom' entered and the doors were shut." No doubt every one can recall instances when he struggled amid the intricacies of difficulty, and to us at that age meaningless words. Yet in the years that followed we have realized that the stories of the Bible History furnish the foundations for many of our modern movements. We, of the twentieth century, are the heirs to a rich and abundant legacy—the thoughts and the organizations of early times. In a number of cases, the first endowment to this legacy was given by God Himself in the lessons which He taught. The "Big Sister" movement, am I my sister's keeper? although stated interrogatively has the affirmative answer apparent. We readily recall the story from Bible History of Cain and Able; the excuse of the former that he was not his brother's keeper; the displeasure of God; and the punishment which attended Cain. Thus we are aware that it is our duty to give aid to our less fortunate sisters.

The members of a family are united in spirit and intention; the members strive to guide and assist the brothers and the sisters. Where love and devotion exist each feels that he is his brother's keeper, or that she is her sister's keeper. Branching outward from the family, we have the same spirit in the school. The teacher is the "big sister" of her pupils, instructing, leading them through doubts and errors to a true understanding, so that after hours of difficulty, the child can pronounce perfectly, "anticipation" rather than "antickipation."

Woman's work and the world's work have ever been inseparable. But in the midst of this world crisis, more has been added to the proverb. It now reads: "Woman's work and the world's work are never done." We are all war workers, and civic workers. Under the latter head, we may name, "Woman's Welfare," "Community Welfare," and the "Big Sister Movement."

"And we, whose burden is to watch and wait,—
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,—
We ask what offering we may consecrate.
What humble service share.

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves and never count the cost,
For others' greater need."

The "Big Sister" movement was organized by working women for working women. Its policy was advised by a group of business women, who in winning success for themselves, have mapped out crooks and turns in the road that younger feet must travel. The question arises, "Why do big sisters enjoy helping little ones?" or "Why do busy successful women give freely and willingly of their time and strength to make the movement a success?" The answer is—the mother instinct and human sympathy. The "Big Sister" movement is neither philanthropic nor is it reform. In the words of one of its exponents, "it is living." Often it is the case with reforms that the reformers make worse that thing which they wish to change. In many instances, the lack of interest or sympathy may be the reason.

Let us note some phases of the "Big Sister" movement; how some have considered themselves their sister's keeper. The first example which I would state is that of the Catholic Woman's Association in Indianapolis. This was organized about three years ago on a small scale. Larger accommodations have been adopted twice and at present they are considering another move, this time to establish a dwelling equal to the Y. W. C. A. The purpose is to give a home to working girls whose salary is not sufficient to permit a large expenditure. Recreation and amusements are provided. A music instructor and a teacher proficient in French have classes there twice a week. Upon one occasion the "Big Sister" part was displayed in an amusing way when romance had a share. A young lady whose talents were divided equally between the arts of domestic science and music found her funds diminishing to such an extent that she could no longer pursue the study of music. She applied as cook at the Catholic Woman's Association and was accepted. She confided her little adventure to a few of her friends but to the young man who was very attentive, she said that she was teaching music at the Home. One Sunday at eleven o'clock an invitation came for dinner at the Commercial Club. Her attention was needed in

the kitchen, but the little escapade! Why the climax was reached and the ending would be tragic, she thought. Not so. Her friends came to her rescue, volunteering to prepare dinner and to let her accept the invitation. That was last Fall, so I have not heard whether the story has had another climax as serious or more serious.

An example comes from Kansas, Alice Mary Kimball, a kindly, capable young woman is in her office—the office of the “Big Sisters.” A telephone rings. “This is Mrs. B.” the voice explains, “I wish to invite two little sisters to dinner Sunday. We are planning a drive for the afternoon.” Then the secretary turns to the morning mail. A ten dollar bank note is pinned to the first letter. “Use this as you think best to help some little sister. Given in memory of my own little sister who spent some lonely months in a large city.”

Some lonely months! We have all had the experience of being a “new girl.” Yet different from the average girl in that we were sheltered from the cold attitude of the indifferent world of the city. We, indeed, were surrounded by “big sisters” from among our teachers and “old girls” who strove to make us feel the ease and the comfort of our second home, St. Mary’s.

From Walnut Corners go forth many into the large city of unfenced room. Perhaps you have wondered what sort of dead and alive people lives there. One could not even get club sandwiches in such a place. Sometimes it is difficult to get them and that happens in a place that does not come under the list of small, hopelessly small towns. Upon one occasion we were in a strange city and had only a limited time. We ordered club sandwiches and waited. Then we waited longer. At last we learned that they had to be ordered from a restaurant near by. In many cases the girl is untrained. She has no work in view. All this does not disturb her or she feels sure that she can earn at least six dollars a week and that is a Utopian wage for a girl at Walnut Corners. Let us study one character who enters the city. No doubt we have all seen her step on the train. She is very young, not more than eighteen. She wears her shabby best. Her straw hat, trimmed with brave cotton roses came from the millinery shop at the “Corners.” Her prettiness is all country prettiness. Clear eyes and a tanned complexion suggest fresh air, forest-hung roads, and clover meadows. An imitation leather suit case bulges

queerly with her small possessions. She sits upright in the coach and gazes about her with all eagerness of those to whom all things are new. Sometimes she dabs her eyes with the handkerchief she wept into a hard little ball when she told her mother Good-bye. Sometimes she opens the tiny wrist-bag and glances nervously within to make sure that she still has her ticket and her small, desperately precious bit of money. She is a little afraid. She has learned from warning relatives that the city is dangerous. But she is more afraid of Walnut Corners. Yet the child misses the love, the simplicity of the home. She, indeed, would welcome the friendliness of a “big sister.” A letter, such as the following from the generous-hearted wife of a farmer would cheer and encourage her as she meets the work-a-day world. “I have read in the papers of your good work to make the city friendly to girls. We have a large farm house two hours’ ride from the city. The farm motor car is in the city every Saturday afternoon and I shall be glad to have it sent all through the summer for two or three little sisters who would enjoy Sundays in the country. We have plenty of pure milk, thick cream, fresh eggs, country butter, garden vegetables—and there is always chicken for Sunday dinners.”

The spirit then that helps is hospitality. Hospitality has been the keynote to the success of the movement. Most of the factories and large offices have a “big sister” group among the employees. A committee of “Big Sisters” investigates rooms and boarding houses at a cost within the girl worker’s income. Other committees plan parties, picnics, lectures, dinners and socials.

It was Robert Louis Stevenson who protested that his duty to his neighbor was not to make him good but to make him happy. The “Big Sisters” preach not all but practice a great deal. Nobody, not even a six-dollar-a-week shop girl enjoys being “done good to.” A comradely lift over a hard place by one who has herself known hard places may be accepted light-heartedly. But no wage earning girls relish advice from comfortable superior folk who have not had an inkling of those grim conditions of their struggle. It is the happy spirit which is disseminated that causes contentment to all and causes the girl to exclaim:

“I dream of hills of other days whose sides I loved
to roam

When Spring was dancing through the lanes of
those distant hills of home.”

THE SCHOOL OF YEARS.

WHAT have I learned these years?
 Have I not found on every path I trod,
 The shining feet of God,
 Thus far alone,—
 Witnessing all my own,
 Have found no need of love?
 Nay,—
 This have I learned,—all is from God above.

What have I felt these years?
 Have I not touched outstretched protecting hands,
 Guiding past drifting sands?
 When sorrow bowed my head
 Prayers were the words they said,
 Of all the friends most true;
 Ah,—
 What gratitude to these is due.

What shall I do from now?
 As youth's sweet dream draws near it's end,
 I find new life to tend—
 Which I most gladly take,
 And offer for their sake,
 These are my thoughts today.
 Ah,—
 May I live for them every way.

LUCILE SCANLON, '18.

ST. MARY'S SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL
COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement Day with its usual exercises was set for Tuesday, June 11. Fortunately the privilege of sending formal invitations had been denied all except the collegiate and academic graduates, for in anticipation of a rumored change regarding railroad transportation, the appointed exercises were held at ten o'clock on the morning of June 9, when the following program was carried out:

Coronation March - - - - *Meyerbeer*
 First Piano—MISSSES C. BETZ, C. DAVIS
 Second Piano—MISSSES G. SOLDANI, E. BROUSSARD
 Violins—MISSSES R. HILLEKE, M. DEL R. BLANCO, G. BROUSSARD, H. BETZ, C. KELLY, M. KEOWN, F. LESZCZYNSKI, D. HIMEBAUGH
 PROF. R. SEIDEL
 Chorus—My Own United States - - - *Edwards*
 Introduction and Allegro appassionato Op 92 *Schumann*
 First Piano—MISS C. DAVIS
 Second Piano—MISS C. BETZ
 Chorus—Gypsy Serenade - - - - *Ambrose*
 VOCAL CLASS
 Piano—MISS C. BETZ
 Class Poem—The Warrior Maiden - - - -
 MAY AGNES HILLEKE

Vocal Solo—Farewell, Ye Hills, "Jeanne d'Arc"
 - - - - - *Tschaikowsky*
 Miss S. JOBST
 Piano—MISS E. BROUSSARD

Valse Op. 15 - - - - - *Arensky*
 First Piano—MISS G. SOLDANI
 Second Piano—MISS E. BROUSSARD

Class Essay—Feminism, Revolutionary and Christian
 RUTH FRANCES BEATTY

Vocal Quartet—An Irish Folk Song - - - *Footé*
 MISSES F. GUTHRIE, H. KUST, G. SOLDANI, S. JOBST
 Piano—MISS H. BURKE
 Violin Obligato—MISS M. DEL R. BLANCO

CONFERRING OF HONORS

BY

THE RT. REV. H. J. ALERDING, D. D.

GRADUATING MEDALS AND DEGREES IN COLLEGIATE
COURSES.

GRADUATING MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS IN CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC.

DIPLOMAS IN ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

CERTIFICATES IN HOME ECONOMICS AND NORMAL
COURSES.

Valedictory—St. Mary's in Peace and War - - -
 LORETTO BROUSSARD

Chorus—Summer - - - - - *Chaminade*
 ST. MARY'S GLEE CLUB
 Piano—MISS E. BROUSSARD

Address - - - - -
 THE VERY REVEREND P. E. BLESSING, V. G.

Chorus—Star Spangled Banner

Hungarian March - - - - - *Schubert*
 First Piano—MISSSES B. O'MELIA, E. MELOY
 Second Piano—MISSSES H. BURKE, P. BARRETT
 Violins—MISSSES R. HILLEKE, M. DEL BLANCO, G. BROUSSARD,
 H. BETZ, C. KELLY, M. KEOWN, F. LESZCZYNSKI,
 D. HIMEBAUGH
 PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL

In keeping with the times the national colors formed the scheme for decoration. Suspended above the stage was an immense shield surrounded with electric lights and surmounted by an eagle, while the bold eagle alone kept guard over the audience. Our own beloved flag was everywhere in evidence, but in one spot, particularly, around our Lady's statue, it hung together with the tri-colors of France and the Union Jack.

The address of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Blessing is given, in part, below:

"VERY REV. FATHER, DEAR SISTERS, MEMBERS OF
 THE SENIOR CLASS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

"I am grateful to the College for the privilege of addressing the class of 1918. I have listened with intense interest to the exercises and espec-

ially to that essay which typifies the broadness of speech and profundity of education inculcated by a College which need not hesitate to rank itself with the best institutions of learning. It is my privilege to congratulate you on the completion of the courses which you have chosen and may this learning be but the promise of many greater successes.

"We stand today at a peculiar point; a point toward which the world has tended for one hundred years, only to arrive at it suddenly. To us members of the Church of Christ, in this moment of crucial failure or success, our duty is clearly pointed out. We may look to Catholic teaching, and show the principle of Catholic Doctrine but we need leaders. This leadership must be equally distributed among Catholic men and Catholic women of America. Now-a-days each one starts with a different point of view and consequently cannot arrive at the same conclusion, hence the theories which seem outrageous when taken out of their environment unless we understand from whence they sprang.

"Before the war men's minds were filled with discontent and foreboding for the future. At the present the moment has come—the opportunity for truth. It is my firm conviction that the Catholics have an opportunity to lead men in facing reality. Sons and brothers are facing naked Death and when man faces death he reaches out after that which is true.

"The theory of the dreamer becomes the rule of the man of today. Try to keep the social, ethical and spiritual atmosphere of the Catholic Church and men's souls can be saved.

I have had the opportunity of working among that class known as the Laboring Class, I have seen a mother go out at six-thirty in the morning to earn bread for the children she has borne, I know a father with insufficient means to support his orphans. I have seen the dull grey hue that spread over his whole existence in spite of the teaching of Christ. The Catholic Church has never been a defender of what is painted as an absolute opponent of change of any kind. From the very moment that our Savior raised His voice as an advocate of change she has labored to change things that should not be, and for social uplift, the Church is going to work again unhampered.

"I would ask every student to dedicate herself to some kind of service. The day is passed when

we live for vanity; the day is past when our women imitate the Roman maids and matrons. The cry of today is for service—service from men with red blood in their veins and from women with womanly hearts. Service is woman's test in the world today. We are our brother's keeper, and I trust that in this dedication of the teaching which you have received from this holy and exalted institution, young ladies, you will hold ever before you the obligation of posing in every manner in keeping with Catholic education. Meet the theory of the worldling with the counter theory of the Church of Christ. With cultured mind and heart full of sympathy look upon your sisters who have been less favored, not with pity to patronize, not with pride of powers, not posing so as to make them wince with consciousness, but with that sympathy and helpfulness born of woman's sympathy. Help her over the rough and stormy path of life. It has been done in the past, and today there is greater strength consequent from the broader, larger field of activity. We must give ourselves to the cause, all we are and all we possess, because the cause is that of Christ the Savior."

ALUMNAE RECEPTION.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1918.

Eagerly St. Mary's Alumnae gathered on the "Old Home Grounds" and Saturday evening found a larger number in the Assembly Hall where after an exchange of greeting the following program was enjoyed:

March - - - - St. MARY'S ORCHESTRA

Chorus—My Country 'Tis of Thee.

Welcome to Alumnae, THE REV. JOS. GALLAGHER, C. S. C.

Presentation of Service Flag - - - - -

- - - - - MRS. PAULINE MURFEY-SAUTER

Response - MRS. LUCRETIA ST. CLAIRE-BOHANNON

Alumnae Song—Air: "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

Presentation of U. S. Flag

To MOTHER M. PERPETUA,

Superior General Sisters of Holy Cross.

MRS. ANGELA DONNELLY-KELLY

Address to Alumnae - REV. EUGENE BURKE, C. S. C.

Chorus—Star Spangled Banner.

In a few timely, earnest words the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, Assistant Chaplain, gave welcome to

the Alumnae. Referring to such a greeting Father Gallagher said:

"This may seem an empty conventionality, but it is not. There is nothing empty in St. Mary's welcome; it makes the heart vibrate as it never does except on occasions such as this." And further, he said, in substance, "the spirit of St. Mary's lives in her children. The Alumnae, the St. Mary's Notre Dame Club of Chicago and other unions in Pittsburgh and elsewhere are doing splendid work. Work throughout which love and loyalty to Alma Mater are the constant incentive. St. Mary's with conscious pride follows their successes stimulating and encouraging by her appreciation and blessing. And she extends not at Alumnae Time alone, but at all times, the hearty welcome which I, in her name reiterate tonight."

The address of the Rev. Eugene Burke, we give in full:

"I remember listening a few years ago to a description of the service flags that hang in the homes of British and French soldiers. It was interesting because it pictured something new. But today, one of the commonest sights that meet our eyes in an hour's walk in any city is the service flag of the American soldier. It hangs in the cottages of the poor, and in the dwellings of the rich. That simple little square with one or more stars decorating its white center, is the connecting link between the American family and the great world-conflict. It is the proud boast of Labor and Capital that their unified energies are devoted in unstinted measure to the service of their country. It means to the passer-by that the members of that family in the window of whose home it hangs, have made the successful issue of this war the dearest interest of their hearts. It means that all the energies of their minds and bodies, their labors by day and night, their thoughts and hopes and treasure, are devoted to the victorious conclusion of that enterprise into which America, with a just sense of indignation, has cast the full strength of her national power. Every window in which this pennon hangs, opens into a lane whose terminus is the battlefields of Flanders and France; and somewhere along that lane, more or less near to the crimson scenes of battle, are our fathers and sons, our brothers and sweet-hearts and friends, marching as a single man, their hearts united by a single purpose; to make

lasting the decision that the principles of democratic government which have brought peace and prosperity and domestic happiness to a great and free people shall not perish from the earth while men love justice and honor, and while the arms of grateful citizens have strength to wield the sword.

"A people that has loved peace, and has been prosperous and happy under its benign influence, can well appreciate how horrible a thing is war. And we are such a people. We have rejoiced in the hum of industries that have given labor and a good wage to our working millions; our fruitful fields golden in the harvest sunlight, have filled the granaries of the world; the cattle from our western and southern plains have supplied food for a score of nations besides our own. During the last half-century, we have bent our energies to the developing of art and music and literature; to the perfecting of our educational system; to the beautifying of our cities, and the improvement of our roads,—in a word, to the development of those numberless resources that make America a home of peaceful plenty, and a land pleasant to live in. And now we must pause in this work of love to beat our ploughshares into swords and our sickles into spears. We must exchange the pleasant labors of peace for the harrowing business of war.

"Yet there are worse things in this world than war. That degrading philosophy that puts selfish ambition and the lust for world-domination above the duties of justice and honor; that would build itself a throne upon broken pledges and violated oaths; that would treat the sacred covenants of nations as mere scraps of paper, that philosophy triumphant in the world would be a more terrible thing than war. That system of government that puts its faith in brute force and terrorism; which recognizes no rights of individuals or nations weaker than itself, which in its mad desire to reach its own ends would make a god of the engines of destruction, and offer as victims upon its altar innocent and peace-loving people; that system of government triumphant in the world would be a more calamitous catastrophe than war. For it would plant the seeds of tyranny and oppression, and must produce continual war so long as a sense of justice burns in the hearts of men, and so long as they refuse to surrender their god-given right to work out unmolested their high Christian destiny.

"Hence it is, my friends, that the women of our country, the brides of peace, whose thought are the thoughts of peace, whose deeds are the deeds of peace, whose interests are centered in the things of peace, stand, as it were in battle array. Like Joan of Arc, they represent those virtues which are the fairest fruits of peace; yet, like Joan of Arc, their work and words and prayers are directed today towards one end: to put hope and courage and undying confidence in the breasts of fighting men. Hence it is that the alumnae of a college like St. Mary's, who have been nurtured in an atmosphere of peace, who have drunk in daily in the class-room the holy doctrines of peace, whose teachers living close to the tabernacle, have taken their inspiration from the Prince of Peace; thence it is that these very disciples of the gospel of peace, have cheerfully and willingly given their husbands and sons and brothers and sweethearts to the horrible business of war, because they would not buy the continuance of peace at the cost of dishonor and injustice; because they would not stand by in idle indifference while an unscrupulous government uprooted the very principles that have brought peace and prosperity to America.

"This service flag, then, will be a sign of womanly sacrifice and patriotic love. It will be the sign of undying devotion to those principles of government that have brought multitudinous blessings to mankind. It will be a sign to your fair Mother, St. Mary's, that her children have not forgotten the lofty lessons which she inculcated in the days of the class room. Hanging somewhere in the shadow of the tabernacle, it will take on a new sacredness from its association with that supreme act of sacrifice which first brought peace to the souls of men. Holy hearts will be lifted in prayer at the sight of it, beseeching God to strengthen the arms of the warriors who are giving the fullest measure of their devotion that we and our children's children may enjoy prosperity and peace; beseeching God to grant a speedy victory to our armies, that the roar of cannon may be hushed again, that the smoke of battle may be blown away, and in the peaceful dawn of a new day mother and son, husband and wife, brother and sister may meet again in the embraces of undying love."

* * * *

Representing the Officers of the Alumnae, Mrs.

Pauline Murfey-Sauter presented a handsome Service Flag to those members who have husband, brothers or sons in active service. She spoke as follows:

"REV. FATHERS, MOTHERS, SISTERS AND MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNAE:

"The President in his recent Red Cross speech said that one hundred years of peace could not have united this nation as one year of war has done. The paramount desire in every American heart is to win the war. This is the bond that unites us and is made stronger every day by the sacrifices we are called upon to make.

"The burden of every patriotic speech we hear, from the four-minute talk to the most impressive oration is the same—Give, give your time, give your money and most necessary of all, give your own flesh and blood. We know that the members of our Alumnae are doing all of these things. Eighty-seven names upon our honor roll represent men who are defending our country's ideals and the peace we enjoy on our soil. That peace which is one of St. Mary's greatest charms, they are fighting to retain for us that we may always, as in the past seeks sanctuary here from our labors and our cares.

"Dear Mothers, wives and sisters, your officers have deemed the names of these brave men worthy to be enthroned here at St. Mary's. They will always be remembered in prayer here at St. Mary's. They will always be remembered in prayer here and what a comfort to know that these prayers will follow them and will help them when even a Mother's loving care cannot reach them.

"Be assured that we shall all be keen for news of these, our boys and we know the day will soon come when they will return to us victorious."

* * * *

An elegant silk United States flag, the gift of the Alumnae to Mother Perpetua, was gracefully presented by Mrs. Angela Donnelly-Kelly.

"It is my privilege to offer in the name of the Alumnae, to our dear Mother General, this flag in loving recognition of the part which the Sisters of the Holy Cross are taking in the service of our country today.

O Mother of a doubly consecrated band
 Twice blest is this, the flag we offer you today.
 In words of chastened fire across its gleaming folds
 Is traced the two fold tribute that our love would pay.
 The red of consecrated hearts, the blue of faith,
 The white of purity are lit with Heaven's light.
 The flag, beside the dearer Banner of the Cross
 Your daughters in Christ's love have raised to wondrous height."

* * * *

The Alumnae Song awakening fond memories,
 was sung with reverential fervor.

At the close of the program the guests were entertained by the students of Expression in an out-of-doors presentation of the old Greek play "Endymion."

BUSINESS MEETINGS.

OFFICERS MEETING—Morning and afternoon sessions were held in the Bertrand Parlor at St. Mary's on Saturday, June 8.

The first Business Meeting of St. Mary's Alumnae Association for 1918 was held in the afternoon of Sunday, June 9.

After the opening prayer by the Honorary President, Miss Anna Hunt, President, addressed the members as follows:

DEAR MOTHER PAULINE AND MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNAE:

What a flood of tender memories fills our hearts at the thought of these days of happy reunion at dear St. Mary's, where the birds, and trees and flowers and every well loved spot, seem to greet us with a thousand glad welcomes.

And I am sure it is with the deepest feeling of gratitude that we are gathered once more around our Alma Mater, whose "arms and heart" have waited our coming with all a mother's tender solicitude and love. For where shall we go for comfort and counsel, in these days of greatest trial, if not to that childhood mother, who loved and guided us through our happy, care free school days. In class room, chapel, and at play, in loving companionship with teachers, Sisters, classmates, and friends, we learned those noble lessons of self denial and self sacrifice, which have sustained us thus far through life. They made the St. Mary's girls, the noble Christian women we see in the mother, wife and sister here with us today, who, "realizing the high sense of re-

sponsibility resting on the Christian woman, stand for all that is highest and best for faith, and hope, and love and knowledge, translated into service for God and humanity."

As daughters of St. Mary's we can be justly proud of a noble heritage of patriotism, for in the "Story of Fifty Years," we read that the American Historic Associations entered the Order of the Holy Cross with Mother Angela, who was the companion and close friend of her cousin, James Gillespie Blaine. The war records of 1861-1865 bear the names of fourscore Sisters of the Holy Cross. Familiar to us among those of sacred memory are the names of Mother Augusta, whose niece, Maud Anderson, Class of '97, is now a Red Cross nurse at Camp Louis, Tacoma, Washington; Sister M. Compassion, aunt to Sarah Gleeson, a loyal member of our Alumnae; Sister M. Matilda, who as Infirmarian endeared herself to the heart of every St. Mary's girl, as the kindest and best of nurses. And Sister Helen, aunt to Delia Fitzpatrick, life member of our Association, and Mae Fitzpatrick-Gray, whose two sons are in the U. S. Navy.

Volumes could be written on the Sisters' heroism and devotion, and many interesting instances given to show the deference of soldiers, and the kindness of officers, as well as the courteous consideration of State officials and authorities at Washington, towards the Sisters in general, the Sisters of the Holy Cross in particular.

A beautiful sequel to this first military service of the Sisters of the Holy Cross is found in their devoted service during the late Spanish American war; of which the military Secretary, Charles L. Wilson, wrote to the Mother General of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, in the name of General Mount, "I thank you for the Christian spirit contained in your generous offer in behalf of our sick soldiers. The tender is timely and in keeping with the splendid record of your most noble sisterhood."

This year, Notre Dame adds to her historic collection, the pen with which President Wilson signed the bill authorized by an Act of Congress, to erect a monument in Washington to the memory of those Sisters, who served as nurses in the hospitals and on the battle field during the Civil War.

As loyal daughters of a loyal mother, we have as an Alumnae contributed to a fund which gave an ambulance to Father O'Donnell of the 132nd Illinois Infantry, now in France. And in the roll

call of classes we shall hear of "our girls" being engaged in every field of war activity. In the last issue of the CHIMES we read that the class entertainments alone this year have contributed \$1,000 to the St. Mary's war fund, which proves that the true St. Mary's spirit which inspired to noble deeds in the past still lives in the hearts of her children to the present generation.

Let us then, animated by the strength of this great spirit, which unites the past and the present, the graduate of yesterday and today, in the closest bond of affection under the standard of the Cross,—In Hoc Signo Vincas,—pledge ourselves anew to the ideals of our youth, beneath the stars and stripes, for the service of God and our Country.

In the absence of the Recording Secretary, Miss Katherine Ramsey, the minutes of 1915 were read by Miss Martina Smith.

In response to the roll call, Mrs. Anna Cunnea-Fitzgibbon, class 1870, gave an account of her work in connection with the Red Cross Association, and following her lead, representatives of later classes proved the active patriotic service of St. Mary's children in their various home cities.

The report of the Treasurer, Mrs. Mettie Tuohy-Lampert, was read and approved.

In a few words Mother M. Pauline graciously welcomed the Alumnae. Mother emphasized St. Mary's never failing interest in her graduates and the gratification these reunions are to Alma Mater.

Apart from strict business other points of concern were: the report of Miss Katherine Ramsey, delegate to the Federation of Catholic Colleges in Baltimore, read by Miss Martina Smith; a masterly paper on "The Big Sister Movement" as carried on in our large cities, by Miss Mary Grahs, and a paper, "The Measure of St. Mary's—The Times," written especially for the Alumnae by Mrs. Anthony French-Merrill of Chicago.

Nominating Committees for the bi-ennial election were named, after which the session was concluded with the usual prayer.

NOMINATING COMMITTEES.

REGULAR TICKET—Mrs. Mary Hines-Sattler, Chairman, Mrs. Cecelia Moran-Collins, Miss Winifred Cooney.

OPPOSITION TICKET—Mrs. Lucrezia St. Crois-Bohannon, Chairman, Mrs. Mary Cochran-Ryan, Mrs. Emily P. Amberg

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On the morning of June 10, when the Second Business Meeting had been called to order, Miss Erma Sagendorph, class '18, gave a report of the year's war activities at St. Mary's. Announcement was then made of the receipt of a paper from Mrs. E. G. Eddy, Class 1860, the oldest living Alumna. This account of the life work of Mrs. Eddy, seven years missionary to China, was read by her before the Woman's Missionary Society of Christ Church, Detroit, Mich., and later sent to St. Mary's. The paper was placed where it might be read at leisure by those of the Alumnae who are most deeply interested in Mrs. Eddy's work.

A call for stars to be added to the Service Flag was responded to by six names.

Tickets made out by the nomination committees having been in circulation, after general matters had been disposed of, the election of officers took place with the following result:

MRS. PAULINE MURFEY-SAUTER	- -	President
MRS. ADDIE WALSH-GUARIN	-	First Vice-President
MRS. LUCERZIA BOHANNON	-	Second Vice-President
MISS MARTINA SMITH	- -	Recording Secretary
MISS EFFIE ERHARDT	- -	Corresponding Secretary
MRS. EMILY P. AMBERG	- - -	Treasurer

The Opposition Ticket read:

MRS. PAULINE MURFEY SAUTER	- -	President
MRS. NANA G. FARABAUGH	-	First Vice-President
MISS WINIFRED COONEY	-	Second Vice-President
MISS MARY ROACH	- -	Recording Secretary
MISS MARY GRAHS	- -	Corresponding Secretary
MRS. EMILY P. AMBERG	- - -	Treasurer

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In acknowledgment of her untiring and efficient work the Alumnae presented Miss Anna Hunt with a beautiful gold wrist watch. Unanimously carried was the motion of the ever thoughtful Mrs. Mary Cochran-Ryan, a rising vote of thanks to Mother Pauline, the retiring officers, Mothers and Sister of St. Mary's for the cordial hospitality and excellent management which made this a most congenial and successful meeting.

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At high noon the motion to adjourn was made and carried, and amid expressions of enthusiasm at the pleasure of this reunion, the members dispersed to prepare for the luncheon which was to take the place of the usual elaborate banquet.

ST. MARY'S ALUMNAE LUNCHEON.

—
 Gathered here at dear St. Mary's—
 Home of happy days of youth—
 Let us pledge anew allegiance
 With our watchwords—love and truth.

—
 Patriotism characteristic of St. Mary's substituted a luncheon at one o'clock, June 10, for the customary late afternoon Alumnae Banquet.

More informal yet not less enjoyable the luncheon proved; the toasts were responded to with genuine earnestness and deep sincerity.

After her introduction by the President, Mrs. Henrietta O'Brien-Crowley, Toastmaster, spoke as follows:

"RIGHT REV. MGR., REV. FATHERS, REV. MOTHER,
 MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNAE AND FRIENDS:

"Following a happy custom, students of by-gone days and graduates aglow with the flush of credits and degrees recently won, we are gathered here to pledge anew our devotion to dear St. Mary's. The flight of years does not dim the charm of your memories nor cloud the noble ideals which St. Mary's College, in its wisdom and goodness sets up as our standard. In the past year, more than at any previous time, the virtues of your teaching, good Sisters, and your example have been put to the test, and the children of St. Mary's have not been found wanting. The call of our Country, in humanity's cause, they have unselfishly answered, proving Alma Mater's unswerving loyalty to our beloved U. S. A.

"In this hour of our nation's great trial I know that our Country and its triumph is uppermost in our minds, and I voice the sentiment of every one here in proposing a general toast to the Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy, the President of the United States, Mr. Woodrow Wilson.

"Another toast of loyalty I propose Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV. and I ask the ever gracious Father French to respond."

Our Holy Father - THE REV. J. J. FRENCH, C. S. C.

"Like the precious beads of the Rosary is that long line of Pontiffs through which we join hands with the eternal Christ. Each like the Master guides his people through the many vicissitudes which the centuries bring, and which form the Joyous, Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries of the

Church. And when their life's decade is over, they lay aside the tiara, bow their heads to chant in eternity the doxology of 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.'

"It is meet and proper then on occasions like this while gathered around the hearth stone of Alma Mater, to remember the absent spiritual Father of Christendom, the Supreme Pontiff of Rome. As it is with the nations of earth so it is with the Church: much of her future success depends upon the mission of women for the uplift of mankind; for Holy Mother the Church, like the woman in the family circle, leans upon the loyalty of her children.

"At no time in the Church's history, perhaps, has the loyalty been more imperative than it is at the present moment. I say *loyalty* to distinguish from fidelity; for while we may all be faithful, and our lives in keeping with things external from a view point of religion, still we may not be loyal. The following words of a recent writer may serve to give a concrete illustration. 'Just as the ideal soldier is he who not only obeys the express or implied commands of his superior officer and is exemplary in his obedience to the unwritten laws and customs of the army code, but in addition is an ardent admirer of his military chiefs and a warm supporter of their views, so a loyal Catholic proffers to her his allegiance not only in morals and faith but subordinates his own judgments to every detail of disciplinary regulations.' In a word the loyal Catholic must have the spirit which immortalized the six hundred at Balaclava:

"Theirs is not to make reply
 Theirs is not to reason why
 Theirs is to do and die."

And anyone who is not animated with this sort of spirit may be faithful in outward observance, yet by their criticism, by their faultfinding and their criminal so-called broadmindedness, can be guilty of constructive treason against the best interests of him whom we hail as the Holy Father, Benedict XV.

"I feel there is not one breast, either present or absent, which noted institution of learning has decorated with her insignia of honor, the graduating medal which blazons forth the triumph of the Cross—'In Hoc Signo Vincas,' but heartily concurs in this well known versicle: 'The Lord preserve him and give him life, and

make him blessed upon earth, and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies.'"

* * * *

"To him who holds an honored place in the hearts of St. Mary's and the Alumnae, who, more than once, has graced our Banquet, and whose absence we regret today, Our Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding. Will Miss Irene Miller respond?"

Our Bishop - - - - MISS IRENE MILLER

"The honor of responding to the toast, Our Bishop, I can claim for one reason and only one, because my home is in Fort Wayne. Although I cannot say the things that should be said, I am using this adaptation of a recent poem to express our love and loyalty to the Right Reverend Joseph Alerding, St. Mary's steadfast friend.

"How shall I toast our Bishop, how shall I say
The things a loyal daughter may?
I will take colors, red and white for wine
And bread made by his priestly word divine;
Blue for his loyalty to God, the three
Are truth to country and to liberty.
Purple his royal color is, and gold
His worth to us, the two a hundredfold
Increased, with our own white and blue
We pledge to him, our Bishop-friend most true."

* * * *

"The next toast I would propose is Patriotism.

"As a thrice honored guest we welcome today, one of the many brilliant, cultured and courageous men of Mother Church, who have gone forth in this great crisis to battle for Country and for God. At the very outbreak of the war, he heard the call to service in Flanders, and he responded at once. From the chair of Theology and Philosophy at the Catholic University of America, he went to the Aisne district where the great conflict was at its height. Here he labored as chaplain to a gallant Irish division of the British soldiery. The English Government honored him the Distinguished Service Medal; the French Republic also, honored him for his distinguished service and appointed him a member of the French Military Mission to the United States, while towering above all is the honor of his priestly service. It is my privilege to present Lieutenant George Sauvage, C. S. C."

Patriotism - LIEUTENANT GEORGE SAUVAGE, C. S. C.

"I am proud and still more confused to be

called to speak on Patriotism, a subject which should be touched upon only by the veteran officer, and I am but a soldier.

"At the beginning of the present world-wide war, the Premier of France said in an address, 'France has not willed this war,' and later, 'today France wills war.' For fifty years France lived in constant fear of war, many times have wounds been inflicted on her pride, still, in 1914, she had no idea of abandoning her ally. But with the invasion of Belgium not a new spirit but the true spirit of France was awakened—the spirit of union between the French people. It is an error to say one loses his life, rather he gives his life for his country.

"The women of France have been braver than the men, for they have offered more than their blood—that which is dearest to them—husband and sons.

"I would apologize for having spoken so long of France and the part she is playing in this terrible struggle had I not constantly thought of America—America like France, did not want war, but she entered into it with all her power, devotion and spirit of sacrifice and you as loyal Americans may well be proud that you have taken the determination that freedom shall not perish. And you have taken the means to carry out that determination,—your soldiers are fighting today side by side with the soldiers of France, and the American women today have the same spirit as the women of France. No greater compliment can be paid than to say that an American soldier is as good as a French soldier, and I say the women of America are as good as the women of France.

"But if the men have to fight, they must be supplied with all that is necessary to further victory. It is the woman's heart that will uphold the men who fight—the picture, the letter have their place in the successful issue. The last thought of a soldier before he goes 'over the top' is that of wife, of mother, children or sweetheart—he must know that he has a home, a place in your heart.

"When preparing to come to America, I promised that in every talk I made I would speak of letter-writing, and I would urge the writing of letters—a remembrance from home, a letter is home. If you could but realize the disappointment it is to a soldier to know that others received news and he has none! I would suggest

the diary form, with the date of each day. Some may call this sentimentality, but men need it. Small details win battles, and to engage in war is one thing, but to feel there are those behind to cheer and encourage is added strength to the firing line.

"One law must govern the fighting world, and which must be strictly observed,—the moral law, right and justice to all, and it is to this end we are consecrated. We must give our thoughts, words, and if necessary our very lives that we may win this war."

"All stood during the Marseillaise, which was played when Father Sauvage finished speaking).

* * * *

"The praises of our Alma Mater have been sung throughout the various sessions of this meeting, and each expression has brought us pleasure. Last year we held no meeting because of the pall which rested on us all—the grim spectre of world-war. This year, made stronger in our devotion to country and our determination to win the war by the ideals of St. Mary's, we gather again to pay tribute to our Mother, Alma Mater—and I call on Mrs. Alice Coady Cartier, class '96 to respond."

Home-Coming Days at Alma Mater - - -
- - - - - MRS. ALICE COADY-CARTIER

"A few weeks ago on Saturday morning when the children were enjoying a late sleep, I looked over the mail delivered the afternoon previous, but still lying untouched on the table. One envelope postmarked 'Chicago' attracted my attention and on opening it I was delighted to learn of the proposed Alumnae gathering. I was asked to come back to the dear old home and also requested to respond to the toast 'Home-coming days at our Alma Mater.' I leaned back in my chair and thought 'What shall I say?'

"The last words 'Days at Alma Mater' were sweet ones, and like the magical wand in the fairy tales, they cast me into a dream of the happy care-free days of school-life. In my dreams I saw the old familiar scenes of Convent days—the class-rooms and on the board the problems of calculus we thought so difficult; the college grounds where we walked arm in arm sharing our girlish confidences; the chapel with its atmosphere of peaceful quiet, where we prayed

with all the fervor of girlish devotion. In the study hall, I saw our gentle Sister Jerome, whose vigilant care insured an undisturbed hour to the real student. Even in my dreams. I could hear our loved Mother Annunciata with her lessons of counsel and advice: 'In the years to come, girls, you will learn that the little troubles of school days are but lessons to teach you to meet the bigger problems in the school of life. You will be happy in those years doing your duty to those over whom God shall have placed you, spreading love and contentment around you, just as you are happy here today, because all are truly happy in the consciousness of duty well done.' Sweet dreams!

"But just then a shriek from the kitchen—"You made the *toast* yesterday morning and mamma said I could help today!" Hurrying to the rescue, I faced one of the problems of real life, for the morning before I had allowed Robert to arrange the slices of bread on the electric toaster, but had enjoyed a peaceful breakfast *only* after promising James that he could help the next morning if he came down earlier than his brother.

"So my dream was forgotten and I set to work to respond to the 'toast' that was calling for my immediate attention. On other days, resuming work on my paper 'Home-coming Days at Our Alma Mater,' the noon hour came so soon when eight hungry boys and girls with marvelously healthy appetites came pouring in, and questions such as these gave me food for reflection the rest of the day: 'Mamma, may I have a red, white and blue dress for the Red Cross Drive parade?' and 'in our room we are all going to dress like Red Cross nurses—will you make me an apron?' and, 'we're going to wear our scout suits, but I *have* to have a new flag'; 'then, mamma, can I ride with you and papa in the car, because sister says the first grade can't march, they are too 'wittle?' All this is almost concert questioning (although we do try to teach them to speak one at a time), but at a reasonably short pause, the girl in the High School put in her plea—"Mother, I have been asked to play at the Lyceum program; what shall I wear?" and the boy, seizing the golden opportunity, 'Can I take a crowd of boys up to the cottage Friday night? we planned a fishing party for Saturday.'

"And so it goes on day after day, week after week, and year after year; the busy mother in

the world facing the problems which the happy care-free girl at school never dreamed of when she thought her hardest task a page or two of translation or a difficult demonstration in geometry.

"However, I hope I shall not frighten the school girl of today by my recital of duties, for though my school-girl days were happy and care-free, the present days in life's school are brimming over with the happiness of mother-love, though of course, they are by no means care-free, for the responsibility is great. The mother is indeed the first teacher of the little mind and one of my greatest pleasures is to tell my children of St. Mary's, its lovely charms and its influence on the later lives of its girls. I know that they love it too, and my eldest daughter looks forward to the day but two years hence, when she may come to live and learn at the same school that taught her mother so many lessons of knowledge and piety.

"And so, dear Sisters and dear Alumnae, friends of those other days, no further words of mine are needed, to tell you how glad I am to be here today to see the old scenes, to live the old dreams, and to renew the old friendships formed at the home of my girlhood years,—and more than that, to say for myself and for all the Alumnae—how proud we are of dear old St. Marys!"

"Today St. Mary's Alumnae feels a renewed enthusiasm, for to its ranks are added the youth and vigorous spirit of the classes of 1916, '17 and '18. A welcome to these classes, these Alumnae Recruits, whose entrance into the Alumnae we heartily hail, and whose abiding interest and earnest coöperation we look for, will be voiced by a member of the class of 1897, Miss Winifred Cooney."

Toast—Welcome to the Classes of 1916, '17, '18 -

MISS WINIFRED COONEY

"We are at a period in history when our flag is again unfurled in the cause of liberty; yet despite the consequent chaos and unrest, the world moves on. It is not a time to sit, to weep, to conjecture, our duty is obvious and whether the war endured or victory is ours, there looms before us the mammoth work of reconstruction and we must fit ourselves wisely and well for the task,

so there is a special significance in our meeting this year; to draw closer the ties that bind us, that we may share the anxiety and sorrows that must come to us through this world war and pledge ourselves anew to give to our country every possible help towards the sustaining of our dear ones 'over there,' and the winning of the war.

"In promotion of this purpose and a happy omen of its success is fact that today we admit to our ranks the graduates of 1916, 1917 and 1918.

"My dear young friends, in welcoming you into our Alumnae Association and asking you to pledge your fidelity to the high ideals of our local Alma Mater, we feel confident you are not to be as the idle, care-free woman of yesterday, but voluntarily join the army of useful, unselfish women of today and by your moral and intellectual influence, be beacons of light and hope, fresh from your books, with eyes alight, radiate enthusiasm for the highest and the best, be ready to follow,—yes, to lead in enterprises that call for courage and heart.

"It is with pleasure we look forward to meeting you again and again at these bi-ennial reunions and trust, like us, you will feel bound to this second home of strong, though silken ties; here our young minds and hearts were trained to highest and best in true education; here we formed friendships as lasting as the years and to the meeting of dear ones among teachers and classmates; at such gatherings we owe much of depth and perpetuity of these bonds. This and the love for all that pertains to St. Mary's, are the influences that lure us to the home of our school-days. Dear girls of the classes of 1916, 1917 and 1918 this heritage is yours. Mine is the honor and pleasure to welcome you to share its privileges."

* * * *

"As spokesman for the new initiated members, we will hear Miss Helen Holland, class 1917."

Toast—Response for Classes 1916, '17, '18 - - -

MISS HELEN HOLLAND

"The real going 'over the top' today for the classes of 1916, '17, and '18, is not an entry into 'No Man's land,' but rather into a world resplendent with the fulfilled hope—Sisterhood in the Alumnae of our beloved St. Mary's, and as you have given us such a kind welcome look back

to your first Alumnae Banquet, these memories will tell you better than I can, how proud and happy we are at this moment.

"Since graduation some of us have had experience in other schools of learning (education, all of us have had and will have experience in the school of life, but from none of these can we possibly receive such honor as membership in St. Mary's Alumnae gives us.

"But if we have come into an inheritance of honor, we have also come into a heritage of service. And service, as Mgr. Blessing told us, is woman's test in the world today.

"And now as we take our place among you, we ask ourselves—are we capable of living up to the principles of service as beautifully embodied, not only in the work done but in the sacrifices made by you? Of ourselves we are not capable, but with the inspiration of our Alma Mater, the example of you our sister Alumnae, we say with the enthusiasm of youth, we cannot fail."

* * * *

"To those who so recently left the fireside of school life and entered upon their world work, we put the question—After Graduation, What? Will Miss Mary Roach kindly respond?"

Toast—After Graduation, What? MISS MARY ROACH

"By the irony of fate, I am responding to the toast, 'After Graduation, What?' a question which is still a question to me. But because I have not yet answered it definitely for myself, I am going to use the experiences of some of our sister Alumnae for an answer. A conversation which some of you may recognize as yours of last night supplies me with subject matter. A number of old girls were talking together of the difference between the graduates of today and of fifteen or twenty years ago. One said, 'In those days if we had money we went out from school and enjoyed ourselves spending it. If we didn't we sat at home in genteel poverty till some one came and married us.' Those days, lovely as they were in their time, are definitely past. The proverb used to say, 'Be good and you will be happy'; today we say not merely 'be good' but 'be good for something, and be useful and you will be happy.' A life of usefulness, that is the only womanly answer to the question of my toast today. It is the answer that our Alumnae have been giving in every form of social, relief, and

war work during the past year. It is the answer they are prepared to give so long as the necessity and opportunity for doing so exist. This one point I would emphasize, when we bring to society and to our country the inheritance and principles of our Faith, we are offering a service more holy than any that the mere social worker can give, the exalted service of the Catholic woman."

* * * *

Gracefully remarking that the luncheon was incomplete so long as two distinguished guests remained unheard, the toastmaster charmingly introduced the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Peter Blessing, V. G. of Providence, Rhode Island, who but a few hours before had received his title, through a cable from Rome.

The Mgr. expressed his great pleasure in having enjoyed the hospitality of St. Mary's and her Alumnae, concluding with his purpose "if permitted" to be with the Association at its next reunion in 1920. The first blessing of the newly-made Mgr. was "stolen by St. Mary's Alumnae" to the complete surprise of their neighbors across the way.

In rapid words of eloquence Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly professed her love for "every stone at St. Mary's. A love which existed long before any one in this hall was born." In glowing terms she paid tribute to the Sister war-nurses of '61-'65, and to the "queenly Mother Angela."

MUSICAL PROGRAM.

St. Mary's Violin Club

Prof. Richard Seidel, *Director*

America.

Raymond Overture	- - - - -	Thomas
Selections from Carmen	- - - - -	Biset
Two Violin Quartetts	- - - - -	Trinkhaus
Spanish Dances	- - - - -	Moszkowski
Serenade	- - - - -	Schubert
Cossack Dance	- - - - -	Low
Pomp and Circumstance	- - - - -	Elgar
Keep the Home Fires Burning	- - - - -	Ford-Novello
The Marseillaise.		

Star Spangled Banner.

Pianos—Misses C. Betz, B. O'Melia, H. Burke

Violins—Misses R. Hilleke, H. Betz, C. Kelly

Prof. Richard Seidel

SOLEMN EXHIBITION
AT
THE SISTERS' ACADEMY,
BERTRAND, BERRIEN CO., MICH

FIRST CLASS

HONOR — PREMIUM — 1st		Miss Lucinda Good.
IDEM. - 2d		Miss Eliza Graham.
1st — Miss E. Graham	Grammar	2d — Miss Anne Mulligan.
1st — Miss A. Mulligan	Geography	2d — Miss L. Good.
1st — Miss Graham.	History	2d — Miss Catharine Lacey.
1st — Miss E. Graham	Narrative and Epistolary Composition.	2d — Miss Anne Mulligan.
1st — Miss Ellen Hooper.	Arithmetic	2d — Miss E. Graham.
1st — Miss Graham.	Reading	2d — Miss Lacey.
	Music	
	Miss Lacey.	
	Tapestry.	
Miss Murdock.		Miss Rousseau.
	Penmanship.	
	Miss Graham.	

SECOND DIVISION.

FIRST CLASS.

1st — Miss M. Fenton.	Grammar.	2d — Miss Murdock.
1st — Miss Ellen Hooper	Geography.	2d — Miss Rousseau.

SECOND CLASS.

Grammar

1st — Miss Maria St. Come

Geography

1st — Miss M. St. Come.		2d — Miss Mary J. Rouleau.
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Reading.

1st — Miss Maria St. Come		2d — Miss Maryette Hughes.
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Arithmetic.

1st — Miss Sophia Anderson.		2d — Miss C. La Casses.
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The friends of the Academy are requested to attend the Exhibition and Distribution of Premiums on Monday, the 16th inst., at 9 o'clock in the morning

The next Academic year will commence on the 31st of August

ACADEMY OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS, Bertrand, July 9th, 1849.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Harry A. Wood of South Bend this souvenir of earlier days (1849), was secured for St. Mary's from the relatives of Lucinda Good.

SURRENDER.

(S) TAKE my heart, dear Lord, today,
And place it in Thine Own.
It is so lonely—far away
Since Thy love it has known.

O, break my heart, sweet Lord, today,
Even as a child—a toy,
Come fill it with deep, dark dismay
And rob it of all joy.

O, make my heart, kind Lord, today
And fashion it like Thine,
Teach it Thy bidding to obey,
It is Thy heart—not mine.

MARY McDOUGAL, '18.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

by

REV. P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

St. Mary's College needs no preachment on patriotism. For over half a century she has given splendid illustration of love of country. You, her teachers and students, will not, therefore, expect any lengthy urging or appeal to quicken in you the patriotic sense. Most of you were born in this country; all of you have lived here for a number of years. And since it is the land of your birth or of your selection, you must love it as the child loves the mother or as the wife loves the husband.

The record of the nation's achievements on war fields and in world councils is not unknown to you; you have made that record the subject of your enthusiastic studies. The completion of her earth—her rivers that quicken all the fields to green, her mountains that melt your thoughts into dreams—are held dear to you by a thousand ties of affection.

I shall not, then, attempt to point out any duties to you who already understand your duties so fully; nor shall I set so low an estimate on your patriotic values as to seem even to suggest a pledge of loyalty when you might more fittingly accept a pledge from me

Hitherto this has been a day of memories. Now it is become a day of resolves. Those who have gone before have made these memories; now it is our turn to serve and by our service to leave secure to posterity memories that will be glorious. Now is our turn to plant that others may reap, even as we have harvested from the seeds sown by those gone before.

That this day may become effectively a day of purpose and consecration let us for the moment consider what these memories come from other

years, mean to us. They take us back to those hard, dark hours when we fought English oppression to make ourselves a nation. Anyone who thinks that this was a quick, decisive struggle in which success was all on our side and failure on the British has not read the dismal pages of Valley Forge. Men did not spring to arms and every hilltop was not crowned with a triumph. Washington had genius and resolution. But Washington, great as he was, without French help in men and money could hardly have beaten the English, and the chances are we would still be a part of the British empire. To Washington and his colonial army, to French help in men and treasure we are indebted, under God, for the birth of our country.

These memories, too, take us to times less remote—the crucial days of the Civil War. The history of that struggle is familiar to you. One issue was at stake—the maintenance of the union of all the states. That issue lost, America as we know it today would have been lost. The best that could be hoped for, if the South won the war, would be a loose confederacy of practically independent states. North America would be a duplication of South America and all union would be at an end. But in the long three years' struggle the North triumphed for the Union, and the American states became a nation in fact as well as in name.

Today, above the graves of all those who fought—the men in blue and the men in gray—we bury old wrongs, old hates and thank God out of our hearts' best affection that we are a unified country. We are one people, united in hope and resolution, from sea to sea, from palm

to pine. We are resolved that this country shall continue to be a place of freedom for all men, forever.

Now, however, a menace is come into our life, a sinister evil threatens to destroy our civilization. The calm, leisured peace to which we have grown accustomed is over for the present. Therefore is this day become a day of resolution. The Prussian war-lords, self-centered and arrogant, after forty years of stealthy preparation elected to throw up the kennel gates and to unleash their war-dogs upon an unsuspecting world. Belgium has been profaned and immolated. Sacrilege and murder and deeds more terrible than death are written indelibly in the souls of men and will be kept there unforgetably as long as men have power to think. And as long as men have the power to love and to hold in high reckoning courage and resolution, so long will they keep warm in their hearts the memory of the brave Belgians.

South into France they poured—these Prussians, war-mad and insolent. France met them,—France the heroic of the ages. Not without sins this France now fighting and bleeding and dying. But we must not mistake the infidel heart of a coterie in the French government for the great Christian heart of the French people. France's sins are sins of waywardness; the sins of the Prussian war masters are sins against all the world and cry to heaven for vengeance. In her throes France called to Britain; and even as she called, she must have thought of America. She must have hoped that by a dear mercy of God the sea would soon be flung into foam by transports bringing troops from America to avenge the violated treaty in regard to the Belgians. Perhaps she thought of the revolutionary struggle when she sent men and treasure and helped us to win our great cause. Or perhaps, with that fine delicacy characteristic of the French, she was too magnanimous to remember. The British answered; slowly enough, and not in great numbers at the beginning. I am not disposed to quarrel with them for that; nor am I—no matter what past quarrels may have been—disposed to take from the British whatever glory may come to them from this war. I could wish, however, that old wrongs had been righted before this world crisis, so that Irishmen might be

fighting—as always they have fought when freedom was the issue—side by side with their friends, the French.

What broken, bleeding Belgium and heroic France could not effect, Prussian duplicity and ambition and arrogance did. It woke up the easy-going, pleasure-loving, self-satisfied, money-getting, money-spending American people. It maddened them into the troublesome, ugly task of getting ready for war. Great, strong Americans, whose words must have caused the white, still faces of their dead sires to quicken with shame, begged, till their begging became almost a whine, the President of the United States to keep us out of the war. They should have said: "Keep us out of the war if no promise of justice and of honor to which we have subscribed has been broken. If it has been broken, then it is our duty to see that justice and honor be restored."

Our citizens were sunk in mid-ocean, our chief seaport was placarded with an insolent warning that our people must surrender their rights and keep off the hitherto free seas; we were appointed a narrow channel which our ships, striped like convicts, must sail, landing at and leaving a designated port at a designated time. Spies and spy emissaries wove their plots to bring us into difficulties with our neighboring nations; our legislation, our policies, the attitude of our alien population, all the workings of our government were cabled secretly to the Prussian government. In brief, we had to fight for our rights or surrender them. We chose to fight. We are fighting already.

Therefore, again, is this day become a day of resolves. What we have decided to do we must do as quickly and as thoroughly as we can. It is idle now to talk of war as being a terrible ordeal. No sane man doubts that. Bloodshed and waste and plunder and want are all left strewn on the wake of battles. Prussia has elected to attack us. There is no choice left but to attack in return. The peaceful man fights for his life against the murderer and the assassin; the virtuous woman fights back with all the strength of her body against the assailant who would violate her. We are fighting for our fields, for our homes, for our hearths, for our lives. To be faint hearted or to wonder what Prussian sympathizers may think about us in this hour is to

show ourselves cowards and cravens. If we are not for America now we are against her.

As I said at the beginning, you need no preaching from me on your duties as Americans. Rather it is for you to teach me. And in very truth you are teaching me without your knowing so. The sight of you all, the remembrance of the work you have done, the pleasing readiness with which you have given of your time and of your money is convincing proof that free men and free women can serve just as effectively out of choice as slaves can by compulsion.

This, I have said, is become a day of resolution. Let us resolve to serve. Do and give all you can. The thought that this is your country,

not the country of a war-mad ruler, must stimulate your service. The thought that your good brothers and the good brothers of thousands of other girls are fighting and will continue to fight that your feet may not travel the way of bondage must surely warm your hearts. "When you Americans come," said a brave Frenchman, "we may all be gone; but in death we will hear the tramp of your feet above us; and we shall be glad that you are come to fight on till the great cause is won."

Till the cause is won. Soon or late. After great pain and anguish or without much travail. This year, next, three years hence. Some time, somehow, God helping us out of His power and mercy, the great cause will be won.

REQUIEM.

OUT on a peasant's furrowed field he lies
 With head upon a fallen comrade's breast,
 Blood sodden is his tattered shroud of brown.
 He clutches yet the steel which met the test.
 His boyish locks are ruffled on the brow
 Marked with high sacrifice, and in his eyes
 Still shine a wonder and a peace. The smile
 Upon his face finds answer in the skies.
 Unto this soldier and his comrades, all of them,
 Sing Requiem.

The smoke arises from the battlefield,
 So rise, leaving their wreck of mortal life behind
 The souls of men unto eternity.

The ragged flag still floats upon the wind
 And flaps its tattered ribbons to the sky
 Over the dead, wrapped close in endless peace.
 It whispers to the night what thoughts, what prayers
 Of dying men, the heavens now release!
 Angelic guardians of heaven, over them,
 Chant Requiem.

Unto an altar decked in tranquil black,
 To speak the memories of fallen dead,
 A priest ascends with pleadings unto God
 To intercede for souls to judgment led.
 The organ peals and solemn voices chant
 The "Miserere," while in one accord
 Outpour the fervent prayers for friend or foe.
 "Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord."
 Hark to Thy children's quest, O God, and unto them
 Give Requiem.

Weep not but pray for manhood's noble flowers
 Who all unselfish of the cost of life
 Pour out their blood that you and I may live
 Unharm'd amid this universal strife.
 Let not your hearts die with the dying men,
 But with the living ask our God to bring
 Our land to victory and sacred peace.
 While in your heart a silent prayer you sing
 Our valiant heroes have not died in vain; for them
 Sing Requiem.

ADA COSTELLO, '19.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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JUNE, 1918

HOME-COMING.

Today the title "Alma Mater" is coming to be as untrue to its literal meaning as higher education is to its implied meaning. There was a time when the adjective *higher* signified not merely physical altitude but spiritual aspiration, when, as applied to the mind, it meant not a materialistic perversion of the truths of God but an humble approach to the God of truth. Likewise, the school for higher education was once an Alma Mater in every loving sense of the term, a kindly mother that cared for the development of her children because they had souls and not because she could falsely prove that they did not have them. One can hardly imagine a colder, more lifeless and mechanical device for communicating knowledge than the advanced college of today. If the graduate student returning as an Alumna feels a thrill of emotion, it is due to the natural spontaneity of a warm-hearted nature rather than to any power of the school to awaken joy at home-coming.

Fortunately, not all schools for higher education have succumbed to this mechanical paralysis of soul and feeling. Colleges for women and particularly Catholic colleges have retained that maternal care for their graduates, their grown children in the world. The sincere and grateful joy which the Catholic woman feels on returning to her Catholic Alma Mater is only second to her happiness in going back to the home of her childhood. The reason is not far to seek. Both homes have in them the abiding elements of peace and

happiness as well as permanence, religion. Both are chronically old-fashioned in their adherence to truth. Both measure her by the essential standards of womanhood only rather than by the capricious educational test of the moment. And those are the standards by which, as she knows from experience, a true woman can truly live. They are the essence of higher education, the education of the soul. Is it to be wondered at that the Catholic woman looks forward to a visit to her college with the deep joy of reunion with a loving mother, with the pride and happiness of a real home-coming?

DEDICATION OF THE SHRINE OF THE SACRED HEART.

The blessing of the beautiful new shrine of the Sacred Heart located on the north side of the college campus took place on the afternoon of June 7, the Feast of the Sacred Heart. The procession of students, postulants, novices and Sisters formed in front of the college and marched to the shrine where the service of dedication took place. It consisted of the blessing, the singing of a hymn and the recitation of the Act of Consecration, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Church of Loreto. The shrine is the gift of the fifty-three houses of the Sisters of Holy Cross to their Superior General, Mother M. Perpetua, on the fiftieth anniversary of her final vows.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. MARY'S.

Owing to the illness of our own beloved Bishop Aldering, the Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon of Rockford, Ill., gave Confirmation at St. Mary's. In his instruction Bishop Muldoon called attention to the seeming lack of devotion to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity and to the increase of strength and courage—attributes of the militant members of the Church of Christ's, as the effects of the Sacrament of Confirmation.

He urged constant recourse to the Holy Ghost,

and vigilance in combatting the evil temptations of Modern Literature, Modern Plays and Modern Dress. As the greatest of safeguards against the dangers that beset women today, he counselled fidelity to the practices of daily morning and evening prayers, Holy Mass, frequent Confession and Communion. Those who received the Sacrament were: Mary Ethel White, Catherine Patricia Martin, Sofia Cristina Couttoleno, Margarita Agnes Blanco, Anna Madeline Devine, Margaret Alfreda Mellet, Marion Josephine Mullen, Louise Therese Sattler, Louise Marie Barley, Evelyn Julia Lauth, Frances Rita Decker, Helen Louise Willet, Exilona Marie Hamilton, Virginia Mary Dooley, Maria Ema Frausen, Mary Agnes Lyon, Dorothy Maria Rend.

SHAMS.

Believe who will the solemn sham, not I.

—Addison.

Everyone is talking now of camouflage as if it were something very novel. The fact is that it is as old as man himself. The great war in which we are struggling is fast developing into a conflict of camouflageurs and comouffages. Camouflage is just a new name for a very old practice—the art of making something seem what it is not. In plain English, camouflage means nothing more than a means of deceiving, a sham. The art is nothing more than that world-old art of “make believe” which has been so popular from the beginning. Just recently the old game has been rechristened “camouflage,” and under this new name it is regarded the latest thing in human life, yet it is not so new as we shall presently see.

The art of camauflage is really of diabolical origin, having been invented on that fatal day when that champion trickster, the father of lies, donned the sleek form of the serpent and deceived the first woman even into eating the forbidden fruit, which was the beginning of all her woes and ours. Thus the Devil started the game, and it has been a sadly popular one ever since. History is replete with instances of shamming. Men and nations alike are always playing the game, getting caught, and then playing it again.

There are many other notable instances in the Bible. In the Book of Genesis we learn how Jacob deceived that wise old patriarch, his father, by camouflage, and in this way secured for himself the birthright of his brother. He covered his hands and neck with the furs of animals, so the blind old man mistook him for his hairy brother Esau.

Even military camouflage is nothing new. We have a thoroughly up-to-date illustration of it in Shakespeare's “Macbeth,” where the soldiers of old Siward cut the leafy boughs from the trees of Birman Woods to conceal their approach in their attack on Macbeth's castle.

Nor has the practice been confined to the Garden of Paradise, to the confiscation of birthrights, and to war. The barefooted boy in every country town is a pastmaster in the art. What young scamp does not play the “solemn sham” in some fashion or other. For instance a boy comes into school carrying books and pencil box under his arm, takes his seat and begins work with all the innocence and gravity of a scholar. At the psychological time he liberates from his pencil box the young snakes and bugs and mice to the manifest annoyance of the young “schoolmarm” and the terror of the little girls.

Whose Grandmother has not related long stories about her father's “strictness” in her young days of courtship. Grandma says that she and Grandpa, when he was young, would sit on the honeysuckle veranda of a summer's evening, and just when it was beginning to get cool and romantic her father would appear on the front lawn in his shirt sleeves armed with a grubbing hoe. Then he would industriously begin to spend the evening in the removal of dandelions. Such camouflage must have been more provoking than artful.

Simple or solemn, artful or awkward shams are very common. Camouflage is an international, world-wide game, and the oldest played. Much time, study and work are spent in an effort to carry off clever shams, and if Addison believed not the “solemn shams” I have a suspicion that he was deceived by many a one that needed not any solemnity to make it effective. If not he certainly missed his vocation: he should have been a detective, not a fogging newspaper editor.

SENIOR CLASS DAY.

In this issue of the CHIMES, chiefly the Mummie Number, limited space prevents the printing of the Senior essays. However, they will appear, from time to time, in subsequent editions. The subjects chosen are:

Brownson, The Philosopher of America	- - -
- - -	MAY AGNES HILLEKE
Why We Must Be Good	- - -
- - -	HELEN IRENE KUST
American History in Cooper	- - -
- - -	MARGARET HONORA SULLIVAN
Indiana Fiction and Fiction Writers	- - -
- - -	LUCILLE MARIE SCANLON
The Women of Education, ERMA ERNESTINE SAGENDORPH	- - -
Feminism, Revolutionary and Christian	- - -
- - -	RUTH FRANCES BEATTY
The Present Crisis in Fiction	- - -
- - -	LORETTO BROUSSARD
The Odes of the Bible	- - -
- - -	MARY TERESA DALY
The Philosophy of Christian Humility	- - -
- - -	FRANCES CAROLINE GIRLAUD
The Morality of Human Thought	- - -
- - -	MARIE ETHELREDA KURENEACH
Free Verse	- - -
- - -	MARY DOROTHY McDOUGAL

SONATA RECITALS.

The following programs were given on May 7 and 28, respectively. From the selections and names of their master-composers one may readily judge the excellence of the work done during the year by the students of St. Mary's Conservatory of Music:

Selections from Carmen	- - - - -	Bizet
First Piano—	MISSSES H. BURKE, P. BARRETT	
Second Piano—	MISSSES B. O'MELIA, N. L. HOLT	
Violin—	PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Sonata, F major	- - - - -	Mendelssohn
Adagio, Allegro moderato	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISS E. MELOY	
- - - - -	VIOLIN—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Sonata, Op. 23	- - - - -	Hauptmann
Allegro; Rondo Allegretto	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISS P. BARRETT	
- - - - -	VIOLIN—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
In Our Boat	- - - - -	Cowen
- - - - -	ST. MARY'S GLEE CLUB	
- - - - -	Piano—MISS E. BROUSSARD	
- - - - -	Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	

Sonata, Op 100	- - - - -	Dvorak
Larghetto; Allegro risoluto	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISS H. BURKE	
- - - - -	Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Violin Quartette	- - - - -	Lachner
- - - - -	MISSSES R. HILLEKE, G. BROUSSARD, M. BLANCO	
- - - - -	H. BETZ, C. KELLY, F. LESZYNSKI	
- - - - -	M. KEOWN, D. HIMEBAUGH	
Sonata, F major	- - - - -	Mozart
Andante cantabile; Allegro	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISS N. L. HOLT	
- - - - -	Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Sonata, A minor	- - - - -	Beethoven
Andante scherzo piu Allegretto; Allegro molto	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISS B. O'MELIA	
- - - - -	Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Polonaise	- - - - -	L. Gobbaerts
First Piano—	MISSSES B. O'MELIA, P. BARRETT	
Second Piano—	MISSSES H. BURKE, E. MELOY	
Violin—	PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
* * * *		
Symphonie	- - - - -	Haydn
Minuett—Allegro con spirito	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISSSES C. DAVIS, C. BETZ	
- - - - -	Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Sonata, F major	- - - - -	Grieg
Allegretto quasi Andante, Allegro molto vivace	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISS C. BETZ	
- - - - -	Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Sonata, D minor	- - - - -	Gade
Larghetto Allegro vivace, Adagio, Allegro moderato	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISS G. SOLDANI	
- - - - -	Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Lullaby "Jocelyn"	- - - - -	Godard
- - - - -	MISS F. GUTHRIE	
- - - - -	Piano—MISS E. BROUSSARD	
- - - - -	Violin obligato—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Sonata, G major	- - - - -	Rubinstein
Adagio, Moderato con moto	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISS C. DAVIS	
- - - - -	Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Serenade	- - - - -	Schubert
- - - - -	First Violin—MISS H. BETZ	
- - - - -	Second Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
- - - - -	Piano—MISS C. BETZ	
Sonata, G minor	- - - - -	Grieg
Allegretto tranquillo, Allegro animato	- - - - -	
- - - - -	MISS E. BROUSSARD	
- - - - -	Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	
Overture "Raymond"	- - - - -	Thomas
First Piano—	MISSSES C. DAVIS, C. BETZ	
Second Piano—	MISSSES E. BROUSSARD, G. SOLDANI	
Violin—	PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL	

ENDYMION.

The culmination of a prosperous year in the Department of Expression came on the evening of June 8, when the students appeared in an out-of-door presentation of the Classical Greek Play, "Endymion." The performance, given before the Alumnae, relatives and friends of the students, scored great success. The roles were well-appointed and excellently carried out.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MORTALS.

Endymion, a prince	-	-	MARY AGNES HILLEKE
Eumenides, hand friend of the prince	-	-	HELEN PIPP
Phrynia, with whom Endymion is in love	-	-	MARIE MARTIN
Kallisthene, Eumenides' betrothed,	-	-	MARGARET MEREDITH
King Aeolus	{	Endymion's {	MARGUERITE WARD
Queen Hermia	{	Parents {	ELIZABETH MCDUGAL
Priest from the Temple of Zeus	-	-	EDITH HESSELL
Grecian Maidens	{	Erithoe	- - - NELLIE L. HOLT
	{	Doris	- - - ESTHER CARRICO
	{	Calyce	- - - MARYBEL JOYCE
	{	Thaleia,	KATHERINE SCHMALZRIED
Grecian Youths	{	Alcides	- - - MARGUERITE WARD
	{	Diomed	- - - MARY OKIE
	{	Admetis	- - - ELIZABETH LONGLEY
	{	Phaeon	- - - EDITH HESSELL

IMMORTALS.

Artemis, goddess of the chase and of the moon, and special guardian of the maidens,	-	-	LORETTA MCGUIRE
Hermes, tricky messenger of the gods	-	-	HELEN O'MALLEY
Morpheus, god of sleep	-	-	MARGUERITE WARD
Pan, ruler over the forest	-	-	CECILIA KELLY
Dryads	{	- - -	NELLIE L. HOLT
	{	- - -	ESTHER CARRICO
	{	- - -	MARYBEL JOYCE
	{	- - -	KATHERINE SCHMALZRIED

SCENE: At the foot of Mt. Olympus.

LAURA ST. ANNE KELLER, *Director*.

A PRAYER.

DEAR Sacred Heart.
Enduring once such poignant grief
And suffering untold agony,
A refuge always in our need,
Come now in Thy divinity,
For mercy and for strength we plead
And in Thy Heart we find relief.

RUTH O'MALLEY, '19.

MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM.

Chorus	- - - -	"My Country 'Tis of Thee"
Requiem (Memorial Poem)	-	MISS ADA COSTELLO
Chorus	-	"Holy God We Praise Thy Name"
Reading	-	"The Soul of Jeanne D'Arc"
	-	MISS HELEN O'MALLEY
Oration	- - - -	"Cardinal Mercier"
	-	MR. THOMAS BEACON
	-	of University of Notre Dame
Chorus	- - - -	"Sons of America"
Address	-	THE REV. P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.
Chorus	- - - -	"The Star Spangled Banner"

MACDOWELL RECITAL.

May 24, 1918.

- Polonaise Op. 46, No. 12 - V. HAWKINS
- Scotch Poem Op. 31, No. 1 - N. L. HOLT
- To a Wild Rose, Op. - C. BETZ
Violins—M. BLANCO, H. BETZ, C. KELLY
- March Wind Op. 46, No. 10 - C. BETZ
- The Eagle Op. 32, No. 1 - H. BURKE
- From an Indian Lodge - A. BRAZILL
Violin—H. KUST
- Improvisation Op. 46, No. 4 - P. BARRETT
- Arabesque Op. 39, No. 4 - G. SOLDANI
- Moto Perpetuo, Op. 46, No. 2 - E. BISCHOFF
- Songs { A. The Clover - S. JOBST
 { B. In the Gloaming - }
 Piano—H. BURKE
- Bluette Op. 46, No. 8 - E. BROUSSARD
- Impromptu Op. 46, No. 11 - C. DAVIS
- Midsummer Lullaby Op. 47, No. 2 -
Violins—H. KUST, R. HILLEKE, G. BROUSSARD
- Novellette Op. 46, No. 1 - B. O'MELIA

NOTES.

Through the CHIMES, St. Mary's gratefully acknowledges the gift of the Right Rev. Mgr. Frank O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Michigan, two volumes of the History of Mackinac by Edwin O. Wood, a work dedicated to Mgr. O'Brien.

St. Mary's reiterates her deep appreciation of Athletic Trophies from Mr. S. T. A. Loftus of Chicago, Robertson Bros., Kemble & Kuehn, J. C. Ellsworth, W. R. Baker, George Wyman Co., all of South Bend.

A generous check came to St. Mary's from her ever loyal and devoted children, the St. Mary's Notre Dame Club of Chicago.

In loving remembrance of her school days, Miss Helen Holland, class '17, of South Bend, has offered a yearly gift of four Cups for attendance and class work in the Athletic Department at St. Mary's.

The Feast of Corpus Christi marks the date of First Holy Communion for little Dorothy Rend.

On June 2, Leona Katheryn Voris received her First Holy Communion.

The following clergy were present at the Commencement exercises: Very Rev. Blessing, D. D. LL.D., Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, D. D., C. S. C., President of Notre Dame, Rev. Andrew Dooley, Detroit, Mich., Rev. C. J. Hagerty, C. S. C., Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., Rev. William Bolger, C. S. C., Rev. F. J. Jansen of Elkhart, Ind., Rev. J. J. French, C. S. C.

The Honorable Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board complimented St. Mary's and the Alumnae by a brief call on Saturday afternoon. They were privileged to hear Mr. Hurley speak for a few moments in the Bertrand Parlor.

On Saturday, June 8 the Alumnae were entertained at a five o'clock Japanese tea. The hostess, Mrs. Ada Shepard-Emerson of California, who has travelled extensively, brought with her many beautiful Japanese fabrics, curios, native nuts, dainty cakes and sugared fruits. Her own costume was in keeping with the display. The hour was as enjoyable as it was novel.

The marriage announcements which have come to St. Mary's since the last issue of the CHIMES are those of Marie Crowell to Mr. Benjamin James Klein of Estherville, Ia.; Catherine McEnery to Mr. Edward Schurenman Campbell of Park Ridge, Ill.; Mary J. Mahoney to Lieutenant Bernard Joseph Carney of Deming, N. Mex., and Jeannette Judie to Mr. Charles A. MacDonald of South Bend. St. Mary's wishes every happiness for their wedded life.

GUESTS OF HONOR AT ALUMNAE LUNCHEON.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Peter Blessing, V. G., The Rev. J. J. French, Lieutenant Geo. Sauvage,

Joseph Gallagher, Wm. Bolger, Cornelius Hagerty, Mrs. Ellen Ryan-Jolly, Mrs. Mary Cavanaugh, Mrs. J. E. Broussard, Mrs. Josephine Johnson, Mrs. Tom Walsh, Mrs. B. Oberwinder, Mrs. M. Scanlon, Mrs. A. F. Hilleke, Mrs. A. J. Sagendorph, Mrs. M. Kingsbury, Miss Alice Sorinsen and Miss Fitzgibbons.

In the lull between the chimings of Alumnae bells came the distant tremulo of tolling which numbered among the departed children and friends of St. Mary's the souls of Anna Wurzburg-Hudson, alumna, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. Claude Jubenville, the husband of Alice McManus-Jubenville, Petoskey, Mich.; Lieutenant John O'Malley, Albany, Mo.; Mr. Marc Vincent, father of Clarissa, Chicago, and Mr. P. J. Madden, father of Katherine Madden, Chicago.

R. I. P.

MEETING 1918.

ALUMNAE PRESENT AT ROLL CALL.

Mesdames: Pauline Murfey-Sauter, Mettie Tuohy-Lampert, Mary Cochran-Ryan, Emily Plamondon-Amberg, Anna Cunnea-Fitzgibbon, Lucrezia St. Croix-Bohannon, Henrietta O'Brien-Crowley, Alice Coady-Cartier, May Hamilton-Barber, Cecelia Moran-Collins, Angela Donnelly-Kelly, Mary Walsh-Walsh, Ada Shepard-Emerson, Nano Golly-Farabaugh, Mary Hines-Sattler, Linda Fox-Sanford, Jeannette Herbert-Schoeller, Leona Holden-Moran, Lucille Baker-DeLorenzi, Elinor Kreer-Totman; Misses: Anna Hunt, Delia Fitzpatrick, Annie Clarke, Mary Clarke, Winifred Cooney, Effie Erhardt, Mary Sullivan, Helen Guilfoyle, Marie Broussard, Marguerite Moran, Sarah Moran, Marjorie Barrett, Martina Smith, Mary Roach, Ramona Slattery, Irene Miller, Ruth Goodrich, Catherine Rempe, Alice Kennedy, Teresa Curry, Mildred Lambert, Mary Grahs, Rodna Hughes, Marie Shaughnessy, Mary Kinney, Lucille Houran, Helen Holland, Mildred Crull, Mabel Radican, Helen McCarthy, Dymrna Balbach, Frances Lyon, Edith O'Connell, Lucy Coontz, Eloise Redmond, Mary Deur, Loretta Clennon, Margaret Sullivan, Loretto Broussard, May Agnes Hilleke, Erma Sagendorph, Lucile Scanlon, Helen Irene Kust, Ruth Beatty.

GRADUATING HONORS.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on*—

Miss Ruth Frances Beatty, Omaha, Nebraska.
Miss May Agnes Hilleke, Ensley, Alabama.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS (ENGLISH COURSE) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on*—

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Miss Marie Ethelreda Kurtenbach, St. Mary's Novitiate, Notre Dame, Indiana.
Miss Helen Irene Kust, Wallowa, Oregon.
Miss Mary McDougal, St. Mary's Novitiate, Notre Dame, Indiana.
Miss Erma E. Sagendorph, LaGrange, Illinois.
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Miss Berenice Helen Dolan, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Olive Josephine Hatcher, Joplin, Missouri.
Miss Anna Lenore Johnson, Kokomo, Indiana.
Miss Cecile M. Martin, Aurora, Illinois.
Miss Irene Marie Vivian Matthews, South Bend, Indiana.
Miss Mildred Marie Miller, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Miss Kathryn Leonore Moran, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Willow T. O'Brien, Omaha, Nebraska.
Miss Mary Agnes O'Neil, Akron, Ohio.
Miss Alice M. Pottinger, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Edna F. M. Sagendorph, LaGrange, Illinois.
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Miss Ethel Brooks, Dowagiac, Michigan.
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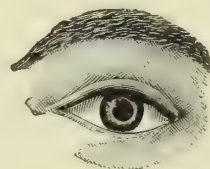
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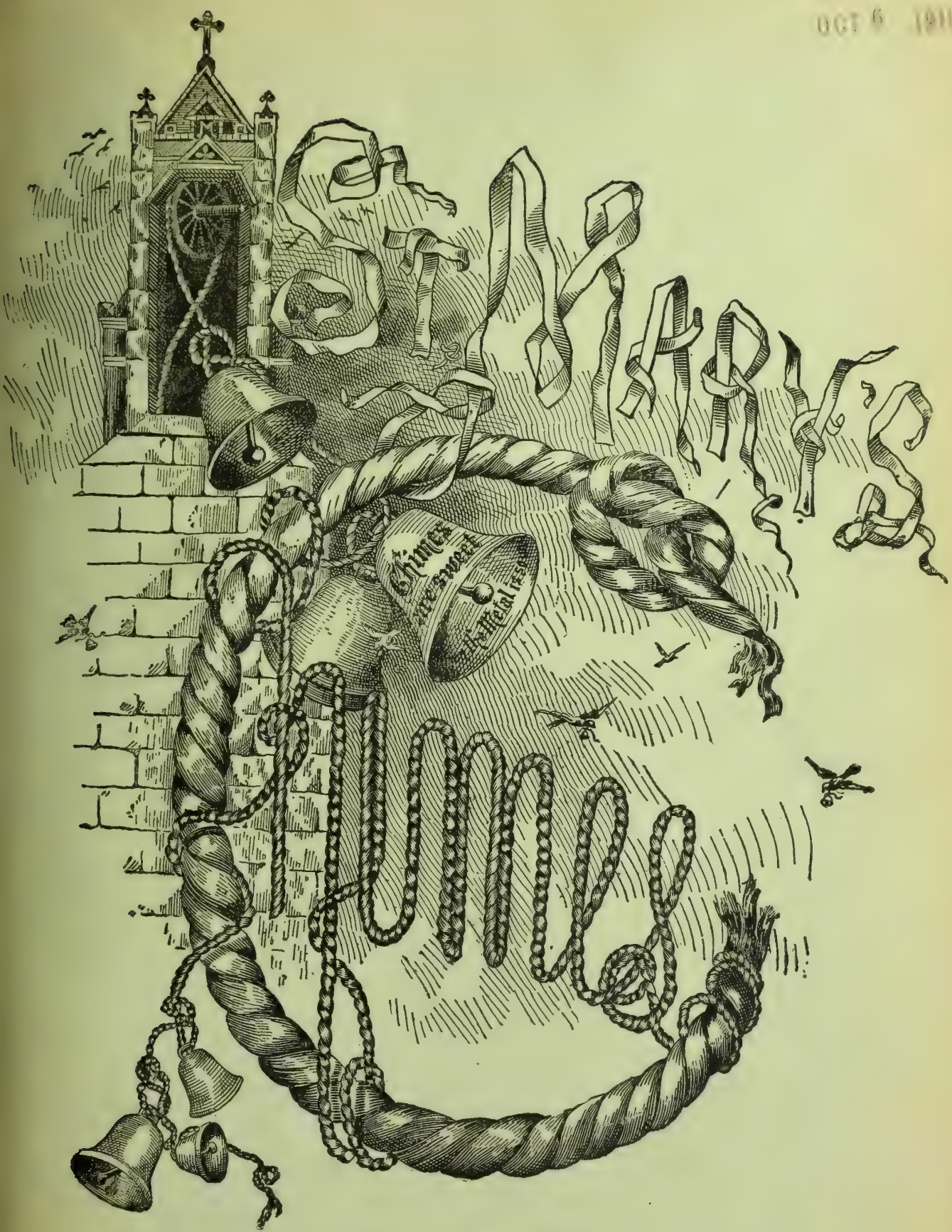
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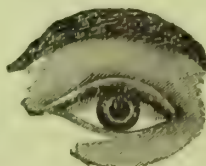
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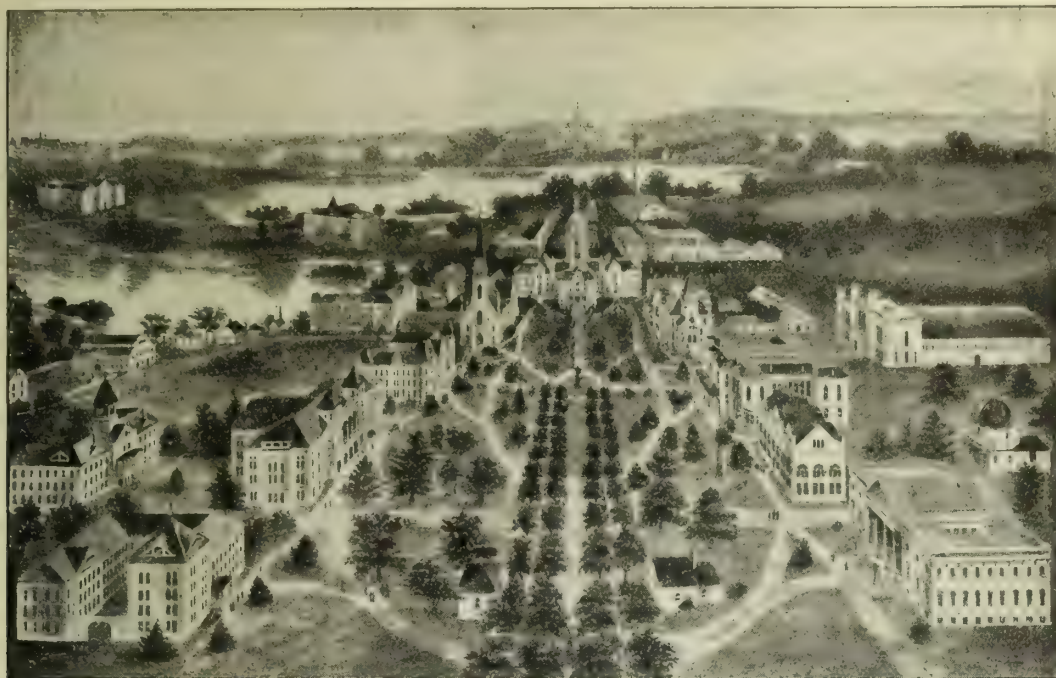
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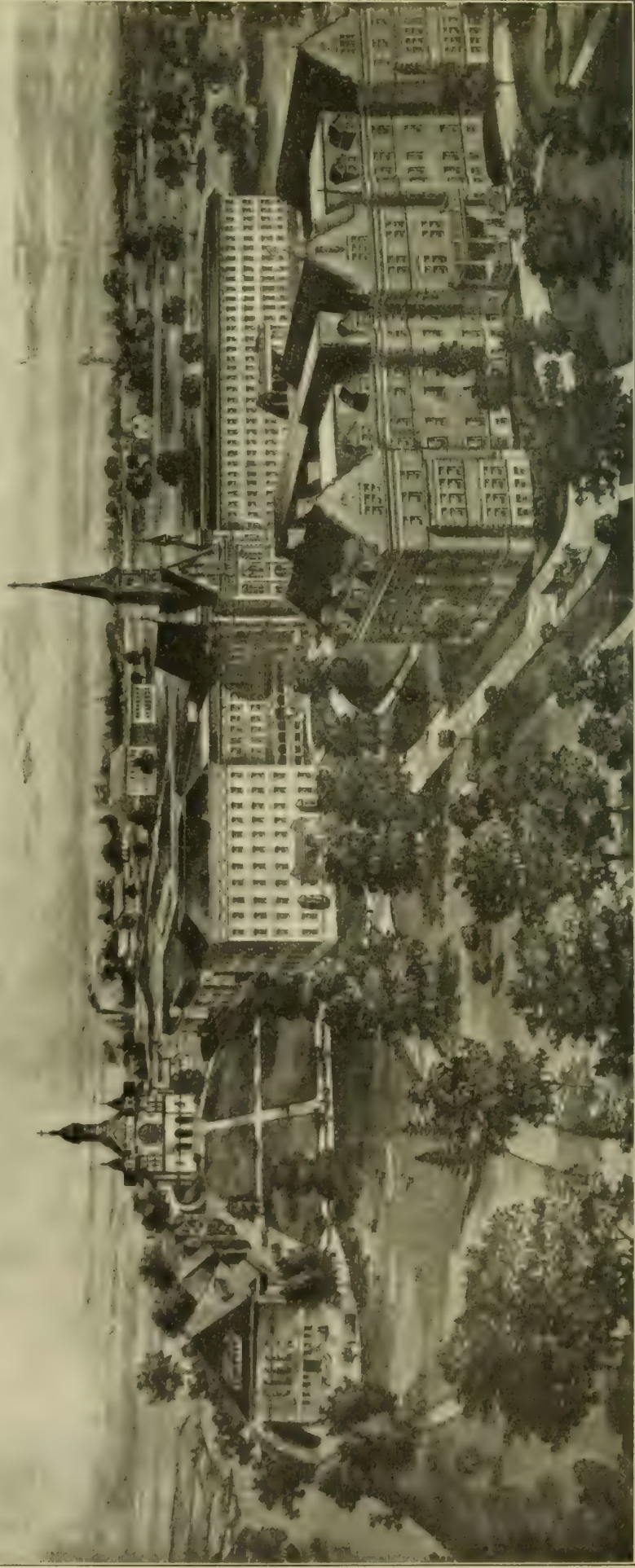
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Mary, Our Mother

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., September, 1919

No. 1

ON MODERATION.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

THE boldest ship must shun a rocky shore,
And dares not sail upon the unknown deep;
The oldest pilots faithful vigils keep,
As if the misty future they explore;
About them raging tempests, loud, may roar,
And angry waves in treacherous tumult leap,
Though hostile winds from battle never sleep,
The middle course will hold, they seek no more.

So, man, the golden mean will keep thee strong.
Be temperate, then, fear not uncertain day:
Thy part shall be above the idle throng.
If dreaded troubles come, hold fast thy way,
Though cares harass thee, laugh! keep hope as long,
Be glad; in tempered paths, sweet hope will stay.

GREAT NOVELS OF GREAT WARS.

LORETTO DOYLE, B. A., '19.

NO single event in history has provoked so prolific and short-lived a body of fiction, as the war just passed. From the consideration of its various phases, there has sprung a bulk of literature as varied in content as are the several events that called it forth. To appreciate just how poor this war literature is, we need only compare it with novels of other great wars. Perhaps the only war that has involved as many and varied peoples as the great War was the Crusades, while the struggles that have meant as much in the history of our own country are the Revolution and the Civil war. All of these have been the subject of great novels which are also American novels.

Scott, by virtue of his "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," might be considered the novelist par excellence of the Crusades were it not for such excellent books as the "Via Crucis" of Marion Crawford. Though Crawford was born in Marengo, Italy, he is American by parentage and in fact in everything except the accident of birthplace, and with such men as Lew Wallace and William Dean Howells he has made the modern American

novel a reality of unquestioned literary quality and place. He is preeminently an historical novelist and a captain of romance. But above these essentials he has in his best works risen to fine ethical and spiritual heights, which reflect not merely level front views of life but give perspective, significance, and interpretation. "Via Crucis" is such a book. It is a story of the third crusade, not a story of the whole crusade, but as put in motion by that dominating and magnetic character Saint Bernard, and as affecting definitely the life of one man, Gilbert.

This crusade was above all others actuated by an unsullied religious motive in the purpose of wresting from defilement the sacred tomb in which "God had rested Him of His crucified manhood." Not for the honor of men but for their dishonor. The crusaders discerned the meaning of the pilgrimage and the anticipation of the spiritual joy to be theirs set their minds and hearts aflame with a divine fire. It was to these anxious souls that Saint Bernard of Clairvaux preached the third crusade. In his very glance this holy monk held the potency of transforming as though by a divine power the hardest heart to one of love divine, as his gentle voice uttered in pleasing, persuasive words the cause of Christ. The actuating motive of their aspira-

tions was not to be earthly gains or temporal benefits and, in fact, such were presented as obstacles in their path to the attainment of their true purpose, the greater glory of God. With such inspirations the crusaders set out to rescue the sacred resting place of Christ determined to give their lives if need be for the honor of the Man God, Who had delivered them by His Cross, and Who was now to show them the way of the cross.

In Gilbert Warde we find reflected the spirit of the Crusader whose firm determination and unwavering will are those of one convinced that the cause he follows is right. Gilbert as a boy had seen his father treacherously killed in battle by Sir Arnold de Curboil who afterwards married Gilbert's mother. By the laws of the Church this prevented his own marriage with Beatrice, Sir Arnold's daughter. In order to gain favor with the King Steven, his mother disinherited her son who had been faithful to Empress Maude. We are made to feel that the conflicting emotions which Gilbert knows upon realizing the treachery of his mother whom he had always held in highest esteem, and in whom he had "believed as in heaven." Now he must give up all even his inheritance and according to the laws of the Church—Beatrice. He goes to the Holy Land to erase forever from his mind the remembrance of his unjust disinheritance by his mother and to seek in the Cross of Christ rest and solace for his turbulent soul. Here he fights bravely leading to victory many disheartened Crusaders against overwhelming armies, for he is above all a leader of men.

In the Holy City he finds the end of his Via Crucis. Beatrice who has accompanied Queen Eleanor on the Crusade Gilbert learns is in Jerusalem. He seeks her out finding that he has come only in time to save her from the co-workers of her cruel father Arnold de Curboil. The latter had been killed as he was about to execute a plot to kill Gilbert. He was amply rewarded for his sufferings for the sake of the faith with a peace of soul and the realization of a holy joy as the glory of God lies not in adorning riches but in men's sinful souls. Here is a novel made out of heroic stuff into a noble book,—the divinely impelling force is none other than a mystic and a saint and the characters through which the real significance of the Crusades is portrayed are the noble Gilbert and the lovely Beatrice. History has given us all manner of

false and distorted estimates of the Crusades as historical events. Here is a novel which reflects clearly and unmistakably the purifying and sanctifying effect that the Way of the Cross, be it through outward pilgrimage or inward Crucifixion, must have on life.

In the history of our country the struggle which has meant as much to us nationally, as the Crusades did nine hundred years ago internationally, is the Revolution. It was actuated by the same love of freedom which inspired the first American settlers to seek in this country a refuge from persecution. Cooper is the novelist of the Revolution. Living so close to the struggle he has caught the spirit of the war, and has epitomized the heroic patriotism and undaunted courage of young America in his novel "The Spy." Harvey Birch, typical of the spirit of sacrifice was prompted by the need of the American army to volunteer his services in a manner by which more actual assistance would be rendered than from soldiery. He took upon himself the duties of a spy, concealing his identity by assuming the role of a peddler. Unknown to either the British or American army he was hunted down and many times death sentence passed upon him by those very officers whose purpose, though unknown to them, was in common with his. He had given up his home, friends, and even his name. He was risking his life daily for his country's freedom. And now he had to guard his life from that country's officers, as he was not allowed to reveal himself even to them. Often times he was tempted to give himself over to the enemy and relieve his soul from its terrible anxiety. But each time he was buoyed up by the great love for his country and putting the cowardly thought from him he renewed his efforts with marvelous strength of will. We find in the old man the culmination of his unflinching loyalty as a youth. In his answer to Washington, who offers him payment for his inestimable service to the government, he says that as long as he is able he will work for himself. The proffered money he returns to the treasury of the nation that she may have the more to help her in the difficult task of reconstruction. What was more he kept the secret of his identity continuing to live as a peddler unknown to friends or relatives. The motive actuating Harvey Birch's patriotism was but the beginning of the nobler heroism which was realized in the great war in

which so many, in true heroic daring offered their lives in barter for justice not only for their own country but for the world.

Our second great war was truly momentous as the Revolution. The significance of the Civil War did not consist so much in the largeness of the adventure as in the important lesson it taught—that a nation divided against itself cannot stand. The question of slavery was of real importance to the South but still more important perhaps was that of State's Rights.

Winston Churchill, himself born in Missouri, has depicted the sincerity of purpose and determination of both North and South to find a solution for the problem. He has given us the noblest picture in fiction of President Lincoln, a man of sorrows. In the Crisis the pride of the South as working against the inflexibility of the North is represented by the character of Virginia Carvel and Steven Brice. Steven "the young Yankee" from Boston and his mother came to St. Louis where he started his law practise. He aroused a personal dislike against himself in Virginia, the daughter of Col. Carvel, a true Southerner in views and sympathies. This feeling was increased by his raising the bid made by a cousin of Virginia for a slave girl whom she wanted. He had really bought the girl that he might set her free, thus keeping a promise made to the girl's mother. He had spent all his money in so doing but this was only a second consideration for his whole soul went out to the poor girl's mother who had begged him to free her.

It was some years later that Virginia learned

of his true purpose in buying the slave girl. During this time she had been forced to admire the manliness and sterling qualities of the Northerner, but it was not until after the war that she realized the truth—that she loved him more than her cousin to whom she was engaged. Thus by compromises on both sides the union of the North and South was accomplished and under the leadership of Lincoln a stronger bond of united states attained. The results of the Civil war can be realized in their true significance now, for we have seen the results of the states united under one powerful head. However, it will be only some later-day Crawford, Cooper or Churchill who will be able to appraise the effects of so colossal a struggle as *the Great War*. Joyce Kilmer said, "The only sort of book I care to write about the war is the sort people will read after the war is over,—a century after it is over." We are too close to the actual facts to be able to judge of the cause or to foresee effects. The significance, the meaning of it all is blurred by very nearness. It is impossible that out of so much courage on the part of American men and women great Literature should not result. Some indications of it there have been in such books as Dorothy Canfield's "Home Fires in France" and John Ayscough's "French Window's." But certainly none of the highly colored and extreme books, which the war has called forth in such abundance, have any permanent value as a reflection of this great international paroxysm; the great novels of this last great war are yet to be written.

THE SOLDIER'S WELCOME.

MARY MARILLA BROWNE, '20.

DRUMS are beating, banners waving,
Soldiers march in glad array,
Glorious victors turning homeward
From the thickest of the fray.

Proud of you, we try to show it
In our shouts and songs to you,
Well we know your worthy valor,
Well we know your spirit true.

Welcome to our living heroes
Is a splendid, happy thing,
But the sweeter, happier welcome
Is the song the angels sing.

In the glorious heavenly kingdom
Where they meet and greet our boys,
Not with drums nor shouts nor laughter,
Not with rattle, din or noise.

But with music, sweet, celestial,
Stealing softly from above,
Giving welcome to the soldiers
Who have died to show their love.

MY PRAYER.

RUTH O'MALLEY, '19.

A GARDEN, my beloved, behold
 A fountain sealed, a place apart,
 With heritage of gifts untold
 Endowing richly soul and heart.
 The fragrance of the fairest flowers
 Exhaling, earth's most precious dowers.

And as I leave the shelter now
 Of your protecting walls, I pray
 Your glorious spirit me endow,
 That I beneath your guidance stay.
 And let my garden's harvest be
 Fair fruitage for eternity.

MEMORIES OF ST. MARY'S.

NANCY DALY, '19.

EVERY College that professes to be something more than a business enterprise where the carefully labelled commodity, learning, is sole, boasts of traditions, time honored customs, and an atmosphere that expresses the school's spirit and ideals. No two Colleges are alike. The difference between Oxford and Cambridge, between Yale and Harvard, between Notre Dame and a State University is felt by everyone that comes in contact with them. So it is with St. Mary's. Her children love to think of her as different from every other school in the world. Other schools may boast of avenues and chapels but to the St. Mary's girl there is only one avenue of leafy maples and stately sycamores and one chapel, Loreto. The sweetest memories of my College days are of such homely old-fashioned things as collation, the morning walk and the clothes room.

No one who has ever strolled beneath the flaming maples and seen the golden dome of Notre Dame shining through the maze of trees can forget the thrill of joy she experienced at the sheer beauty of it all. The eloquent stillness of early morning, the care-free mirth of companions, the wild rush to touch the letter-stone to insure the reception of the long looked for letter, each played an indispensable part in the drama of the morning walk. Then, too, there was the cherished hope that some day the walk would continue into the forbidden campus across the way.

That it never did, did not destroy our belief that *some day* it would.

As a source of inspiration the avenue and incidentally the morning walk had no equal unless it was the spring. What freshman ever struggled through her first year without imagining herself to be inspired to dilate upon its beauties? And if perchance a girl was lucky enough to escape the infectious inspiration the subject was straightway assigned in class. In my own Freshman days I was foolish enough to attempt a fairy tale about it. As I remember it I was a princess (why I should feel privileged to insinuate myself into the nobility I do not know) and the maples were dragons with tongues of flame that barred my way to freedom. I see now that my fairy tale was wrong. I was not a prisoner and the maples were not dragons but angels with flaming swords who kept us "remote from the obvious and untainted by the commonplace."

No month is more beautiful than May and no where is May more beautiful than at St. Mary's. The sky there is a little brighter. The odor of lilacs is everywhere. But lest any one imagine that our hands ever profaned the lilac hedges, I hasten to affirm that only the most sacrilegious of us ever dared to desecrate the sacred hedges. The lilacs were always reserved for the May time altars, and such altars! Surely the Queen of Heaven as she looked down upon her shrines heaped high with the choicest blossoms of the May and alight with tapers must have rejoiced at the loyalty of her children. Our flowers, violets, spring beauties, trilliums (first in all herbariums), were gathered in the ravine, most mysterious and enticing of spots, or in the woods. Sometimes a chosen few would go on a long walk with a favorite Sister, sometimes a class would go, but the walks that we enjoyed the most were those on which the whole school went. Then we rambled where and how we chose, gathered flowers or filled our souls with the joyousness of spring as we preferred.

No doubt other schools have collation, for hunger I believe is universal. But no where I know of is collation the ceremony that it is at St. Mary's. To me it almost seemed to rival Memorial and May day processions. At the sound of the bell a hundred ravenous girls filed past a tray of bread, sometimes hot bread with butter, sometimes bread a little less

fresh, with honey or jelly. If ordinary collation was a ceremony, special collation was a series of rites. On those occasions, instead of rushing down to the collation room we waited breathlessly in the recreation hall until our class was called. Then class by class we filed into the collation room where we each received our allotted portion, three round molasses cookies and three old-fashioned peppermint sticks. Never did candy or cookies have such a welcome or taste so good.

I had nearly forgotten Senior Collation, that most exclusive of all repasts. I can remember as though it were yesterday, when as a hungry Freshman I watched the Seniors marching down the back stairway for their collation. I envied them with all my heart and soul. Even their Saturday night dinners did not affect me so much. Perhaps my æsthetic soul was so enwrapped with the beauty of the table with its flowers and soft lights that I considered the food merely as part of the decorations. I do not know. But the Senior collation was always a source of irritation. There were certain daring Freshmen who invariably took the Seniors' pie, eclaires, or whatever delectable dessert was set apart for them. Gourmand as I was, at least I resisted that temptation. But that did not save me from the Prefect's announcement, "Freshmen will please leave the Seniors collation untouched." Often as I heard it, and it was a fortnightly announcement, I always felt that the prefect was looking straight at me.

The clothes room though hardly as poetic or romantic a place as the avenue vied with it for our affection. The minute collation was over there was a mad rush to the narrow room, case-lined almost to the ceiling where our clothes were kept in neat little bundles. We got these bundles only once a week but that did not prevent us from asking daily. It was fun to ask

and be refused, to trump up an excuse and note the look of amusement on Sister's face as she listened to our lame story. It was fun, too, to smuggle in a piece of forbidden bread and nibble at it while no one was looking. And it was not an unpleasant pastime before Easter or Christmas vacations to look over the baskets of unclaimed clothes in the hope of finding that towel that Mother embroidered for us before we started to school. It was in the clothes room, too, that the sophisticated old girls explained to the new girls the purpose of the tapes that adorned our stockings. These tapes two inches long were attached to the tops of our stockings so that each pair might be tied together before they were laundered. But the story the old girls told the uninitiated was slightly different. The tapes, they explained, were to be tied together so that the new girl might more easily acquire the true St. Mary's walk, a very dainty, mincing step. Some girls preferred to acquire the walk without such aid but always a few tried the suggested method.

The old girls must witness with regret the passing of the clothes room. Owing to war conditions and the scarcity of labor, the washing is no longer done at school and consequently there is no need for the old sorting room. A girl may wear as many clothes a week as she wishes and she is no longer obliged to mend under penalty of losing her recreation. To the new girl the new way is the only way. She will not even know that the clothes room, as it was in by gone days, existed, unless in skimming through the rules of discipline her eyes light upon the clothes-room regulations. But with the old girl it will be different. No matter how much its stringent discipline chafed her in the past she cannot help but miss it and at times, whether she admits it or not she will long for the old order, the quaint old way she learned to love.

DAWN.

LORETTO MCGUIRE, '19.

THE dawn is breaking in the east,
 Above the azure hills;
 An early rising blue-bird sweet,
 A morning carol trills.

And suddenly from out his bed,
 The sun breaks into view,
 To bid the waiting world good-morn,
 With greeting ever new.

CHILD LABOR.

RUTH O'MALLEY, PH. B., '19.

TO every American citizen his country stands for Democracy, a democracy which looks to the welfare of the individual citizen whom it governs. How deeply this ideal is rooted in the American is shown in the number of valiant men who gave their lives for this same cause in the war. And yet under the very shadows of this ideal we find a form of labor existing which is a direct violation of his principles. Baldly stated, the child labor problem means simply that instead of living a normal child's life and of receiving an education that will fit him for a useful, fruitful life, the child is sent to work in a factory and subjected to all manner of physical, mental and moral evil. It is a form of labor, the license of which, even though it has been involuntary has developed into a social evil greater than any other we have experienced. It has to do with human beings whose natural rights have been snatched from them, human beings who are unable to protect themselves in these rights and are making their greatest appeal from this very fact of their helplessness.

We first hear of the child labor problem during the period between 1760 and 1800 which witnessed the Industrial Revolution of Europe and the subsequent introduction of the *Laissiez-faire* theory into the industrial life, which allowed the exploitation of child laborers to gain a strong foothold. In our own country the employment of children became a problem in the same period with the introduction of the manufactories which drew the children from the domestic industries and the protection of their parents to the greedy hand of a growing industrial system.

It is an accepted fact that one of the causes of child labor is the greed and indifference of the parents. Sometimes wearied by their own struggle for existence they allow their children to go into the factories so that they may retire and live on the wages which the children earn. They excuse themselves on the plea that it is only just that the child should repay them for their expense and trouble. A larger number, however, allow their children to begin work only to augment the family income. In some cases this is necessary and in others it is pure selfishness. We are concerned with both because the child who is suffering from the selfishness of his natural par-

ents deserves the protection of his government.

The average laborer reaches his full capacity for wage earning in middle life and the wife and children have to share the burden of expense to maintain a decent standard of living. An investigation, conducted by the Federal authorities and other agencies, showed that in less than half the families the father was the sole support and in one-fifth the children had to contribute to the family income. The child who is forced to work because of the insufficient income of the father is merely starting a vicious circle. For he is forced to leave school and all opportunity of bettering himself and becomes presently the father of other child-laborers of less capacity probably than himself. This leaves us with a perpetual class of uneducated people who retard not only our industrial life but our political and moral advancement as well. A democracy requires as a basis that the people have a vital part in the operation of the government. But how is the government to be carried on effectively with a large class of uneducated people dissatisfied with existing conditions and helpless to find a way of escape. They are eager to pounce upon the first promise of improvement offered them and are not capable of judging its true value. It is true that we often find most conspicuous examples of virtue among the poorer class of laborers and yet it cannot be denied that they are subjected to temptations which are not only unjust but dangerous to the morality of our country.

If poverty or the greed of the parents has not forced the child into labor we can sometimes find the cause in the attitude of the child himself. He often seeks a position to satisfy his desire for adventure and to break the monotony of his cramped life. In our modern cities the children have lost their playgrounds. In New York alone there are probably a half million children whose only playground is the city street. Lured by the wages which are offered and the promise of greater freedom and independence the child leaves school and goes to work. The positions offered to the untrained laborer are not those which furnish an opportunity of advancement. The child who has carelessly given up his chance for an education finds that he has reached his full earning capacity and too late realizes that his early entrance into the laboring world has lost him all chance of a decent livelihood. The desire of the child to earn his own living is strengthened

by the demand for child labor. This is closely allied to our modern industrial conditions. The child labor problem is only about one hundred years old. With the introduction of the factories the children were given an opportunity to enter the industrial world because it gave an opening for the untrained laborer. Now a child can take the position his father has held at one-third the wages the father received.

Summing up the causes of child labor, we find them to be the greed of the parents, poverty, the attitude of the child, the demand for child labor, and the modern industrial conditions. We can find the reason for the continued existence of these causes in the indifference of the public. Recently interest has been awakened in this problem by the attempts to pass a uniform law against it but these attempts are the results of the labor of interested social workers. An irresponsible public continues to disregard the causes of this destruction and refuses to recognize their effort. The public must first realize the gravity of this problem and that help must come from them before it can be properly solved.

The greatest number of children are employed in agriculture. The evils of child labor are less prevalent in this industry than most others where it is used. The children are spared the monotonous and cramped life of the factory, but they are often put to work at a very early age and their physical strength is overtaxed. They are also deprived of an opportunity of an education or any substitute for it. A great part of the illiteracy of our day can be laid at the door of this industry. The statistics made from the reports of the United States Census Bureau in 1910 showed that almost two million children under fifteen years were employed and of these almost a million and a half were working in agricultural pursuits. In the non-agricultural industries the largest percentage of child labor is found in the cotton mills. In this same investigation it was found that there were over forty thousand children employed in the cotton mills, over eleven per cent of all the employees working in this industry. Children are given positions in the mills when they are very young and some of them are put at night work. They live for eight hours and sometimes longer, "in the maddening racket of the machinery in an atmosphere insanitary and clouded with humidity and lint." What the children are suffering in these mills in one part of the country others are suffering in a similar

slavery in the coal mines. Here they are placed in the breakers where they must lean over a coal chute day after day to sort over and pick out the slate. This they do surrounded by the deafening noise of the machines and the smoke-blackened air.

One of the worst forms of child labor is in the sweat shop industries. Reliable statistics concerning these children are not available because it is impossible to investigate these industries satisfactorily, but where the women of the family share their burden of the family expense by work that is divided around at their homes, the children are made to do their part. It often means longer and more fatiguing hours than those in the factories, because there is no adequate way of protecting them. They are often set to work early in the morning and have to work through to late in the night. Another form of labor which is probably more evil in its consequences is that of the messenger service and other street occupations. Although the number of children employed in this way has decreased there are still a large number who are allowed to follow these trades and there is a great deal of legislation needed to restrict it because it often makes the child who follows it unfit for regular work. They also often become familiar with the vices of the street and immoral places. The work too, although not as confining and irksome as factory work, encourages the child to seek greater freedom, to leave school altogether and become a mere vagabond and loafer.

Of the two million children found working in the 1910 census over eight hundred thousand were under thirteen years of age. In 1914 the New York State Factory Investigating Commission found that out of the 1,259 children working in the canning factories of that state 141 were under ten years of age and 502 under twelve. From seven selected communities the government found that the average age at which children enter industry is from twelve to fourteen years. In the large cities the age is not so low. In New York and Chicago fourteen is the average age for children to begin work.

The great evil of the child labor of the present day is that it is entirely unnecessary and detrimental to the child. In the early days of our nation -all hands were needed to work but the children to do their part were not overtaxed in a grinding industrial system. They were not stunted by unnatural work. They were not

driven in herds to one large factory where they were given one task of monotonous uniformity. They were not deprived of home education and every opportunity for advancement. The arts and crafts to which the children were set then were instructive and interesting. Today the child is made to do one thing day after day. Robert Hunter in his book on *Poverty*, says "A vagrant whom I once knew has for five years—from the day he was eleven until the day he was sixteen—made two movements of his hands each second or 23,700,000 mechanical movements each year." This continual monotonous work ends in dissatisfaction and unrest. The youth becomes a chronic job seeker, trying to better his condition, but instead finds that he is only qualified for the mechanical position and has given up his only opportunity for advancement by leaving school and becoming an untrained worker. In the vicious circle the poor are bound to stay if they are not protected against themselves. In the case of Dagenhart against Hammer in 1917 in which the Federal Child Labor Act was declared unconstitutional, the children of John Dagenhart, who nominally brought the case, were allowed to go back to work in the same trade as their father. They were both under sixteen years of age and the petition held forth was that the father was "a man of small means with a family and the receipt and use of the compensation arising from the services of each said minor was essential to the comfortable support and maintenance of said family." This is a fair example of the conditions existing among laborers today. These children are allowed to give up every opportunity of educating or fitting themselves for something better, to go back to the position which has already been proved insufficient and unprofitable and at which they will be forced to remain because they are not able to advance. By our neglect of these youths we lose an opportunity to develop a capable and efficient working class. In economic phraseology we reduce our productive power.

The positions in which children are placed are often hazardous. They are unable to give their whole attention to the work they are doing and are sometimes maimed for life in the big machines at which they are placed. The constant use of certain muscles to the exclusion of others results in deformity. Children given too strenuous work for their strength are often stunted in their growth and their health permanently impaired.

Today nearly all the states require a working certificate before the child can work. This system, though probably the best way of controlling the entrance of children into industries, has not been as effective as it should be because there are many places in which it needs to be corrected and strengthened. Much depends upon the officer who issues the certificates. In some states this duty is placed upon school officials, in others upon factory inspectors, industrial commissioners, health officers or court officials. There is first need of proof for the child's age. Until there is public record of the births and ages of children there will be no reliable way of obtaining the true age of the children applying for certificates. The next requirement is that of an educational standard. The value of education as an effective means to adjust the evil results of child labor has gained added importance the last few years. Pending further legislation from the Federal government the child labor program for children's years has taken the form of a back to the school drive. A scholarship fund has been raised in many cities whereby those children who are forced to leave school and go to work are given a sufficient weekly or monthly wage to enable them to continue at school. A visiting teacher has been placed in some communities to visit the children's home and the school, to study the conditions of the children and to advise the parents and children and to aid the child welfare organizations in their work. The third requirement is that the child be physically fit to work. In most of the states having laws requiring a certificate for the physical fitness of the child there is no definite standard for the examining physician and the law really gives no protection to the children at all. Lastly the issuing officer should not drop his responsibility at the rejecting or granting of the certificate but should watch and protect those children entering industries. Those having physical defects should be taken care of and those who are not able to pass the educational standard should be given an opportunity to meet the requirement or be trained in some other work.

The only satisfactory legislation against child labor is that established by the Federal government. As long as the laws are not uniform they will not be effective. Child labor is cheap. The manufacturer who uses it lessens his cost of production and consequently is able to sell at a low price. Since the competitive field of the man-

manufacturer of today is not confined to his own state he is essentially affected by the labor laws of other states. If a manufacturer in one state is able to produce more cheaply on account of lax child labor laws he can undersell a manufacturer of another state which has more stringent laws. That the nation is beginning to realize the necessity for federal legislation is evidence in the Federal Anti-Child Labor Law of 1916. This law prohibited the shipment in foreign or interstate commerce of the products of mines, quarries, factories, if within 30 days prior to the shipment the age and hour standard laid down by the act, has been violated. It was declared unconstitutional, however, on the ground that it interfered with a local matter which the constitution reserves to the jurisdiction of the state and that it went beyond the authority conferred upon Congress by the Interstate Commerce Act. Since the nullification of this law an attempt has been made to remedy the evil by the introduction in the Senate of a bill for the amendment of the Federal Revenue Bill, whereby a tax of ten per cent might be placed on profits made from child labor.

The nation at large is realizing that it would be a wise and good thing to rid itself of this child slavery. There are only a few states, which are notably backward in all reform, who are opposing legislation against it or who have not attempted to remedy the system by laws of their own. At the present day we are experiencing an unrest among the laborers which the poverty, resulting from child labor, has had its share in creating. Our humanity cries out for protection for these children who are slaving their very souls away for a selfish and inhuman industrial system. These children are our citizens of tomorrow whom we will depend upon to sustain a vital part in our nation's existence. Surely they have a right to ask that they be given an opportunity to fit themselves for that task. Child labor is robbing them of this opportunity. It is robbing the country of good and intelligent citizens. It is to the interest of every American that such a system be forced out of the industrial world of our nation.

SHIFT, overhanging mist of white,
Reveal thy hidden mountain peak;
No longer veil from us the sight,
The Rockies of the West, we seek.

HELEN EAST HOLLIDAY, '22.

TREASURES.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '19.

COME into my room and see
Treasures from all lands to me,—
Walls by fairies tinted green,
Delved from forest and ravine.
Bed embossed with brass, like gold
Caught from sunshine never sold.
Idols grave from Orient,
Kewpie dolls from Paris sent.
One more treasure I hold dear,
Brought from Salamanca here.
With a wealth of bronze and blue,
Rosy pink and' scarlet, too—
What! You've guessed as sure as fate,
'Tis none else than—my room mate.

THE MEN OF CRANFORD.

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

IN his book called, "Fotograf Album" Frank Wing has an art gallery of all the old timers connected with the family. The pictures are very quaint and true to life. One would recognize in almost every one of these a counterpart of someone among his own relatives and acquaintances. On the page opposite each photograph there is a comment upon the personage made by little eleven-year-old Dorothy to her young neighbor who has been sent to "borrow sumpthin'." Dorothy's mother being out just then the wee hostess, in the meantime, entertains her friend with the family album.

There is Willie Atkins who, as she explains, is the "beatenest kid fer axin questions. And some of the questions! Onct when the Presidin' Elder wuz t' his house they hadn't no more than said grace when Willie wuz up and ax, 'Say Pa, how fer can a cat spit?', sezee." Then there is Ma's Cousin Hiram who is so awkward that his wife threatens to "crate" him the next time she takes him anywhere. These are only two of the great variety of kinsfolk. The last pages the author has left framed blanks for any additions the reader might wish to make from his own circle. The reader of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* would find no difficulty in completing the domestic studio with some of the familiar people that figure therein. They will be "right at home" in this galaxy of quaint personages.

Cranford is the classic among the stories of

village life. The book is so called from the name of the town in which the scene is laid. Except for the surgeon there are very few men in the village community. In fact, there are no others for, as Cranford is the domain of a bevy of old maids, a man would feel himself "so in the way in the house." There are just two or three men distantly connected with the history of Cranford and in virtue of that connection they deserve a prominent place in Wing's memorial hall.

First is Captain Brown whose kind acts to the old women in the street were a stock topic of gossip among the Cranfordites. He and his old-maid enemy, Miss Jenkins had a difference over the works of Doctor Johnson. "Miss Jenkins could not refrain from talking at Captain Brown; and he did not reply, he drummed with his fingers, which action she felt and resented as very disparaging to Doctor Johnson." Sometimes he would take a volume of Mr. Boz on his evening strolls and invariably he would encounter Miss Jenkins. Of course it only "startled" him and her but Miss Jenkins "owned she had rather he had knocked her down if he had only been reading a higher style of literature." One afternoon the poor Captain was "knocked down" and killed by a "nasty cruel railroad" while reading Mr. Boz—"Poz." All Cranford mourned the death of the Captain who used to go about the city in his thread-bare uniform scattering his kindness on every side. Miss Jenkins, his opponent in literary taste was the chief mourner.

Another character in Cranford is Mr. Holbrook. He is an old bachelor and the one-time lover of Miss Mattie, one of the invincible maids in Cranford. After the death of her older sister, Deborah, Miss Mattie ventures to spend a day on Mr. Holbrook's farm. It took a "half a day's hard talking" for Miss Mattie to decide to go. She knew that her deceased sister would be shocked at the venture but on the spur of the moment she dared. Mr. Holbrook is a very fine man but he writes poetry and insists upon entertaining you with his effusions.

Then there is Jem Hearn whom Matilda says is "only Jem Hearn." This buxom servant girl wheedles Jem into marrying her "on a sudden." Jem says of the marriage "I'm not against it, ma'am but such quick words does flabbergast a man; and marriage, ma'am—marriage nails a man, as one may say. I dare say I shan't mind it after it's once over."

We shall complete the glad gallery climactically with the picture of "Poor Peter." Peter was the son of a minister and the brother of a household of old-maid sisters. He was forevermore into some kind of scrape. When bad reports of his conduct at college would come home they were invariably followed by a "badly-written, badly-sealed, badly-directed, blotted" note from the penitent culprit to his mother saying:—"My dear, dear, dear, dearest Mother, I will be a better boy; I will, indeed; but don't, please, be ill for me; I am not worth it; but I will be good, darling Mother."

Miss Matty spoke of him with tears in her eyes and in her voice. "Poor Peter!" she said; "he was always in scrapes: he was too easy. They led him wrong, and then left him in the lurch. But he was too fond of mischief. He could never resist a joke. Poor Peter."

For one of his pranks the minister flogged Poor Peter within an inch of his life. The boy never winced and when the minister stopped to get his breath Peter said, "Have you done enough, Sir?" Then Peter went into his mother "looking like a man" and said, "Mother I am come to say 'God bless you forever.' He put his arms around her and kissed her as if he, did not know how to leave off, and before his mother could speak he was gone." Poor Peter was never seen or heard of again. This event "broke his mother's heart and changed his father for life."

The life at Cranford goes along in the same old rut and at the same old pace. At the end of the story after years of absence Poor Peter comes back from India. This was where Miss Mattie thought he came from for the only clue that the family ever found of him was that he had joined the army and had been in India all those years. The truth is that he had been up in Maine all the time but the wild stories of Indian life that he related to Miss Matty thoroughly convinced her. He and she were the only survivors of the minister's family. Poor Peter is gray haired now and is somewhat but not entirely sobered of his old love for a good joke.

These are about all of the men in Cranford but if you will come over sometime on a rainy day I'll show you our big album with pictures of Miss Pole and Miss Deborah and all the other Cranford ladies.

SONNETS.

ESTELLE BROUSSARD, '21.

I SEARCHED into my very soul for rhyme;
 Its bolted doors would yield to naught. Alas!
 I knew not where to turn or how to pass
 Into this land of sonnets—verse sublime.
 The thoughts I had were fair but out of time;
 The tiny buds, the moon, not even grass
 Aroused an inspiration in this lass.
 I tried in vain the hill of verse to climb.
 Into the depths of trouble and despair
 I fell, not knowing whence or where to turn
 My dizzy brain, my troubled heart. Ah! me!
 But how this cross of word-and-rhyme to bear.
 I cannot answer.
 For 'Poets are born,' and made they cannot be.

EXIT ETIQUETTE.

MARION FLAHERTY.

"MARY JANE! Mary Jane! There's a fire, a fire. Hurry." A pair of eager brown eyes looked through a hole in the fence, then a curly head appeared. It's owner was ten year old Buddy Richards. He looked the garden over hurriedly and spied a little girl and a big collie dog in one corner.

"What's a matter? Do you think that fire'll burn all day for you? Come on."

But Mary Jane still sat, a heap of dejection. Buddy was through the fence now and he could see that she was in trouble.

"Well, what's a matter now? Get a lickin'? Didn't you have time to get away?"

Mary Jane aroused herself enough to say: "Didn't get a licking. Somethin' wors'n that."

"Gee, your Aunt Prudence didn't come, did she?" Buddy was all sympathy now.

"Nope."

"Well, what is the matter? Can't you tell a fellow?" Exasperation was written all over his face.

"Gotta go to boarding school, 'cause Daddy's going to France. I don't want to go," and Mary Jane's tears burst afresh.

"Jimminy Crickets" This was too much for Buddy to grasp at once. There was silence for a few minutes, then he said:

"What's he going there for?"

"Well, he says there's a war and he's going to go! 'Cause they want doctors."

It was in the year 1915 and young America did not know much about the great war that would soon enter their lives.

"Gee—wouldn't that be fun? I don't think that boarding school will be half bad. Maybe there'll be a lot of fires and what if you have to ride a long way on the train and your Aunt Prudence won't be there!"

It is hard for ten year olds not to see the bright side of life and so it was not very long until Buddy had his little playmate convinced that boarding school would be a new experience that she would enjoy.

"I'll take care of Teddy and the rabbits for you."

Then suddenly Buddy remembered his mission:—

"Come on, let's go to that fire. There isn't a fire every day," and he pulled her through the fence and they scampered down the street.

There was no getting out of it, so Mary Jane went to Miss Baldwin's to school. When she left she never dreamed, but that she would be home in June and would see Buddy again. Three Junes came and still Daddy was in France and Mary Jane stayed at Miss Baldwin's. Then one day in June, 1919, Mary received word that Daddy was in New York and at last she started for home.

Buddy was expecting her and he was playing ball in the yard when he saw a taxi drive up to the Smith home. He stopped his game a moment and saw a girl get out of it. Could this dignified looking, fourteen year old be Mary Jane? Buddy was somewhat awed at her appearance and he dropped down behind a bush and watched her go into the house. The four years had changed Mary Jane and Buddy suddenly lost all his enthusiasm for her return. He had expected to see the same little playmate come back that had left him four years before. He did not rush over to see her as he had planned on doing, but sat and thought about her.

That evening his mother informed him that he had better dress up and go over to see Mary Jane. So, clad in his Sunday clothes he sauntered over to Smiths. Mary Jane, very daintily dressed was sitting on the front porch. When Buddy approached, she arose:

"Good evening, William." It was the first time she had ever called him anything but Buddy.

"How do you do, Mary Jane?"

"Won't you sit down? It's a lovely evening." And Mary Jane made room for Buddy on the step.

"Guess I can, it's early," and Buddy seated himself.

There were a few minutes of silence unbroken, except for the chirping of the crickets and a robin who was still singing his love song. At length Mary Jane broke the quiet.

"Do you go to school, Buddy?"

"No, it's out." This wasn't very encouraging for conversation so Mary Jane tried again.

"It was terribly warm on the train today."

"Was it?"

Conversation stopped again for a few minutes. Buddy mopped his face with his handkerchief and Mary Jane fanned herself violently.

"Suppose you heard that Teddy died two years ago."

Buddy had been thinking for a half hour what he could say and he finally got this out.

"Yes, Norah said that he was killed."

That was all there was to say on the subject of Teddy, so the handkerchief and the fan started work again.

Mary Jane and Buddy might have parted then and there without ever being playmates again, but just at that moment there was a clamor down the street and in a second the fire engine rushed by, followed by an excited crowd in cars, on bicycles, and running.

Buddy looked at it a moment and then glanced at Mary Jane. Her eyes were all aglow with excitement. Buddy did not hesitate.

"Come on, let's go!" He grabbed her hand and they flew down the street, Sunday clothes, white organdy, silver slippers and all.

KEWPIE CHUM.

AGNES CONNELLY, '19.

HE'S just a lump of plaster white,
With yellow tuft of hair;
His big, round eyes are black as night,
Expressive is his stare.

His name is simply Kewpie Chum,
His trade—to sit and smile;
He tolerates no one who's glum—
Life is too short a while.

In scorn he holds all shades of blues
And laziness deplores;
On tasks he paints the rainbow hues.
And happiness restores.
My closest friend he has become,
This humorous, quaint Kewpie Chum.

GYPSYING.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '19.

AS one who is a tyro of the art of walking I fear that I must confess that pedestrian pleasure to me demands companionship and the care free attitude of a gypsy. There must be at least one ardent "follower of the trail," along, or walking is mere walking.

There are so many and varied methods to be used in gypsying that it is hard at first to pick out the most enjoyable. But I will give you this, which according to my humble opinion is most delightful. You should take one of those teasing drizzles of a spring morning. The rule laid down

by my most ardent fellow "knight of the road," is that one should never think of taking an umbrella. Overshoes, rubbers or goloshes, whichever you prefer to call them, are condemned by her thus, "No one with imagination would wear rubbers." You are allowed a coat of any sort, a hat and then you are ready. Of course you will experience the scalding criticism of your more prudent near relatives but you accept this in the spirit of good fellowship. The indescribable feeling of rain against your face puts you into the spirit of the walk. You swing along with a feeling of carefreeness which is only born of congenial surroundings and companionship. The lines of a verse come back to you over and over again and you repeat. "It isn't raining rain to-

day, it's raining daffodils." You step to the rhythm of it. You breathe of the nearness of it until you joyfully come to the rainbow end of your day, which is to return home, doff your rain covered clothes, jump into an easy chair before a low fire in the grate and give yourself up to reminiscences. Try it—it's much better than a shower bath.

Then again there is no premeditation about gypsying. Don't think the only way one can pursue the pastime is to ride in a canvas covered wagon along a country road. I have been fortunate enough to discover that gypsying is walking raised to an art.

As I have said nothing is premeditated for the object is to start out without any destination in view, detaching yourself from familiar haunts, and allowing your feet and not your head to lead you. I'll wager before you have gone your first quarter of a mile you will have had so many interesting encounters that the witchery of the road will have become a resistless spell. It is necessary before starting out to have your mind open to impression, to accept each object you meet on your way as something unusual which never has or never will come your way again. To more staid folks this is perhaps a mere Don Quixote ramble. Even so, it is better to turn windmills into people than not to have imagination enough to turn people into real characters. After all, it is the people you meet that count. I could find more enjoyment walking down a busy city street observing humanity go by than I ever could in wondering why the trend of our modern world is toward utilitarianism.

I heard a lecturer say that people loved books because they found human nature. Might we not turn that saying around and say people love human nature if they love books. The best way to love books and human nature is to view them for the advantage point of an observer, observing in the pleasant atmosphere created by nature itself.

There really is the spirit of discovery in ideal gypsying. It must have been the same spirit which dominated the pioneers and made them seek a new trail. One can imagine the feeling of exhilaration they must have felt when they came in view of land before undiscovered. That same sense of discovery spurs one on in gypsying for you discover for yourself things before unknown to you.

Life itself is pretty much of a gypsy trail. We start out on it, not knowing whither we are being led. The trail has so many by-roads which in themselves are unimportant but form a pleasant deviation to the long road. It is better to go along the trail with the joy of living spurring you on; with the love of God and appreciation of your fellow men in your heart; with the anticipation of something better ahead; than to drag behind like ordinary travelers who plod along because they can only see the dull stretch of the road ahead and fail to see the blue sky above and green trees all around. Some more serious persons perhaps will disapprove of our gypsying through life, but if they were real gypsies they would understand that it means a real appreciation of everything that comes along our road, it means — living.

A PARTING PRAYER.

ADELAIDE HOPFINGER, '19.

THE mantle of thy love, all heavenly,
O, Alma Mater, round thy children fold.
Let come to us thy double spirit, bold
That we may grow—to dream thy dreams, to see
Thy visions; let thy farewell word not be
The last to bring us golden dreams, to hold
Against the morrow,—to keep fast that old,
Strong, living hope in God, we learned from thee.

Our parting quest we make, this thing we pray!
O Mother, deign in love our plea to hear;
Set thou thy seal upon us as we part,
To carry forth thy message; pray we may
Thy worthy children ever be, most dear,
And keep us as a seal upon thy heart.



General Maudhuy, Governor of Metz, presenting the Croix de Guerre and Bronze Star to Miss Madelein Annunciata Davis, a former student of St. Mary's.

Since the beginning of the war Miss Davis of St. Charles, Mo., U. S. A., served in the Ambulance Corps in France.

Soon after the Armistice was signed the Government of Metz, Staff Bureau 4845, in recognition of her courage during the bombardment of Soissons, by official order decorated Miss Davis with the Croix de Guerre and Bronze Star. The Commander in Chief, Governor of Metz, General Maudhuy, made the presentation.

St. Mary's is justly proud of the distinction accorded her child, and she prizes dearly the devotion which prompted the sharing of her joy with Alma Mater.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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SEPTEMBER, 1919

THE ABUSE OF MEMORY IN EDUCATION.

The general notion of a University is that it is a place for acquiring a great deal of knowledge on a great many subjects. Cardinal Newman in his "The Idea of a University" tells us that "Education is a high word—a preparation for knowledge." The direct aim of a University should be to educate the intellect to reason well in all matters.

The training of the memory forms an important part of the first stages of all systems of education. It is an essential condition to all knowledge. During our whole life the greater portion of our mental possessions are dormant and our memory is the faculty which recalls and recognizes these representatives of our past experiences. From the first day that the small boy finds himself in the kindergarten surrounded by new friends, new picture-books, and multi-colored blocks, he begins to store up things in his memory. From year to year his intellect is little more than a passive receptacle which receives history, geography, algebra, and poetry with a score of other subjects, which are laid away for possible future use. Unless an unusual type, he will soon have "a smattering in a dozen branches of study" and "a shallowness" which is not knowledge. Perhaps as this boy grows older, he travels to foreign lands and in a few years we hear that he has seen much of the world. It is very true, by this time, that he has a vast multitude of ideas in his mind, but they have little relation to each other. This is the result of a development of this mental faculty which aims at an acquisition of information without "the analyzing and harmonizing" of items in such a manner that everything is associated with everything else.

A strong tenacious memory is a treasure and a well-stored mind is a great gain provided it has not been enlarged at the expense of the higher

faculties. Speaking of memory, Cardinal Newman tells us that it "can tyrannize, as well as the imagination." The mind may become a victim of a train of associations, as if by some mechanical process, and reason has no power.

The greatness of the intellects of such as Aristotle, St. Thomas or Newton did not consist in the bulks of things, their memories retained but rather in the systematization of their facts and their relations to each other. These men possessed the art of discrimination and of digesting what they wanted and making that their own. They illustrate that the only true "enlargement of the mind" or "illumination," as Cardinal Newman terms the perfection of the intellect, is the power of viewing many things at once as one whole. These great men knew how to use their intellects—how to reason. The facts their memories had correlated were precious materials from which they discovered many of the greatest truths of science and philosophy, because they realized their true values and relations.

In the true cultivation of the memory a habit of order and system is formed and such a habit implies the use of principles of association around which our knowledge grows. The memory should not be a library and should not take the place of the mind, but rather it should furnish the mind with material on which to work or guiding principles by which to work—leaving the mind independent to range freely in the world of thought among those artificial memories, libraries and to draw from them material on which to exercise its own characteristic activities of thought and reasoning.

UNIFORMS.

Uniforms are the unmistakable sign of one's occupation. Who would not immediately recognize the navy worker in the girl with the flowing blue cape and the jaunty little blue sailor on her head. In fact this hat has a band around the crown telling the world that the owner belongs to the navy. And the girl in khaki with the close fitting khaki cap and the stout leather boots certainly belongs to the automobile corps. There are other uniforms not so widely recognized but surely as significant. These uniforms are blue on week days and black on Sundays. They may possibly be black on week days if the regular blue needs a new fastener or a little patching and very rarely a blue one may be seen on Sundays if the owner has an especially good excuse

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

which passes the censorship of the prefect. White stiffly starched collars and cuffs are worn with these uniforms. These collars and cuffs are very convenient. If one wants to dress up, all that is necessary is to put on a clean pair of cuffs and an unwrinkled collar and all this world of blue and black uniforms recognize that this person is appropriately dressed for any occasion which may present itself. Surely you recognize the St. Mary's girl in her regulation uniform. I have heard unfavorable criticisms of these uniforms but certainly always from some who have never experienced the satisfaction of days *sans* worry about clothes.

STARTING TO SCHOOL.

Starting to school has always seemed to be a sort of rite. There is in it something of pathos, something of humor, curiosity intermingled. It is like a play in which comedy is the keynote of the first act, tragedy of the second, and in which the tragic incident is followed by a pervading quiet, a solemn aftermath.

I remember particularly one drama of school's opening. A guest for the night at an aunt's, I was privileged to see the whole play enacted. It began immediately after the evening meal with a babble of voices (the orchestra's opening number, I presume.) The initiated, two little girls, talked incessantly of teachers, rooms, recesses, promotion and a host of other terms, which were terrifying to the youngster who on the morrow, for the first time, was to cross the threshold of knowledge. Afterwards, there was the breathless search for books, the discussion of tomorrow's wardrobe until finally, four sleepy tots were tucked in bed. The curtains had fallen on the first act.

Bright and, I remember, very, very early the following morning the house was again echoing with children's voices. I arose just in time to see two prim, starched, little girls and two chubby little boys anxiously awaiting breakfast. The oldest boy, though he seemed little more than a baby himself, was lording it over his younger brother with the authority with which starting to school had invested him. He was proud of his new position but the innocent eyes of childhood reflected a shade of fear, as well. Tragic suspenses followed one after another until the climax was reached. School was a reality. The little group stood clustered around their mother in the

school waiting room. Reluctantly and with less assurance in their attitude than there had been the night before, the girls left for their respective class rooms. A teacher approached to escort the beginners to the primer room. He clung, fearful, to his mother but it was useless. Kissing him, she bade him go with the "nice" teacher, who did not at all impress the youngster. No one remained but the baby, and was it my imagination, or did the mother cling more tightly to the tiny hand, thinking perhaps, that he would be the next to go, that this first separation only foreshadows the ones to come? I do not know for I left them, then, the mother and the baby, strongly affected by the homely drama of every day life "starting to school."

HOBBIES.

Almost everybody in this queer old world has a hobby, so the folks say, and I am thinking it is true. I guess all boys have known a time when marbles, jack-knives, or "pocket full of nails" were their pet possessions and every girl can remember the day when the glimpse of a bright, new hair-ribbon would thrill her little being. Then as you grow older, this fondness for some particular thing clings to you, until folks say, you have a mania for it, but never-you-mind, your hobby is a part of you and we love you all the more because of it.

I am thinking of a little, old-fashioned brown cottage on our street that is almost covered with an old woodbine vine and some dark red ramblers that cling to it as if to protect it. The owner is a sweet white-haired old lady, who has a hobby that is very precious to her. Almost any hour in the day—whether in the morning when the petals are still damp with the dew or at night when the dusk is gathering—you can see this dear, old lady among her roses.

How she loves those roses! She has a story for each one and as you follow her around the garden, she tells you that this giant "General Jacquemot" is her Jack's favorite rose and this tiny pink bud is from Grace's "Killarney" bush—and so it is, she has a rose for each of her children. It is the quaint old-fashioned way of this "little mother" in her own little world of roses that fascinates you and makes you love her stories. Sometimes she tells you of her girlhood and her home "back in Pennsylvania;" how the Civil war came, when she was not quite eighteen and

her brother had to leave home, just as our boys have done. Then she tells all about the battle of Gettysburg, where our union men under Grant won a great victory. Over and over again, she laughs as she tells how she had to bake bread for the hungry soldiers when they were encamped near her home, and once, she said, she slipped a tiny note in a biscuit that was in a box consigned to her brother John's company. She just trusted that someone would get it and give it to John and he really did get that little note.

But now she has grown old and has only these memories and her roses to fill her life, because her children have gone to make their homes in the world. Her roses are her children now and she tenderly watches and protects the tiny buds as she did her little babies in bye-gone days. It is "her hobby" the neighbors say and it must be true, but if you have ever slipped into this dear old lady's fragrant rose-garden, and she has given you a half-blown rose with a "God-bless-you my child," it is one of your sweetest memories.

KEEPING A DIARY.

Does this remind you of a certain diary you started with the best of intentions and guarded as you would have your life? You have probably stacked it away in the company of dozens of envelopes, all bearing your name and an everlasting scar, caused by an eager hairpin or a hasty pen knife. Fifty years hence your fond grandchildren will finger it as though it were a document of legal import or the masterpiece of a Samuel Sewall, and say, "My grandmother wrote this in the days of the World War." Does your diary record the turning even of each day, the true conditions we are facing in this period, or is it a tabulation of picnics, parties and dances at which you wore your newest gown and the dashing hat, purchased on 'March 20th, page 36?' History is quite capable of recording in orderly array the progressive steps of a peaceful rule, but war defies the pen of the historian. War fights with a hundred hands, grasping in every direction, and no lone pair of eyes can follow such an area of battle. Each one of us will be looked upon as an authority by men and women of the subsequent peace period. If we dust the covers of the forgotten diary and make it a daily companion it will surely stand by us in some future day of peace.

VACATION GLEANINGS.

In anticipation of September 16, the CHIMES would extend heartiest welcome to those who are matriculating as students and reiterate its greetings to St. Mary's returning children.

Former students will be pleased to note the recent additions to private rooms, etc., which presage a new building in the near future.

While pledging loyalty in the name of the student body to the new members of the Council, Mother M. Bettina and Mother Francis Clare, we wish to assure those who have gone to other fields of labor that we hold grateful remembrance of their many kindnesses.

Congratulations are offered to the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Sisters M. Boniface, M. Manuel and M. Cunegunda, who on August 15 celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their Religious Profession and to Sister M. Claudia and the many who with her on the same date completed the twenty-fifth year of their profession.

The Rt. Rev. Leo P. Manzetti, the Revs. Fidelis, Kent Stone, C. P. and Charles Coppens, S. J., were among the summer guests welcomed by St. Mary's.

The summer of 1919 will long be remembered for the many changes that have come to St. Mary's, changes which will please because of the new friends we are making and yet, tinged with regret for those whom obedience has called away. Every best wish we could offer is given to the Rev. Thomas Vagnier, C. S. C., who for many years has faithfully discharged the duties of chaplain at St. Mary's and who now goes to Notre Dame. Reverend W. R. Connor, C. S. C., our present chaplain is also a friend of long standing.

The well-wishes of the student-body of St. Mary's are also offered to the Rev. Johnavanaugh, C. S. C., whose kindness and courtesy in the past remain treasured memories.

Already some of St. Mary's "girls" are occupying dormitories in the north wing of the Convent building and Dame Rumor has it that others have engaged places in that section (?)

Since the last issue of the CHIMES the following announcements of marriage have been received and acknowledged by St. Mary's: Ruth

Broussard to Mr. Fredell D. Polk, of Beaumont, Texas; Lenora Derrick to Mr. Henry Quirk of Oil City, Pa.; Eleanor M. Callahan to Mr. James Boyle, of Tucson, Ariz.; Claire Marie Sullivan to Mr. John Hannon of Monterey, Ind.; Ethel McDonald to Mr. Edward B. Murray of Los Angeles, Calif.; Katharine Louise Walsh to Mr. Henry C. Priester of Davenport, I.; Mary Elizabeth Burrows to Mr. Francis H. Higgins of Manistee, Mich.

Many of the students called at St. Mary's during the vacation and many more were here in spirit as has been proved by their devotion manifested in various ways during the summer.

With the murmured "Requiem" for the faithful departed, St. Mary's joins a mother's prayer and sympathy to the bereaved ones: Henrietta Dempsey-Fitzgerald, Cecelia Dempsey-Duncan, Stella Dempsey-Nessen, Erma Monarch-Geary, Irene Dee-Dolan, Ellen Barney, Sadie and Irene Matthews.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES

The annual Retreat for the Professed members of the Sisters of the Holy Cross which opened on the evening of July 9 was conducted by the Rev. J. P. Shaw of San Antonio, Texas. Superiors and delegates to the Chapter of the elections were in attendance.

The Retreat for the Novices conducted by the Very Rev. J. J. French, C. S. C., closed on Aug. 15 with the ceremonies of Investiture, First Vows and Religious Profession.

In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding, D. D., Bishop of the diocese the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Provincial, officiated at the ceremonies and celebrated the Mass which followed. Assisting at the Altar were the Rev. Joseph Boyle, C. S. C., Deacon; the Rev. Michael J. Keyes, S. M., Washington, D. C., Subdeacon; the Rev. William R. Conner, C. S. C., St. Mary's, Master of Ceremonies; the Rev. George Finnegan, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Assistant Priest.

The sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. J. French, who chose for his text: "I will go in to the altar of God; to God who giveth joy to my youth"—Psalm XLII.

Other member of the clergy in the Sanctuary were: Rev. Thomas Vagnier, C. S. C., St. Mary's; Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., assistant chaplain, St. Mary's; Rev. William J. Lennartz, C. S. C., St. Joseph's Novitiate, Notre Dame; Rev. Edward Finnegan, C. S. C., Notre Dame; Rev. Wendell P. Corcoran, C. S. C., Mission house, Notre Dame; Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., Notre Dame; Rev. Andrew Capesius, O. S. B., St. Bernard, Ala.; Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., St. Victor's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.; Rev. Fidelis Kent Stone, S. P. Corpus Christi, Texas; Rev. Francis J. Jansen, St. Vincent's church, Elkhart, Ind.; Rev. Moses McGarry, C. S. C., Notre Dame; Rev. James Quinlan, C. S. C., Notre Dame; Rev. Allen J. Heiser, C. S. C., Notre Dame; Rev. C. A. Hauser, Seneca, Ill.; Rev. P. J. Cullinane, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. Thomas J. Travers, St. Mary's Church, Anderson, Ind.; Rev. Joseph A. Lynn, St. Vincent's Church, Academie, Ind.; Rev. Hugh A. Curley, Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. E. Belair, C. S. V., Bourbonnais, Ill.

As usual on such an occasion chief interest centers on the sixteen young ladies and Novices who participated in the ceremonies—

Received the Holy Habit:

Miss Ursula Holland, Gt. Barrington, Mass., Sister M. Ursulita; Miss Anna Koenig, Baltimore, Md., Sister M. Jovita; Miss Cecilia Hertel, Goshen, Ind., Sister M. Ivan; Miss Gertrude Arnold, Fort Wayne, Ind., Sister M. Cyrilla; Miss Madeline Ludwig, Elkhart, Ind., Sister M. Vincent; Miss Marie Mettler, Fort Wayne, Ind., Sister M. Anatholie; Miss Grace Scroggins, Essex, Ill., Sister M. Justin; Miss Cecilia McGinnis, New Berlin, Ill.; Sister M. Elvira; Miss Loretta Dunn, Seneca, Ill.; Sister M. Hilda; Miss Alice Boisvert, Bourbonnais, Ill.; Sister M. Berenice; Miss Bedelia Dillon, Peoria, Ill.; Sister M. Amabilis; Miss Elizabeth Flannery, Woodstock, Minn.; Sister M. Amanda; Miss Ella Hughes, San Francisco, Calif.; Sister M. Olga; Miss Geraldine Gibbons, Salt Lake, Utah, Sister M. Frances Joseph; Miss Teresa Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sister Maria Antonia; Miss Margaret Doyle, Hartford, Mich., Sister Margaret Marie.

First Vows:

Sister M. Clarina, Sister M. Williamena, Sister M. Rose Estelle, Sister Elena Irene, Sister Kathryn Marie, Sister M. DeLellis, Sister M. Josina, Sister M. Giovanni, Sister M. Laurencita, Sister M. Ellen Carlos, Sister M. Dominic, Sister M. Hughanna, Sister M. Alviena.

Profession:

Sister M. Godwin, Sister M. Columbina, Sister M. Angels, Sister M. Theona, Sister M. Lucilla, Sister Marie Estelle, Sister M. Katherine, Sister M. Jullita, Sister M. Michael, Sister Frances Maria, Sister M. Seraaphim, Sister M. Esdras, Sister M. Movana.

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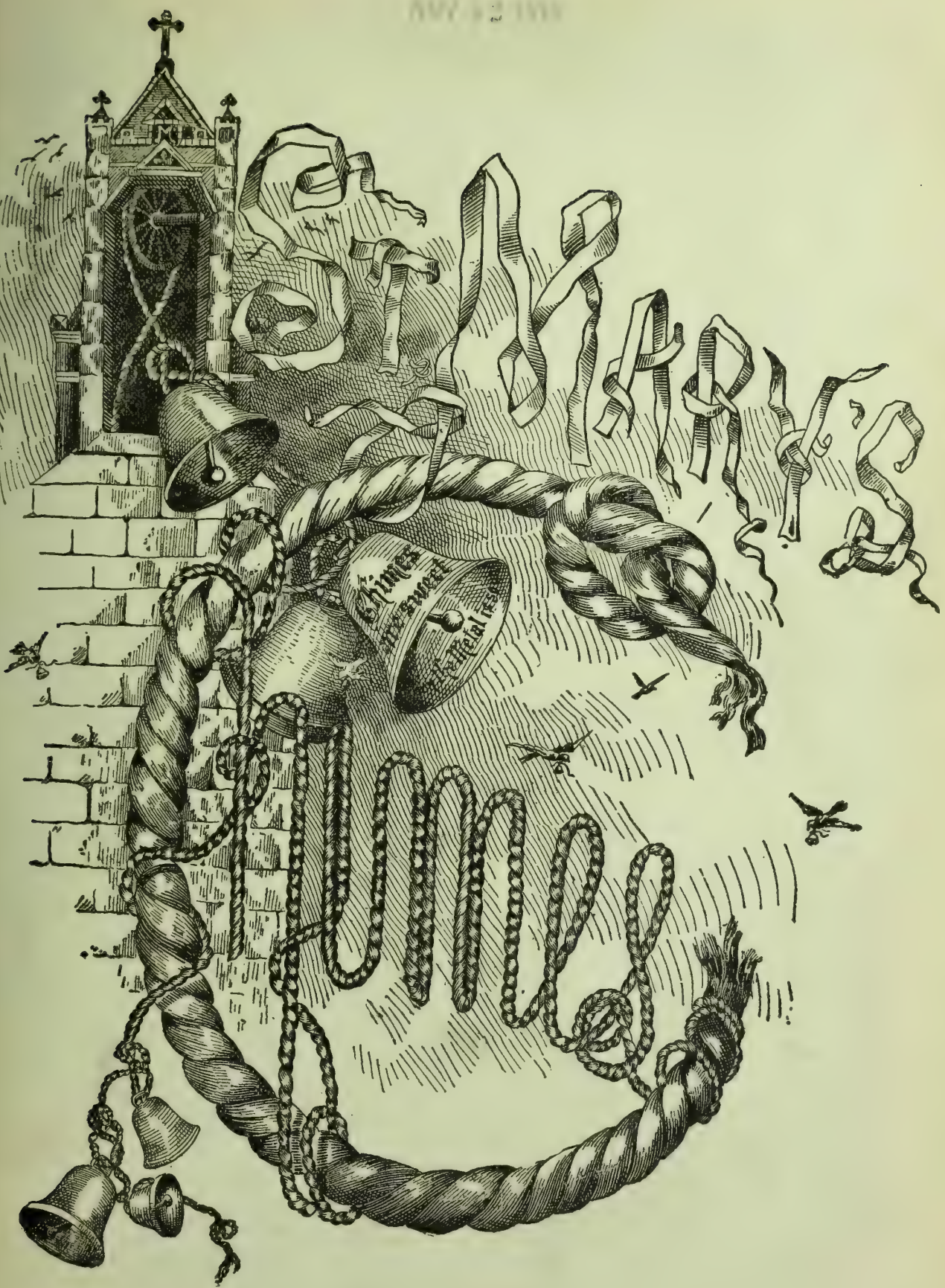
My dear Mr. Secretary:

I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,
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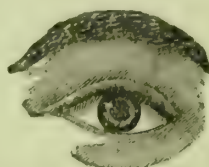
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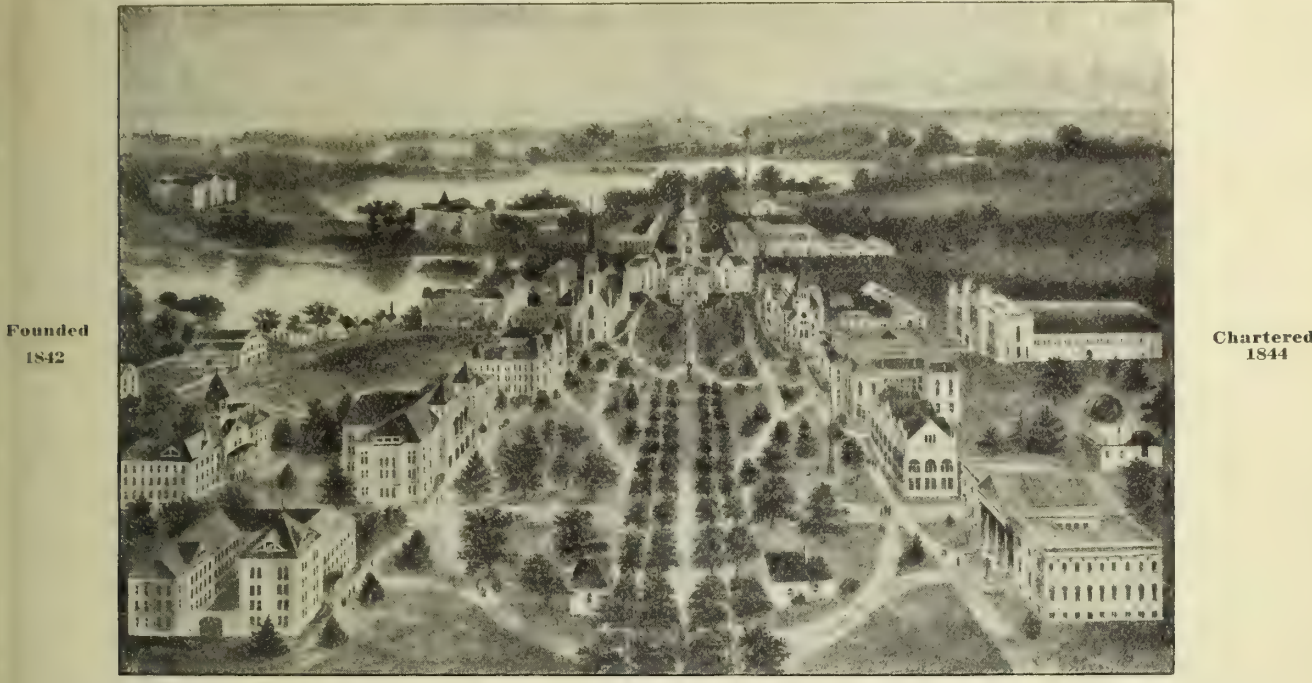
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* *My Song.*

S. M. E.

*Where Paradisal rivers flow he treads along,
Marching with mighty hosts, his voice in song
With theirs, forever singing, singing unto God;
Armored with charity, with justice shod,
Exalted, walks he now in Heaven's honored ways.
What need for me to sing my feeble praise
Of him, to call him our dear Lady's valiant knight,
Her servitor, the name of his delight!
Such praise is meet, but every praise-emburdened song
Would die unheard where that enraptured throng
Sings ever "Holy, Holy Lord"—and, caring naught,
Forgets the human joy that praise once brought.
What though my well loved paths his willing feet once trod—
Now walks he ever face to face with God!
What though I honor him as father, friend and guide—
"Brother," his greeting from the Crucified!
What shall I sing to him, on this his festal day—
He has forgot our simple, earthly way
Of keeping festal days, his life is ecstasy
Unending — yet, in his felicity,
To me he hearkens, for I sing not praise, I plead
In broken, trustful prayer, my every need.*

* St. Mary's, on being asked to sing in praise of her founder,
Father Sorin, on his "Feast-day," answers:)

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., October, 1919

No. 2

A PRESAGE.

CLARA SeLEGUE, '21.

O Mother, thou who at the joyous birth
Of Summer givest us the flowered May,
Who sweetly christenest the vernal earth
With flowing tears from Heaven's star-strewn way,
Art thou not weeping?

Through sapphire-misted dawn, when sunbeams rose
At star-light's death to greet thee, didst thou see
These shadows that thy incens'd blossoms close
And o'er the summer's dainty heraldry
Delight in creeping?

Alas! 'tis dead, the time of summer winds,
And all thy azure blossoms blighted lie;
Thy tender gaze no living Eden finds,
And blood-red leaves, saluting as they die,
Are earthward drifting.

Thy fingers on the rosary of years
An instant pause: October's skies are gray
But through her close-drawn veil of misty tears
The starry, half-shy smiles of early May,
The clouds are rifting.

JOYCE KILMER, THE POET OF CATHOLICISM.

MARGARET SPEAR, B. A., '19.

IN the life and works of the late Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, we find embodied in a most exemplary sense, the true spirit of Catholicism. The poet himself is said to have remarked, when questioned concerning his political and religious views, that he was a Democrat with a capital D and a small d, as well as a Catholic with a capital C and a small c. And indeed every action of his life corroborated this statement, for in all matters whether of religion, politics or art, his viewpoint was most energetically Catholic. Thus it is that when we lament the loss of one, whose full beauty was known only to God, we mourn most of all, not the poet, essayist, critic, journalist, nor patriot, but the man himself, the man whose God-given personality was pitched to a key of sanctity, the man whose sacred poetry is a divine expression of the intense love he bore his Creator.

In the quality of many-sidedness, few, if any, of Kilmer's contemporaries are superior; for in all departments of literary production we find him holding an honored position. Nevertheless it is

Kilmer, the "poet's poet," upon whom high authority has definitely set her seal, and as such we love most of all to remember him.

His poetry, like his life, may be divided into that which is universal in appeal, and quite innocent of religious sentiment; secondly, that which is Catholic with both a capital C and a small c; and lastly, that which is Catholic in a purely religious sense of the word. All the tender allurements of home, the look of love, the sunny laughter on baby lips, and above all the joy of home coming, all these were the biggest things in life, and they are the themes with which his first book of poems, "A Summer of Love" abounds. This was followed by "Trees and Other Poems," and "Main Street," two volumes of temperate rather than deep or serious sentiment, yet so universal in their appeal and so admirable in expression, that they are probably the best known, as well as the most highly cherished, of the works of Kilmer.

In the poem "Trees," written in 1913, which won for him instant recognition as a poet, the

artist enveloped nature in an atmosphere of real human life.

How the poet in his search for the inspiring elements of life, was made to feel the sympathetic harmony existing between man, with his little joys and griefs, and the common place things of the work-a-day world, is best indicated in his poems, "The House With Nobody In It," and "The Twelve-Forty-five." In the last of these he makes the train wear a truly human air, as "it coughs and shakes its head."

"A noisy little rebel, pouts
Its brave defiance, flames and shouts."

Then under the magic wand of his pen, it becomes a mighty vagabond of the night love-governed and lovingly responsive, because,

"The train, that like an angel sings,
The train, with healing on its wings,
To its high honor be it said,
It carries people home to bed.

My cottage lamp shines white and clear,
God bless the train that brought me here."

In the other poem mentioned, we are brought face to face with a picture that has for its central figure a solitary old farm house, which the seer imagines wears a sad and dejected air for the lack of something within it. The poem is beautifully concluded by reflecting the sadness associated with cherished memories of the past, in the lines

"Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof, and
the shutters fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a
house with a broken heart."

Among other poems of strong human interest, in which the author makes the common place always radiant and beautiful by giving it a spiritual interpretation, may be mentioned, "Main Street," "The Snow Man in the Yard," "Delicatessan," and "Martin," all of which are referred to, not for their Catholic sentiment—for they are Catholic only in a universal sense—but chiefly to illustrate Kilmer's keen insight into the secret of human life and his firm grasp on the human heart. Reflections of the tender love of God for man, and of man for nature, are splendidly typical of the man, who, loving humanity more than self, labored, even to the supreme sacrifice of that self, in wiping out the horror in Europe and fostering the seeds of love, as well as of law, in his own beloved republic.

But added to the poet's profound sense of the beauties and mysteries of nature, was a most leivable consciousness of God, which is best revealed in those songs which are Catholic. It is in them we touch the real Kilmer, for he reached his leftiest heights only when his soul found a spiritual interpreter. And when we understand that the rank of a poet depends in no small degree on his own lofty conception of the message he brings to the world, even though it be as old as humanity, as Kilmer's undoubtedly was, surely his place in the secular as well as the Catholic world is very high.

In the poem "Pennies," which is a protest against the materialism of the present day, the poet offers a solution to all philosophic problems when, after regarding the perplexed state of the "kilted Hedonist" as "he drops his treasured pennies to the ground," he says,

"Lo, comfort blooms on pain, and peace on strife,
And gain on loss—
What is the key to Everlasting Life?
A blood-stained cross."

In connection with this poem we may recall also that admirable and strongly spiritual song of eight lines, called "Poets," in which is crystallized the author's own sublime conception of his mission in life:—

"Vain is the chiming of unforgotten bells—
That the wind sways above a ruined shrine,
Vainer his voice in whom no longer dwells,
Hunger that craves Immortal bread and wine.

Light songs we breathe, that perish with our breath,
Out of our lips that have not kissed the rod,
They shall not live who have not tasted death,
They only sing who are struck dumb by God."

In emphasizing the inadequacy of human expression, unless it be illuminated by the divine, this same poem serves to illustrate the dominating theme of all Kilmer's songs, the music of which his own life and death were the echo.

In contrast to these two poems, characteristic perhaps, of the realistic manner in which the muse reflected the great soul of humanity, we may name two of the most exquisitely ideal and imaginative of his songs, "A Blue Valentine," written to his wife, Aline, and "Stars." In the beginning of the latter the poet, with childlike simplicity, addresses the myriad twinkling lights; then with a splendid depth of energy, sweeping all before him, he continues,

"Christ's Troop, Mary's guard, God's own men,
 Draw your swords and strike at Hell, and strike
 again,
 Every steel born spark that flies where God's battles
 are,
 Flashes past the face of God and is a star."

On first acquaintance with the poem, we may wonder at the spontaneity and war-like spirit which pervades it, and which seems to run counter to the poet's over sensitive spiritual nature. But when we realize that Kilmer was "an idealist with all the courage of his song," we cannot but appreciate the poetic justice which inspired this song, and others like it, and finally spurred him on to the fight which proved his last.

But to judge Kilmer only by the works mentioned would be giving a most unjust as well as decidedly false estimate of the man. We can have no better proof for this statement than the words of the poet himself, when with an emphasis and gesture, that invited no misinterpretation, he declared, "If what I write now-a-days is considered poetry, then I became a poet in November, 1913. I want all my poetry written before that time to be destroyed." For those who might be inclined to think that the poet was failing in justice to his career, we need refer to no other fact than that it was only at the time mentioned, that his inborn, though latent, Catholicism, asserting itself in a most positive way, led him into the Catholic Church and made the following years richer for him as well as for us. It was only then that his poetic soul, diverted as it were, for many years by spiritual unrest, burst forth into new cadences, which transformed as they are with the light that is eternal, are thoroughly and supremely Catholic.

The period marks a transition in his life from the semi-worldly to the deeply religious, almost mystical. Not that the poet's fervent devotion ever warped his natural genius, instead it enhanced it. Speaking of a fellow convert on the matter, the poet himself said, "It is not necessary to decorate rhymes with rich ecclesiastical imagery and fragrant names of saints, but in faith one may find that purity and strength which are guarantees of immortality." His was a curious blend of theology, wit and tender emotion, which together with traces of the mysticism of Belloc and Vaughan, made within him a most charming combination. The result was such poems as "Roses," "The Singing Girl," and "The Thorn."

There are many other poems of Kilmer which, redolent with the sweet perfume of Catholicism, are equally worthy of praise, but which time will not permit us to speak of. Suffice it to say that had it been characteristic of Kilmer to be merely an onlooker of the external beauties of the Catholic Church, and never to have tasted its inner sweetness, his legacy to the poetic world would be justly estimated at lesser worth. The singer could never have found in his purely natural faith and ideals, however noble, the exalted aspiration to which he gave expression in his "Prayer of a Soldier in France." Much less could his unconquerable spirit have drawn forth that vivid out-pouring of love contained in the poem, "Multiplication," and put upon his lips that everlasting song,

"O, King, O Friend, O Lover! What sorer grief can
 be,
 In all the reddest depths of hell than banishment
 from thee?"

Then strikingly similar to the communion acts of Father Faber, this prayer, alive with religious emotion and mysticism continues,

"O Happy Lamp, to serve Him with never ceasing
 light,
 O Happy Flame, to tremble forever in His sight."

The poet concludes,

"Dominions kneel before Him and powers kiss His
 feet,
 Yet for me He keeps His weary watch in the tur-
 moil of the street,
 The King of Kings awaits me wherever I may go,
 O, who am I, that He should deign to love and
 serve me so?"

Surrounded by an atmosphere of such sanctity, to attempt a further analysis of Kilmer's Catholicity is useless. As the Rev. Chas. O'Donnell wrote in memory of the poet, "This is the real Kilmer, the true mystic." "There remains nothing more to be said. The rest is literally with God." What a wealth of meaning those words should have for us, whose hearts throb with loving admiration at the nobility of his life, and in whom will be forever cherished the memory of this gallant warrior poet, as daily, through the medium of song, he enriched the great heart of humanity with the regal gifts of the one enduring Faith. Truly was it said of him, "God will understand if we love our life the less, now that he has gone out of it."

INDIAN SUMMER.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

SPRING'S Andantino long ago was played,
 And Summer's Allegretto only stayed
 A little time,—its notes were quick to fade.
 Now 'ere the Winter's Grave echoes loud,
 The while sharp winds, and sleet, and heavy cloud
 Upon the stripped plains and mountains crowd,
 The strains of Autumn's sweet Andante come.
 But of a sudden is the music stilled,
 No more the symphony which lately thrilled
 The vibrant earth and all her wide halls filled
 Is heard. Now are its voices dumb.

The earth lies silent, and expectancy
 Broods o'er the land. The hills, blue white as sea
 Waves flecked with foam, lie calm with tenderly
 Enfolding sapphire haze of incense smoke.
 Hark! comes a sound as some Divine One spoke
 A word that uttered, fell to earth and broke
 Into a thousand sounds; and breaking woke
 A myriad echoes, sweet and silver clear.
 A slender theme at first, this Master Song,
 Soon growing louder, and becoming strong.
 Now, gathering force it pulses swift along,
 Its strains encompassing the listening earth,
 And mingling grief and joy, and bitter pain and mirth
 In one great chord, that, distant at its birth,
 Sweeps close about us, coming near, ah, near.

All elements are joined in this great deep
 Of song. Now, as its soundings leap
 From cliff to cliff; from plain to lake, to steep,
 The master-note predominates o'er all
 The lesser notes. It holds a poignant call
 From Him whose voice it is. The notes now fall,
 And silence comes and stays a little while.
 Again the Autumn's song rings soft and sweet,
 Gone is that mystic chord, fled on strong pinions fleet,
 Still do I feel its pulse with every beat
 Of my poor human heart. For now of me
 That chord is part. Thus may it ever be
 Until within its pulse I dwell and see
 The face of the Musician and His smile.

THE BOOK OF JUDITH.

BEATRICE REA, '21.

THE Bible story of Judith holds all the charm and appeal peculiar to the modern short story. One is filled with awe at the achievements and majestic power of the mighty Nabachodonosor. There is compassion for the wretched Achior and joy at his salvation when the Children of Israel are delivered from their enemy.

It is as a study of character portrayal, however, rather than of plot, that this story offers the greater possibilities; that is, the revelation of the noble woman for whom the story is named. Joachim the high priest at that time, is the accredited sacred writer of this book.

It is chiefly an account of the inspired patriotic devotion of a woman whose name will be counted among the illustrious in chronicles of all times. The story tells that she was greatly renowned among all, "because she feared the Lord very much"; and that no one spoke ill of her. Her address to the ancients is a forceful discourse on the duty of humility and penance. Although she possessed great riches and was endowed with much beauty, her life was a model of mortification and prayer. Her whole life emphasizes the necessity of calling upon the Divine Assistance. When she appeared before the gates of Bethulia she cried to the watchman on the walls:

"Open the gates for God is with us, Who hath shewn His power in Israel."

When the battle was over and the Jews were delivered, we learn that Judith returned to her former life of seclusion, and that chastity was joined to her other virtues. Only on state occasions, her intense love of country prompted her to join in the ceremonies of public rejoicing.

In the character of Judith there is no trace of personal fear, save of sin and disloyalty to country. So, although she seems to have disregarded the truth,—and we must admit the fact, in some of her diplomatic speeches, still in the history of so great a soul this prevarication appears only as ephemeral weeds in a carefully kept garden. Her life unfolds before our mental vision, glorious as a majestic white lily, the memory of whose fragrance lingers among all beautiful things in literature.

*OUT OF MANY HEARTS.

(ON "FOUNDER'S DAY.")

S. M. E.

WE were talking today of you, dear,
 And we wondered if you knew
 How this, our most cherished of "Feast-days"
 Comes laden with memories of you,
 Memories of your sweet, kindly ways,
 Of your justice, brave and true.
 Then we said that you have forgotten—
 As mothers are wont to do—
 The long, long years that you toiled for us,
 And we wished that you but knew
 How we thank the Master who gave us
 The great mother-heart of you.

THE HISTORY OF BREAD.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, B. S., '19.

EVERY history of man's development has some salient point around which the important facts center. It is a significant fact that the history of man's most important article of food began in that garden of Eden in which humanity itself found its first home, with the command of the Lord, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Although bread here must be understood to indicate food in general, it may also have meant a particular element of it. We have no assurance as to the method Adam used in procuring the daily bread, still we might make the supposition that species of grains used in the present day were found during this time and used as food. The Scripture mentions in connection with Adam and Eve that the "Lord brought forth all manner of trees, fair to behold and pleasant to eat." This and the command to earn their bread are the only mentions made of food. Hence, we conclude that fruit and grain were used, as gathered, without any further preparation of cooking. With these suppositions as a nucleus we can project about it a probable history of bread and the later discoveries in the science and art of bread-making.

As we read further in the prophetic history we find more definite details of primitive breadmaking. Sarah tempers together three measures of flour and makes cake upon the hearth. Since we know other instances where people cook their bread in the ashes of the camp fire, we conclude that Sarah must have used the same method.

The hearth cake is often spoken of in the early part of the Scripture. It was, no doubt, the first form of bread used by the Hebrews.

It is interesting to note in the ancient Hebrew times that the cereals used were wheat, barley, rye, and millet. The grains were eaten in the raw state. Later a primitive method of parching was introduced. Gradually the grain was ground between two flat stones with meal the result. Parched corn was used as a food among the laboring classes. In the Book of Ruth parched corn is used frequently to designate the food of the people.

In reviewing Hebrew history one finds an interesting detailed account of the ceremonies of the Jews. Not least among these is the preparation of the "Bread of affliction" as it is called, to commemorate the pass over. The "Bread of affliction" or passover cake was like an ordinary water biscuit but somewhat larger in size. It was made from flour and water without any other ingredients. Although they knew of the action of leaven, no leaven was allowed to be used for this particular bread. The Hebrews guarded this bread with the greatest care for leaven was considered a defilement. So particular were they that no leaven bread should be found during the passover season, that they searched their houses from top to bottom the day before the ceremony, in order to destroy all leavened food. The directions for the preparation of the bread are set down in the Book of Leviticus.

The offerings of flour, whether baked in the oven, cooked in a frying pan or on a gridiron, were mixed without leaven. We find that the Hebrews had several methods of cooking their bread corresponding to the methods used today. Salt was used to season the sacrifice as an emblem of purity, perfection and wisdom. When used in the home it was a symbol of friendship. Is it not strange that the custom should have survived in the present day? Our reason for the use of the condiment now, however, has lost its symbolism and serves only the practical purpose of making the food more gustable.

The ceremonies accompanying preparation of the "Loaves of Proposition" or "Presence Bread" were even more elaborate than those of the passover cakes. Jewish tradition states that the bread was rendered more holy from its origin, the priests themselves operating the sowing, reaping, grinding, as well as, kneading and bak-

ing. There seems to be no restriction as to the leavening of the loaves. It does seem more probable that they contained leaven for the preparations were such that it was almost impossible to make a loaf without leaven. The shape of the twelve loaves representing the twelve tribes is uncertain. Between the two loaves were three scimitars covered with gold to keep them apart. The new bread was set upon the table with great ceremony every Sabbath.

In about the year six hundred before Christ the Hebrews had reached a high state of development in making their bread. Those settled in homes had ovens. Ovens at this time were of two kinds, stationary and portable. The stationary ovens were held by public bakers. In the Book of Osee we find mention of an oven heated by the baker. The portable ovens resembled a jar made of clay. The fire was placed inside the jar. The dough was plastered on the outside in layers. When these layers were removed an article resembling a cracker was found. The women as well as men were the bakers. In Leviticus we read "Ten women shall bake your bread in one oven and give it out by weight." This seems to imply that the women had charge of the public bakeries. People often made the bread at home and brought it to the bakeries to be cooked. Some object was placed in the uncooked loaf to distinguish it and make it more easily recognized by the owner. To the women of Palestine today has fallen the station of millers and bakers. They still grind the meal after the same method used in ancient times. Even the flat hearth-cake is used. The hearth consists of two stones raised at one end, over which is placed an iron plate to hold the dough.

Several interesting ceremonies connected with the use of bread have been handed down. The breaking of bread was performed by the master of the house. The reciting of the blessing took place, after which the master broke the bread. He did not break a small piece lest he should seem saving or a large piece lest he should be thought famished. He that broke the bread put a small piece before each one present. There is a custom in Palestine today, when a visitor or foreigner arrives, to grind meal and make new bread as a token of hospitality.

Egypt seems a ready field for discoveries. Her civilization had reached an advanced stage long

before the other groping nations realized what civilization meant. Literature, art, masonry and the ideas of irrigation and agriculture were known to her long before the ancient nations. Some commentators say that the Egyptians had perfected both the brewing and baking of bread fifteen hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era. The Hebrews about this time left Egypt and may have brought with them some of the Egyptian ideas of bread-making.

The Egyptians brewed their bread by forming a ferment out of sprouted barley. They crushed the grain which was to be used, mixed it with water and baked it slightly. After this bread had been cooked it was mashed, then water and the fermented grain added, the product resulting in a raised loaf. To the Egyptians we owe the discovery of the wild yeast plant. The dough was allowed to stand in the air and the wild yeast gathered and lightened the mass. A portion of this dough was saved from time to time as it contained the yeast cell in an inactive state and with proper conditions of heat and moisture the cells would begin to grow. This method was known as the leavening of bread. The Egyptians baked cake and bread of many varieties of shapes and they flavored their bread with aromatic spices. Egypt was celebrated for wheat of the breaded and, also, of the seven eared kind, known as mummy wheat from being found enclosed in the mummies; if such grain be planted it will yield.

In some of the pictures on the tombs we find bakers pictured; so they must have been a professional character at that time. On one of the bronze tablets we find an etching of a scene at camp. Here is represented men preparing bread for the victorious soldiers. As in Palestine, the method of modern bread-making in Egypt resembles that of the ancient times with very little change. Still we owe a great deal to these people even though we have far advanced them in method today.

In the classical lands we are not able to find any report on the development of their bread-making. We know, however, from the remains found in what Dr. Schlieman claims to have been the site of ancient Troy, that large earthenware jars were used in storing wine and corn. These appeared to be the granaries of the people of ancient Troy. Their method of crushing the grain was the same used by the Hebrews and Egyptians. In the time of Homer the mill stone

was used, a decided advance above the two stone and mortar method. Greeks and Romans ground their own flour and baked their bread in their homes. Evidences have been found that bakeries were attached to all the houses. In the ruins of Pompeii flour mills, kneading troughs, and other utensils for baking bread have been discovered. In one house eighty-one loaves of bread were found, some of which had the stamp with the bakers name on it. In the temple of Augustus we find the picture of a bakery with several loaves of bread represented. Athenæus mentions in the *Deipnosophistæ* sixty-two varieties of bread known to the ancient Greeks, and minutely describes many of them. Pliny states that professional bakers were introduced into Rome at the close of the war with Perseus, King of Macedon. The cereals used differed from either the Hebrew or Egyptians. Besides the use of wheat, barley and rye, the dried roots of the lotus flower were made into flour.

In China about two hundred years ago agriculture had a distinctive part in the religious ceremony. Before the planting of grain three days of fasting were held. The monarch went to the field with his court. After offering sacrifice to Sham he took the plough and made a furrow of some length, after which the older members of the court followed. This ceremony established so long ago is practiced in some parts of the Chinese Empire even today.

Rice is usually considered the staple food of China but wheat is used to a great extent. The Chinese bread is usually fermented, then steamed,—a very small portion of it being baked.

In locating European bread making it would be well to start with the knowledge we have been able to discover from the excavations made in the Switzerland lake region. The cereals found to have been used by the lake dwellers were dug up in the mud buried under a layer of peat. The lake dwellers were the earliest known civilized inhabitants of Europe. By civilized is meant they cultivated cereal, wove cloth and baked bread.

In the British museum several specimen of their bread are preserved. They resemble cakes made of coarsely ground grains. Some are round and about an inch to an inch and a half in diameter. It is evident that these cakes were baked by being placed on a hot stove and covered over with glowing ashes.

In Brittany it is hard to tell just when grain

was first cultivated and bread made. The first bread known was made of whole meal and baked in a round flat cake. After the Roman invasion millstones and water wheels were used, having been brought in by the Romans.

In speaking of England one should not forget to mention pancakes. Pancakes are made on Shrove Tuesday, as the custom goes, the bell which called the people to confess is spoken of as pancake* bell. Pancakes are referred to by Shakespeare and other English writers and Jeremy Taylor in 1630 wrote a lengthy article describing how pancakes should be made.

The hot cross buns of England have quite a history in themselves. They were used as early as fifteen hundred B. C. by idolaters worshipping one of their deities, Ishtar or Astarte, Queen of Heaven. As a prevention against diseases and death they were considered infallible. In the early days of Christianity in England tradition invests these buns with the same sacred importance. In some of the isolated countries of England a small loaf of bread marked with a cross is baked every Good Friday morning and carefully put away until the next year. This is considered a cure for all harm. The buns are more important and popular in England than in America and are made in large quantities.

A bit of English folk lore has it that our names, Lord and Lady, are derived from Llaford, the originator of bread, and Llaeflage, the bread maid or bread maker. So, too, we owe the origin of wedding cake to the great loaf made by the bride to show her inauguration into house wifery which was partaken of by the wedding guests.

In France breadmaking in the present day, except in the country places, is carried on by the bakers exclusively. In the country each village has its public oven. This oven is built in a large room. The floor of the oven is covered with bricks. The roof slants down to the low wall. The leaven used in making the bread is a small piece of dough preserved from the last baking. This is placed in a bowl of salt to keep the yeast cells from growing. When the bread is to be mixed warm water is added to the leaven and the usual ingredients added. After the fire is started in the oven the floor is swept by a weed known as the broom plant. Then the loaves are laid on the floor and left until baked. The loaves differ greatly from our bread; they are extremely long and narrow.

In other European countries bread is made

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

from rye flour and is heavy and of a very coarse texture. Loaves of bread are seldom used except by the higher class of inhabitants.

Bread in our country might form as interesting a history as that of Asia and Europe. Our breads can be traced back to the time of the Indians. In Mexico and Central America the natives make a bread from Indian corn by first boiling the grain to soften it, then crushing it by means of a stone rolling pin. The paste is baked on a plate of iron.

In the South a bread known as hoecake is still made among the negroes and is used by the white people as well. The original hoecake was made by pouring boiling water over cornmeal then adding salt and shaping the mixture. The hoe was brought in, washed, set upon glowing coals in the great fire place and when hot the cakes were placed upon it. Thus the bread became known as hoe cake. The hoe gave place to the baking pan in later days. The same method of mixing followed with the addition of melted fats.

Much might be said for the highly developed method of making bread in the present day. The advanced machinery for grinding the flour gives us a product which is a great improvement over the coarsely ground flour of a few centuries ago. Invention, indeed, did not stop with this product of flour but produced machinery for the mixing, kneading and baking of bread. Breadmaking has not only become an industry of vast importance but also a perfected product of science and art.

DEATH

ESTELLE BROUSSARD, '21.

W H flowing robes of summer days
Are carefully laid away,
And autumn's dark and dreamy hours
Hold solemn lonely sway;

When trees that thrilled with rapturous song,
All silent stand or sigh;
When every flower droops its head
And all things lovely die;

Then sadness fills the hearts of men,—
But, Ah, not yours and mine,
We know that earth's glad Easter morn
Will but more brightly shine.

GYPSY TIME.

T ODAY, the gypsy fairies camp
In every vale and nook;
Colors unfurled,
They make the world
A living picture book.

Their scarfs thrown wide, they wander on,
This roving gypsy band,
With brilliant hues,
Immersed in dew,
They paint a wonderland.

ELIZABETH McDUGAL, '20.

"KIDNAPPING FOR THE ALLIES."

MARY ETHEL HOLLIDAY, '20.

"YES, it is a gruesome case, all right," affirmed the sheriff. "We must keep some of it quiet until we get more clues. Sounds bad that such a thing has happened and left us all so confounded helpless."

"But, Sheriff," the young reporter interposed, "the whole town is clamoring for news. The office wire has been busy all morning answering questions about it. The fever of excitement runs so high today that one wouldn't recognize the old town. That old house is just the kind of place that such a tragedy might occur."

"Funny! You wouldn't believe it, but the men refused to budge, or step inside that house until the whole night force was out. Not much wonder, either. Don't know as how I would like to go a-wanderin' through the passage ways that that old dope fiend built, myself—especially at night."

A shrill little voice addressed the sheriff at that moment. It was little Miss Martha Moore who plied him with a diversity of questions about "the dreadful affair" until, her curiosity though but meagerly satisfied, she was elated at the thought of her important mission in imparting the much coveted information.

This self assumed duty she performed with alacrity and practiced skill. She watched for an opportunity. It came in a blue Velie sedan, Mary Nan Laird being the victim. Miss Martha eagerly climbed in beside her and soon was sharing her precious bit of news.

"What! You haven't heard yet? No, of course not, dear. You were at the ranch last night. I must tell you. It is so s-ad! Some poor girl was kidnapped last night."

"Kidnapped!" ejaculated the astonished Mary-Nan. "How terrible, who was it?"

"That's it! Who is it? We don't know. Can't find out. It was at the old haunted house Mrs. Spicer built, where her ghost is said to appear clanking chains."

"O-o-o!" breathed Mary-Nan, gave the car more gas, and sped on at a rapid rate.

Miss Martha was so interested in her own narrative that for once she forgot to be afraid, and proceeded:

"Last night, when all was quiet and peaceful in the neighborhood, at almost ten, people were wakened by the most piercing, blood curdling screams that came from the haunted house. Also, chains clanking, they thought of Mrs. Spicer's ghost, but on watching, they saw a car in the shadows of the trees,—then suddenly figures emerged from the darkness of the house. The cries were stifled by this time. Then they saw a poor girl dragged to the car, which was driven madly off. All they could see was that it was a Dodge with yellow wheels."

"How perfectly funny!" laughed Mary-Nan.

"Why, my dear child. Funny? Why it's far from funny. You are merely too young to realize the seriousness of it. Be thankful you weren't the girl who was kidnapped."

She left Miss Martha at her destination as soon as possible and seemingly oblivious to all about her, drove to Betty's home, woke the latter from a late sleep and announced the startling news of the kidnapping. Skeptical Betty refused to believe the wild sounding tale of her chum, and asked,

"I wonder how 'Lady Arthur' is this morning after his wild experiences with the ghosts. Suffering from shell shock, I imagine. We must take him in hand and educate him for war in case last night wasn't sufficient."

Betty answered a 'phone call then, and came back as serious as Mary-nan.

"Oh, honey, Jane called and said it's really terribly serious. I couldn't believe you but she says the entire town is in a state of tumult. Isn't it awful! Whatever will we do? Jane is coming over with the other girls right away."

The girls arrived, bringing with them an extra edition of the paper, telling the episode of the night before in sensational style.

"Detectives working on the case are awaiting further word from the neighboring towns. Several clues have been found. The 'haunted house'

is being carefully searched and investigated for further evidence," it says.

Immediate action was deemed necessary by The Five.

"The town will die of suspense if this goes on much longer," exclaimed Jane.

Very shortly an invitation was dispatched to Sheriff Trabing to meet with The Five. And promptly his official car arrived at the appointed place, where he was ushered into a dismayed group of girls. Mary-Nan was elected spokesman. Great was the sheriff's surprise when she offered information about the topic of the day. He listened with "a poker face," while she told her story.

An effeminate slacker had invited Betty to a dance. She accepted the invitation, not for herself but for the Five. They planned to show him that there were worse things than war by scaring him with live ghosts. An expedition to a haunted house was planned for the peace loving youth.

"We went there in the afternoon, fixing a dummy, chains and everything in true ghostly fashion," added Betty. "So in the evening when 'Lady Arthur' started out with his body guard we had no little difficulty in persuading him to venture into the haunted house. Once in, we forced him to go ahead with the flashlight dimly lighting the ghastly corridors. When the dummy loomed up in the light, Arthur fell back, and at the same time Mary-Nan in another room shrieked in a way that would rival any ghost. At that Arthur ran hither and thither, almost panic stricken. We dragged the dummy after us, and here (producing the dummy) is 'the poor girl that was kidnapped.' The Dodge with yellow wheels is the Blue Velie in front of the house."

Though the evening paper restored the city to normal, there remains an air of mystery, for the Sheriff has never revealed the names of the five girls that were the indirect cause of Arthur enlisting in the Navy. And since "the poor girl" was kidnapped, the sheriff and the five have become the best of friends. All working for the Allied Cause!

AUTUMN.

KATHLEEN SULLIVAN, '21.

AUTUMN sheds its mystic glow;
Leaves must fall, their work is done;
Colors change with touch of frost,
In the late October sun.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

MY ANGEL.

ADELAIDE HOPFINGER, '19.

BESIDE me oft-times I can see
 You, Angel guardian, shining tall;
 At times so near it seems to me
 I hear your voice and warning call;
 And ever when I am most gay
 You point your own bright way.

I almost reach to stroke your wings,
 But you, elusive, though I long
 To play, must take your heavenly things
 From out my grasp, and leave no song
 Of cheer when I am sad. You may
 But nod your own bright way.

Why do you smile, when joy nor mirth
 Is mine—when I too gayly reach
 To hold what cannot be? Is earth
 Too base of spirit things to teach?
 Lead me, dear Angel, if you may—
 Up, up, your own white way.

PROBLEMS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE ON THE ISLAND OF DESPAIR.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

TO ONE who has survived the unsavory menus of the war, made up of such delicacies as wheatless bread, sugarless coffee, cooked upon fuelless fires, there comes a feeling of brotherly sympathy for the hardships of Robinson Crusoe. His was an existence maintained almost solely upon substitutes, so precarious a position that the loss of any one poor "substitute," was to him a question of life or death. Gilbert Chesterton says of him: "Crusoe is a man on a small rock with a few comforts just snatched from the sea. . . . Every kitchen tool becomes an ideal because Crusoe might have dropped it in the sea."

One cannot help thinking that Defoe must at some time have undergone a course in the culinary arts, for with convincing accuracy he both propounds and expounds the domestic difficulties of his hero. A first experience, unknown to most of us, was that of finding oneself washed upon a desert shore, where the very choice of a resting place was a momentous problem. It is a first postulate of domestic science that he who would set up housekeeping for himself must have the wherewith to stock his larder. But who could give such an aspiring name to Robinson Crusoe's poor pantry? Some bread, a quantity of corn, rice, cheese, goat's meat, and an assortment of cooking utensils, were the materials which initiated Robinson Crusoe into the Order of Housekeepers. Seldom does any one pursue an occupation so zealously, for he says, "During the first few weeks I had no other employment except ranging the island to seek for food, which I did more or less every day," and optimistically, "I am not starved and perishing

on a barren place affording no sustenance!"

It was a red-letter day upon Robinson Crusoe's calendar when he reached that luxurious state in which because of the invention of home-made candles, he was no longer obliged to go to bed at seven o'clock. As a manager of household affairs, he showed remarkable adaption; no sooner was that art mastered to his satisfaction than he turned his attention to agriculture, and the systematic production of food-supplies.

How like a first Cortez, he must have felt, when he chanced upon the new valley of flourishing fruit trees. With all the eagerness of a wearied cook, he pounced upon the fresh promise of cocoanuts, oranges, citrons, and grapes for his breakfast. As a consequence, from a stinted repast of a biscuit and water, within the space of a year he can boast of such repasts as this: "I eat a bunch of raisins for my breakfast; a piece of goat's flesh, or turtle for my dinner, broiled—for to my great misfortune, I had no vessel to boil or stew anything; and two or three of the turtles' eggs for my supper."

Refrigerators and cook stoves, siloes, and granaries were not so much as dreamed of on the Island of Despair and an agile mind was not the least requirement of the solitary tenant. Food conservation was practised as early as Crusoe's time, for he says, "I carefully saved my ears of corn in their season, resolving to sow them again, and hoping in time to have some quantity to supply me with bread, but it was not until the fourth year that I could allow myself the least grain of this corn to eat, and even that but sparingly."

It is rather more than a housewifely occupa-

tion to attend to the plowing, planting, and cultivating of the grain; yet all this together with the tedium and anxiety of waiting the questionable success of his crops, fell to the lot of Robinson Crusoe. Neither is it a common domestic problem to produce cooking utensils out of the raw material, yet he did not rest content until the art of pottery-making was numbered among his accomplishments. The way in which he now made yeastless barley-bread, if it were ever revealed, might furnish a valuable recipe to the domestic world.

It was when Robinson Crusoe turned to tailoring that his most arduous difficulties were encountered. When further mending of his old clothes became no longer possible, it grew imperative that he replenish his wardrobe. With this in view he sought to perfect himself first as a milliner: "I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of goatskin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to keep

the rain from running into my neck." As for the rest of his apparel, "I had a short jacket of goatskin coming down to about the middle of the thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same; the breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs; stockings and shoes, I had none." Surmounting the whole was Robinson Crusoe's classic umbrella, utilized against both rain and sun.

As an inventor Crusoe was par excellence, as an optimist he was unequalled. When the business of living assumed abnormal proportions, and the untested fertility of the island might have as well been dry barrenness to the helpless castaway, he philosophically remarked,

"All the good things of this world are no farther good to us than they are for our use. All our discontents about what we want, appear to me to spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have."

THE TALE OF AN APPLE.

(*A-la-Egyptian.*)

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

LISTEN, my children, lo, I shall tell you the story of a wonderful apple that once grew in a beautiful land where only ladies dwelt. The queen of the land did once assemble all young maidens who wished to drink from the river of knowledge that was in her kingdom. This is a wonder that I learned from the words of her Chief Reciter.

Verily, listen all ye, and take heed. Into this land, came a wicked maiden by name called the Aphukta. She did eat an apple from a tree which was forbidden her. And lo, she became a burden to all she visited; yea, even more, much more.

Then lo, a wondrous thing came to pass. After she did eat of the apple, she did throw part thereof away. The part of the apple which she did cast away which was strong grew and waxed into a maiden of stature great with dignity. Lo, the maiden's hair became the golden of the sunlight; for she did walk much in the sunlight, though never alone. And her name was called Corata because she did grow from the core of the apple.

And lo, another wondrous thing did come to

pass by the deed of the woeful Aphukta. For while she did eat of the apple, she cast away a seed thereof. And lo, it did grow and was strong and became a maiden. Yea, on the very same day did both of these apple sisters enter into the queen's land. Lo, the second sister was somewhat smaller than Corata and her hair was brown after the manner of the color of the seed. And they called her name Seediata, and the two sisters were much together.

Ah, now hearken, my children, and obey the queen forever more. For lo, when the queen saw the sisters, she knew of the greed of the Aphukta. Straightway did she exile the wicked Aphukta and send her away from the land of sunrising and tinkling sounds.

But, because of her beauty and grace, the Corata found favor with the queen, and her sister rejoiced in her good fortune. Yea, the gracious queen did make Corata her cupbearer. Lo, she doth sugar the queen's tea rightly. Yea, very rightly, even unto the grains of sugar is she exact.

But all day does Corata walk out of doors. Especially does she walk in the afternoon; and while she does walk, her soul does sit in her eyes and she does murmur, "Tres Bien, ah Bien."

All this I say is true, for the Chief Reciter did tell it unto me, and I have seen the token of his wisdom.

THE AVENUE.

MERCEDES REMPE, '21.

THIS morn I saw an avenue.
 The trees on either side entwined
 Their verdant branches overhead,
 And made an arch that seemed designed
 By fairies. Down this path there came
 A princess gowned in mystic white,
 Who smiled to see the lovely path—and lo,
 The trees blushed red with proud delight.

MUSINGS.

AGNES CONNELLY, '19.

AS a girl is nearing the summit of a college course and stands upon the threshold of her castle of dreams, of womanhood, it is natural for her to pause and look back. Through the vista of her school days there are not, as one might think, countless mile stones, but comparatively few. They are conspicuous either by the brilliancy of their color or their complete lack of color, and are silhouetted against a background of everyday deeds welded closely together.

She pauses surrounded by the perfumes and breezes of May. The trees are rosy or white with blossom and the fields sweet with clover. The May beauty makes her turn to the mile-stone with violets embedded in its moss. That stone means the Mays of childhood—the first excursions to the hills for wild flowers. Those were the trips that brought thrills and tingles. Light-footed scouts walked ahead to be sure there were no tramps or gypsies abroad. And once when two burly men were spied around the curve in the path, refreshing themselves at the coveted spring—oh! the fear and the swiftness of the flight! Mercury himself could not have bounded over logs with greater speed! Then the procession—May always meant a procession—that is why she decks the earth with beautiful colors—that is her tribute to the Mother of God. And now the girl, no doubt for the last time, has donned a white dress and marched in a May procession to the feet of the Blessed Virgin. To the girl, May and blueness are always associated together—that is the color, blue. It may seem strange for months to bring to mind certain colors but May always means blue to this particular girl. Perhaps it is because the skies are so beautifully blue, or because it is our Lady's color, or that the glens and fields are tinted with

violets, sweet-flag and bluets—mayhap it is all these reasons.

As the girl turns from this symbol stone of May her eyes rest on a rough, uneven one with its bright hues strangely mottled with black. In age it is four years old and its strange shape was given it because of all the strange, new sensations, the excitement, joy, bewilderment and sadness that it marks. It commemorates her first, long, railway ride, that ride which carried her from eastern foot-hills into the rolling country of the middle west, into the new realm of boarding school. And the avenue leading to the school—how interminable it seemed! She thought she had walked miles before the object of her quest loomed in view. And then when the college building was finally reached—that queer spot on the stone is where it nearly cracked open from laughter, she was informed that the department for children was along the pathway to the right! How disgraceful for a young lady entering college to be taken for a youngster! However, she was matriculated and then came that queer sensation of sleeping in a dormitory, in a small white iron bed enclosed by four white muslin walls. Every now and then bulges appeared in the side walls when a neighbor's elbow came in contact with them. The first couple of nights were passed with abated breath, waiting for her next door neighbor to fall through or for the wind to blow away the walls. At the close of the year how she loved that same white house! Those oddly formed black spots on the stone—those were the days when she wished for an air-ship that she might fly home for just a little while, only for an hour. But her pillow can best tell of those days.

The rock of many colors is a memento of college festivities. The trials of her own class shine brightest. The fates were always opposed to her class and never failed to conspire against it when it came time to give a party. Every year since Freshman days her class cherished the hope of giving an out door treat, but every time the fates worked against them and proved the stronger party so their hope was never fulfilled. One time, a most memorable evening, the angry fates went so far as to try to demolish the campus and surrounding land. They blew off the upper half of the flagstaff, snatched tiles from the roofs of the buildings, uprooted trees, amputated others; but the most cruel blow of all—they threw over the pride of the campus, the beautiful

willow that had endeared itself to people for thirty-odd years. However, the class used the willow and made a beautiful bower of its lacy festoons. Anything out of the ordinary at boarding school causes great excitement, but the preparations for the very first party brought the most flattering and painstaking preening for the new girls. They were all athrill, flitting about making themselves beautiful, getting suggestions from this one and from that. Then there was the self-conscious line of girls filing by for inspection by the prefect. Could a rookie be more conscious of his new clothes than they?

The one other school social, standing in clear cut form, was the picnic out at the farm. The new barn was just completed, so to celebrate the event the whole school motored out to dance in its hay-loft and have lunch served cafeteria fashion from the stalls.

Her classmates were known as the Tradition Breakers. It began on "Val day" of their Junior year when they used an auto instead of the traditional "Val" cart; the second time "Val" day came when *they*, in cap and gown, escorted by the Juniors, went for an auto ride and stopped in town for ice cream. The citizens looked in wide-eyed wonder at the maidens in long, flowing gowns and three of them wreathed with garlands. Did they resemble part of a bridal party or attendants at a Delphic festival?

This latter event makes the girl turn to the soft spot near the threshold, the place waiting for the golden mile-stone. Will it ever lose its lustre? It seems not—it will stand for too important a thing, the reality of a dream. It will mean that she may suffix the first two letters of the alphabet to her name; it will mean a turn in the roadway of life; it will mean the border land of womanhood. There is a tear on her cheek, a tear half glad, half sad. There are far greater riches, perhaps, in the untrodden pathway ahead, nevertheless, she is half reluctant to turn away from the dear things behind. Now she turns to the last stone in the long vista. It is farthest, yet nearest—it is home. Home—"what's in a name?" Sometimes everything. It is different now than when viewed with childhood's eyes—different but ah! so dear! Each succeeding year brings added dearness to this spot. Hush! do not disturb her musings! Let us leave her here by herself lost in the thoughts we must not pry into, lost in the thoughts of home!

THE MAPLE TREE.

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

THERE'S sunshine here today
Although the sky is gray.

And storm clouds scurry by
Above. I'll tell you why.

Two fairies slept last night
Within a tree. A light

So dazzling shone, 'tis told,
The leaves became as gold.

The sunshine is, you see,
The golden Maple tree.

THE SUNSET MAPLE.

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

MY work in English last week was not very flattering, but it was not altogether my fault. That maple tree outside our classroom window was such a distraction to me that I could not score high on class work. Shakespeare says that "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact," and it seemed to me that I must be one or another of the three, in all probability, the first, I think. However I am to be classified, that tree simply captivated me. All the trees are beautiful in October. The water maples are more beautiful than any other kind, and this particular one is the most glorious of the maples. To see it is a personal delight. It is the first to bud in the spring and the last to lay aside its mantle of gold in the fall. These days it is simply gorgeous in its autumnal glory. It seems to have gathered into itself all the golden sunshine of summer and all the soft shades of the summer sunsets to show them now in one grand, glowing tribute to the dying year. The sight of it makes one understand how Joyce Kilmer came to write in the last lines of his finest lyric,

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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THE MEETING OF THE BISHOPS.

The first annual meeting of the archbishops and bishops of the United States recently held in Washington, D. C., inaugurates a new era in our Catholic life. The purpose of the meeting was to organize and coördinate the various Catholic activities in view to greater efficiency in the use of our forces and resources. This will be a great step forward. Catholics in general heretofore have not realized the necessity of concerted effort. In the beginning of the war Y. M. C. A. experts had to be engaged to organize our war work. We were simply not trained to a task of that proportion. Previous to this task we had not understood the advantage of organized effort, with the result that in Catholic work there was much waste of men and means. Thorough organization is absolutely necessary to the achievement of any large undertaking. The army which lacks unity is utterly helpless. The late war illustrated, as nothing else ever has, the necessity of coöperative effort. Recall the gloomy prospect of the Allies so long as they fought independently of each other under their respective commanders. It was only after they were finally unified under one generalissimo that success and victory seemed possible. Coöperation will surely have the same kind of effect in our army of Catholic workers. It is the main purpose of the bishops' meeting to effect this for Catholic America.

And so Catholic work, which has always been the most zealous but more or less local and unorganized, will undoubtedly be made one hundred per cent more efficient when our workers are organized into one great machine for doing the most and the greatest good. It is our part to pray fervently, as requested of us by Cardinal Gibbons, the Chairman of the Committee, for the success of this most worthy cause.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING EDUCATED.

The World War demonstrated the value of an education. If it had not been for a Professor, the Gray Man of Christ, Generalissimo Foch, the allies might not have been victorious. Marshal Foch put into practice the very same theories he taught in the class room, the result, victory.

So too, it has been throughout the world struggle. The quiet men of learning came to the front and demonstrated the value of systematized knowledge. It was the young college boys who became officers capable of handling men many years their senior. Why? They had been trained and disciplined and knew how to command.

A few years ago education was not such a vital necessity. Many famous men had very little education, they won fame by their own efforts and steady application. But now all this is changed, a man without a college education has small chance of success, while a man without a high school education has practically no opportunity at all, if he succeeds he is indeed a genius.

Education is looked upon by some as merely a means of obtaining a living, it not only enables one to do this but adds to the sum total of man's happiness. It enables him to pass his time properly in uplifting pursuits.

The drive for education inaugurated last year has shown gratifying results. Every school and college throughout the country has a larger enrollment this year than ever before. This is indeed encouraging and we hope that the American people will not again lose sight of the true value of education.

LIVING.

What constitutes living; that is, what is it that makes us say we live and not say that we merely exist? Is it the enjoyment we get from any or all of the five senses? Plainly it can not be, for there are many examples to prove the contrary. A person may be deprived of one or perhaps more of his senses and yet, truly lives. It is the attitude, the mental view, one takes of life that determines his appreciation of it.

MUTE ELOQUENCE.

By their very nature, there are some things beyond the power of expression. In the presence of a great emotion we are held speechless by the very greatness of it. We seem to have exhausted our vocabular powers on the trivial things to such an extent, that there is nothing left in which to express the depths of our feelings. In the "Perfect Tribute," that gem of short stories we find an excellent portrayal of the profound eloquence of silence.

Were you ever on a high mountain at sunrise, with the grey mists of the dawn hanging below in flat, long, veil-like clouds, and felt an exultation inexpressible? You stood in silence and your heart prayed, not in words. You were too near to God Himself for words, but the very soul of you seemed lifted from your body, into the beauty of it all. You offered it simply, to Him as your tribute to the splendor of the scene beneath you. Words and utterances man made in order to hold conversation with his neighbor, but only the soul can talk without words, in a language surpassingly beautiful, because it has a tinge of the supernatural in it. But above all moments, the greatest of moments in our lives, are those after Holy Communion, when awe and adoration strike the soul dumb, and the Christ Himself speaks in a soft low voice.

EXCUSES.

One of the chronic ailments for which most of us need to be doctored is the familiar excuse. This infectious germ is abroad in such numbers, that, were every victim to be quarantined, few of us would now be breathing the free air.

How simple it is to answer a question with a "Yes" or "No," but how often is it done? Especially when one in authority asks in gentle reproof, "Were you at prayers this morning?" Why should it be so natural to say, "No Sister, but—?" Or, "Were you visiting after lights were out last night?" "Yes, Sister, —." What follows the "but" is generally as varied as it is long. She either overslept, or was too intent on studying to hear the bell, or, in the latter case, she just had to go to Mary's room because Mary was lonesome. No matter what else, but always the blame must be completely removed from her conduct, and her innocence made certain.

A malady so prevalent can benefit no one particularly, unless by enlarging the imagination. What does she gain by amplifying a simple affirmation or denial with a hasty excuse? She only exposes herself more openly to a reputation for untruthfulness. It beomes so easy to preface every answer with a "but"; so hard to place a period after a plain "Yes" or "No!"

Girls might well blush that they are far better subjects for the excuse-microbe than boys. Perhaps it is because of their reputed love for talking, or simply that habit is too insistent; suffice it, that they are the world's most efficient excuse-makers.

Now at the beginning of the term when the school-girl is opening up her mental house for nine months' occupation, it would be a wise precaution to have a general fumigating party, and if any excuse-germ be found, let it be anathema.

WORK.

Nothing in this world is truly worth possessing or offering to others, which does not cost us labor. We must work for everything we have:— if we would acquire knowledge, we must toil for it; if we desire honor, we must strive to deserve it; if we wish pleasure, we must labor to attain it. The man who lives to the most purpose is the man who toils. What would the world be if it were peopled with idlers? The busy man is seldom the discontented man, nor is he the wicked man, he hasn't time to be. Work is as necessary to man as the sun. It is the power that drives behind, that quickens the nerves, enlivens the senses, masters the stupor, moves the dreamer. Work is man's purpose on earth, its goal—eternal happiness.

REVIEW OF CURRENT MAGAZINE POETRY.

BERENICE O'MELIA, '20.

During the month of October, much of the magazine poetry is inspired by nature. Calliope sings in various moods, although not always about the autumn season.

In *Harper's Magazine* Zona Gale has departed from her world of prose, and has offered a charming little love lyric, entitled "The Secret Dome." Its quiet simplicity and reflective atmosphere make it delightful both to the ear and the mind.

In the same magazine is a more pretentious poem, "Captive," by Hazel Hall. As the title suggests, it is the cry of the captive soul as it beats impatiently against the prison bars of the flesh: "My spirit is a captive bird." The same figure is also employed by Leslie Nelson Jennings in his poem, "Transmutation," in the October *Scribner's*, but with less of feminine sentiment and more of masculine strength and vigor.

Scribner's also publishes the lovely "Portrait of a Lady," from the pen of Sarah N. Cleghorn. No one could resist the charm of this simple sketch of a by-gone day. All of fashion's pageant is painted with an artist's skill, but the quaint little lady of the past remains the most exquisite of all, a thing of silver and pearly gray.

Nature is again courted by David Morton in the *Bookman*, in "A Garden Wall." Modelled upon the sonnet, with slight variations in rhyme, this poem expresses a thought truly worthy of a sonnet. In the octave, the author sings to the old ivy-covered, secret-laden walls of the Romans, of the many confidences hidden in their ancient, crumbling bosoms; then in the sextet he contrasts the vine-covered garden wall of today. No secrets of empires lie buried here, but the laughter and happy voices of children fill its heart with burdens far more mysterious and universally appealing.

* * * *

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

I had fully intended to devote myself to poems on one subject, but the restive spirit that dances over the vari-colored autumnal fields awakened a change-seeking mood within me. My selection of poems is, consequently, as whimsical as the month.

The aerie height and beautiful word-combinations of "Tree-Tops" by Amanda Benjamin Hall seems to find an appropriate and ancient setting, in the name of the magazine that publishes it, the *Century*. I could not decide just what or who was talking, but I believe that it is a leaf. The frosty, dreamy beauty of the night is drawn by means of the most delicate and symbolic imagery. It is exquisite.

Another poem that speaks of the charm of darkness is "The Captive" by Hazel Hall in *Harper's*. One may rant about and against the injustice of things in the brassy glare of the sun, but the great consoling darkness makes one realize that there are few things worth while.

The figure is a bird, caged. I believe that the last two lines are gems.

"Wings seem a strang impertinence
Before the stars."

There is a little poem in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Fannie Stearns Gifford, "Feet or Wings." It is a beautifully expressed counsel to the effect that we should not try to force people to do what they were not intended for. One must not expect an ant to fly. On the other hand, one must not keep down one who would and could soar high. It is a rare, though trite philosophy of life.

In the *Literary Digest*, I found an Irish elegy by Norreys Jephson O'Connor. It was called "Moira's Keening." It was a homey, simple, pathetic heart-song of a young Irish girl whose lover died in battle. The verse form was unusual and the melody irresistible. It brought a sympathetic tear to the eye of the reader.

But there was another light in my eye when I behold "Carouse" by Charles Hanson Towne in *The Century*. It is a gay, picturesque carnival of color and action, personifying Autumn. I liked it best. It reminded me of a windy, brisk Hallowe'en. The choice of words is unusual and impressive. This poem is one of the best that I have read on the riotous aspect of Autumn.

FOUNDER'S DAY AT ST. MARY'S.

The celebration of Founder's Day began at high noon on Sunday, October 12th, when the customary "banquet" was served simultaneously in the three departments.

Mother M. Aquina, Superior-General of the Community was the guest of honor in the Collegiate dining hall.

The students entered the hall in step with the music of an "Entrance March" furnished by the members of St. Mary's Orchestra. When all had been assigned places, the entire body sang the "St. Mary's" Chorus, after which the delicious menu was served. Between courses, the following toasts were offered:

"WELCOME TO OUR 400," Anne Kelleher, Collegiate; Mary Purman, Academic; Esther Pace, Preparatory.

"TO OUR FOUNDER, FATHER SORIN," Mary McNamara, Collegiate; Genevieve Bohanon, Academic; Anna Orr, Preparatory.

"RESPONSE TO WELCOME," Stella Scott, Collegiate; Catherine McDonough, Academic; Lily Kovsky, Preparatory.

On Monday morning, October 13th, caps and sweaters were donned and a long walk of some seven miles was enjoyed. While en route, the students stopped many times to take "snaps" and to purchase sweets.

In the evening, the Seniors entertained the other college classes at a dancing party in St. Angela's Hall. Music was furnished by Johnson's Orchestra of South Bend. After a program of ten dances, dainty refreshments were served by the Seniors and Juniors.

The Preparatory Department enjoyed a similar little party all to themselves. Music was furnished by the Academic Orchestra.

On Tuesday evening, the Academic Department were guests at an informal dancing party in the Gymnasium.

"As all things end," much to the sorrow of the St. Mary's girls did this celebration end—leaving the happy participants wishing that just a few more days could be given to the commemoration of Father Sorin and his well-designed work.

NOTES.

Solemn High Mass on September 21st marked the opening of the scholastic year 1919-'20 at St. Mary's. The Mass was sung by the Rev. W. R. Connor, C. S. C., the newly appointed chaplain. Father Connor was assisted by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C. and James McManus, C. S. C., as deacon and subdeacon. The peculiarly impressive address was delivered by the Rev. James Burns, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame, who urged the students to make good use of the exceptional opportunities offered by St. Mary's. Serious application and control of the will-power, Father Burns asserted, are essentials of proper education most necessary to the Americans of today. "It is not the class hours," he said, "which represent the work of the student, but the hours spent in preparation for class."

The Rt. Rev. Joseph S. Glass, C. M., D. D., of Salt Lake, was a recent guest at St. Mary's. His Lordship celebrated Mass and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Sunday, October 4. That the Bishop's stay was too short and that the sermon at Mass was the "only time he talked to us" are the expressed sentiments of the student body.

The Feast of the Seven Dolors, patronal feast of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, was observed with due honors, religiously, at Solemn High Mass with the Rev. W. R. Connor, C. S. C., as celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher and William Lennartz, and otherwise, by the customary "feast" at High Noon.

Miss Margaret Gavin, after a year's absence, is again in charge of the Athletic department.

Mr. D. C. Stapleton, Mrs. Stella Hamilton-Stapleton and little Stellita were welcomed guests during the month.

Invitations to "Luncheon at the South Shore Country Club on October 14" have been issued by the St. Mary's Notre Dame Club of Chicago. The event will be the initial meeting for the season. Alma Mater's particular blessing rests upon her children at these reunions.

The Seniors to hear Galli Curci,
And we to our prayers in the Church-i
Did go.
The under-grads left in the lurch-i,
Gazed tearfully down from their perch-i,
Below.
Only taxis rewarded their search-i,
Taking Seniors to hear Galli Curci,
Ah, woe!!

Miss Helen Guilfoyle of South Bend, a graduate from St. Mary's Conservatory of Music, has accepted a position on the Conservatory's staff of musical instructors. Miss Guilfoyle stands high in the esteem of musical critics.

On Friday evening, October the fourth, the Fourth Academic Class entertained the Academic Department with an informal dance given in the Gymnasium. The music was furnished by the Violin Club.

Preparations are now going on for a Sophomore baseball team. Much enthusiasm is shown by the members of the class; with the help of a few good leaders, one of the best teams of the school will be organized in a short time.

Thursday evening, September 25th, an informal dance was given for the new students in St. Angela's Hall. Music was furnished by Frederickson's Orchestra.

On the evening of October 2, the feast of the Holy Angels, the older members of the Holy Angels Sodality gave a very delightful entertainment in honor of the new Sodalists. Short essays concerning the visitations of Angels upon earth were read, followed by scenes from the

Bible, staged by the Minims. The beautiful reverence and devotion of the tiny actors were a source of inspiration not only to the new members of the Sodality, but also to the older friends who were present.

Mrs. Louise Edwards-O'Donnell of Chicago, spent a few hours at St. Mary's on October 6.

A baseball game was played at S. M. C. Saturday afternoon and the cheering almost rivalled that of the football game at N. D., then in progress.

Saturday, September 27th, the Seniors took their first unchaperoned walk to Roselawn and returned supplied with lollypops and stick candy.

The Rev. Francis Mulvihill, County Kerry, Ireland, and the Rev. Lawrence Powell of County Limerick, recently ordained at St. Patrick's College, Thurles, were guests at St. Mary's. Father Mulvihill has relatives in the Community of Holy Cross and Father Powell is the nephew of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Ryan, Vicar-General, of San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Kernan, Director of the Department of Expression at St. Mary's, met her classes on Wednesday morning, September 24. Miss Kernan explained and briefly outlined her work for the year and aroused the enthusiasm of the students. Hopes are high for the success to be attained by June, 1920.

So far Autumn has not proved a favorite with the Brides-elect. The latest announcement of marriage received was that of Frances DeVeney Kane to Mr. James T. McNulty of Chicago. Every best wish for you and yours, Frances.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 1, all the students of St. Mary's connected in any way with the art department attended an Art Exhibit at the Progress Club in South Bend. The exhibit consisted of oil and water color sketches by Indiana artists and some of them were extremely good. "A New Orleans Doorway," by Steele, was probably the most valuable of the collection, but simple scenes by Eggleston, Wheeler and Whistler were also much admired. Many of the works of the deceased Clarence Ball, a native of South Bend, were shown and greatly admired by the student body. After an extended explanation and careful study of the paintings the girls returned to school via St. Mary's "private railway," having enjoyed a very profitable afternoon.

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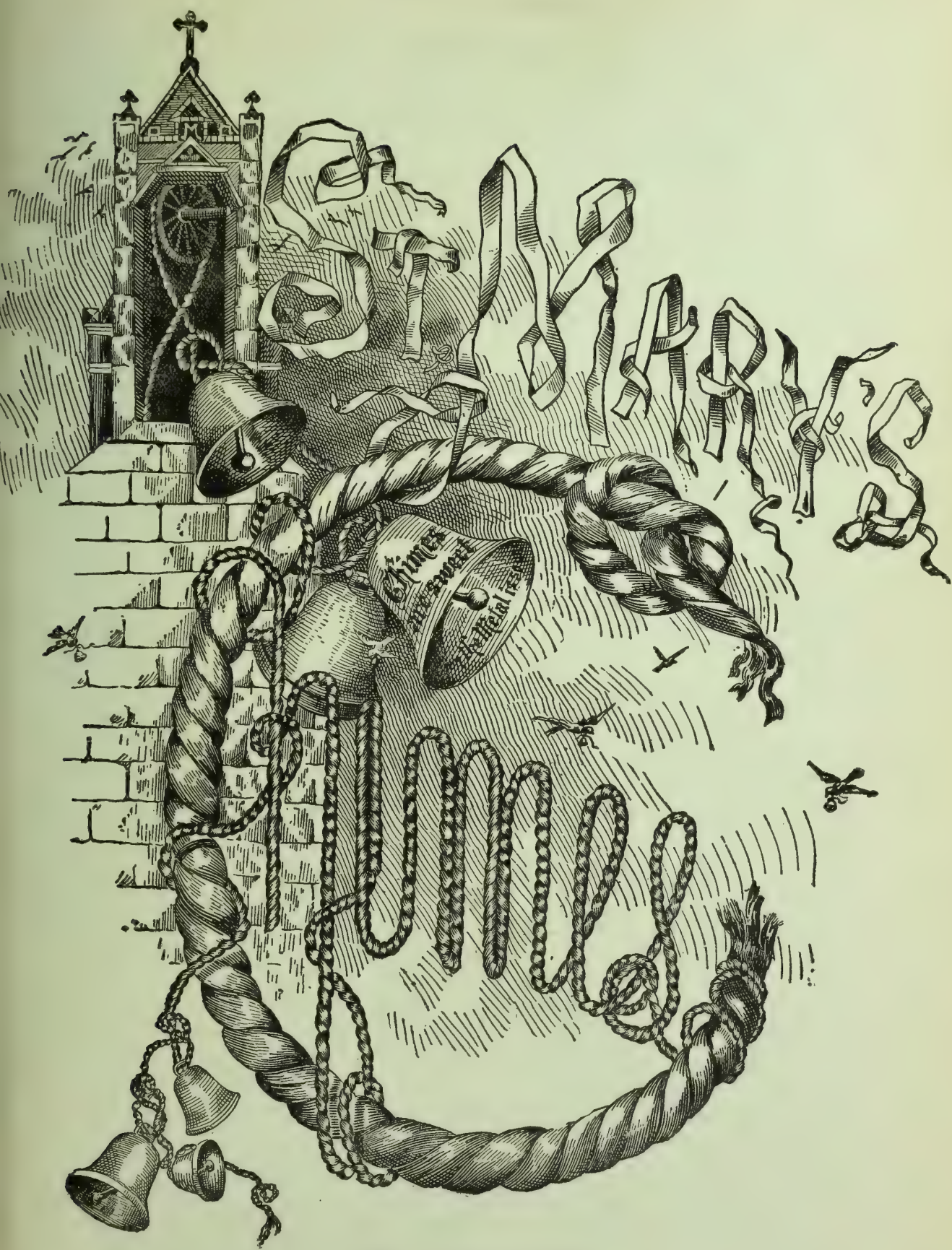
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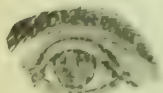
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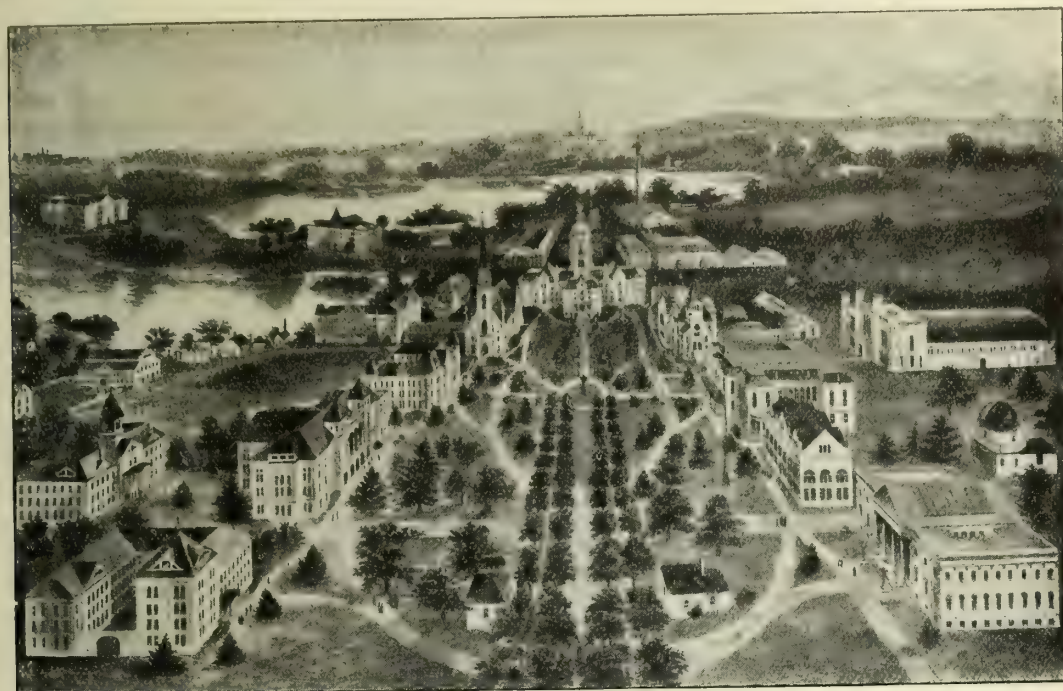
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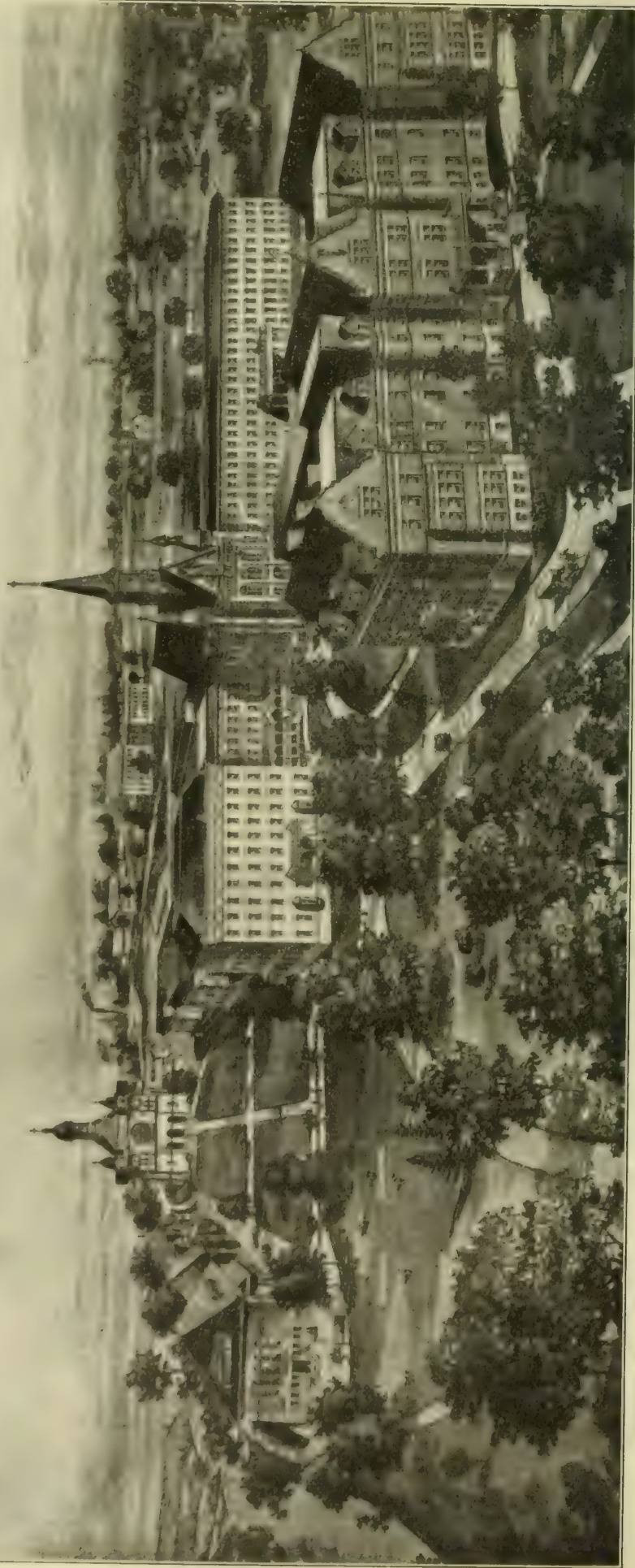
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*'An arrow from the quiver of our soul,
O God, we speed!
'Tis winged with pity for those hearts in dole,
Who cry to Thee
From Purgatory's deeps. O hear our prayer
And let them in the joys of Heaven share!
We ask Thy Sacred Heart to grant them peace
And from the cleansing fire a swift release.
O Guardian Angel, be our arrow's guide,
And bear it straight to His love-wounded side!'*

S. M. R.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., November, 1919

No. 3

TO A WITHERED VIOLET.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

MORN found thee promising the flower to be;
A tight-closed bud whose beauty, hidden, slept,
Until the sun, and breeze, and dew tears wept
By the bright eyes of dawn did waken thee.
Noon found thy purple petals op'd to see
The spring-world; then, wind-borne, thy fragrance crept,
To where I walked, and my sad spirit leapt
With quick-born joy, and stooping, plucked I thee.

Dusk comes, the herald of the star-eyed night,
And thou canst greet him not, for thou art dead;
Yet hast thou better life beyond the sight
Of those who love thee not, thy beauty fled.
Into the garden of my soul thy flight
Was made, and now with love will thou be fed.

MARGARET BUCHANAN SULLIVAN, JOURNALIST.

NANCY DALY, PH. JOURNALISM, '19.

THE life story of Margaret Buchanan Sullivan, like the story of many another pioneer, has been absorbed in the history of the profession to which she devoted herself. The development of journalism in the last century has been marked by so many phenomenal changes that public attention has been centered upon the changes themselves rather than upon the persons who affected them. Seventy and even sixty years ago the journalist was regarded as little better than a criminal. A contemporary wrote of the Rev. Dr. Dodd, a journalist of the eighteenth century, that he descended so low as to become editor of a newspaper. "After that but one step remained to the gallows, and this was duly taken by Dr. Dodd in 1777 when he was hanged for forgery."

This hostile attitude has been changed to one of deep respect. Today journalism is a recognized profession, a profession claiming and receiving its proportionate share of intelligent, well trained men and women. Yet, of the jour-

nalists, whose consummate intelligence, common sense, and honor, are accountable for the rising standards of the profession we know practically nothing. Horace Greeley, Raymond, and Charles A. Dana are mentioned in text books of journalism, not so much because of their personal merit but because their names are so intimately connected with the papers which they founded, the *New York Tribune*, the *New York Herald* and the *New York Sun*. Their co-workers who wrote under newspaper anonymity are ignored. Especially is this true in the case of newspaper women. The early women journalists were as truly pioneers as Dana, Greeley or Bennett, pioneers with even greater difficulties in their way for they were forced not only to make a name for themselves in journalism but also to blaze a trail for others of their sex to follow. Of all of these early women journalists the career of none is more interesting, or more representative than that of Margaret Buchanan Sullivan.

Margaret Frances Buchanan was born in Long-

ford, County Loughford, Ireland in 1847. When she was still a child the family emigrated to the United States and settled in Detroit, Michigan. Here Margaret received her education, first in the Academy of the Sacred Heart where she mastered the French language, which she later used to such good advantage in her newspaper work, and afterwards in the Detroit public schools. The course she pursued was classical rather than practical. An unusually gifted and an extraordinarily versatile scholar she made an enviable record at school. She never attended College but always continued to perfect herself by reading and travel. The breadth and depth of her knowledge may be gleaned from the fact that the historian Radcliffe considered her not only the most intelligent woman of the Middle West but of the whole United States.

After her graduation Margaret Buchanan taught for several years in the Houghton school in Detroit. Then, anxious to begin journalistic work, she went to Chicago. Her reception by the Chicago editors was anything but favorable. Her youth and sex, they told her frankly, were against her. It was some time, therefore, before she received a position on any of the Chicago dailies. During the time when she was without regular work, she wrote continuously, sending her stories to the various papers. Her manuscripts, as a rule, were accepted but the acceptances brought her no staff position. The editors refused consistently to take a woman on their papers. The first story which she had accepted was an account of the reception at Sacred Heart Convent, where she boarded during her first years in Chicago. She took the story to the offices of the *Chicago Times* and laid it on the desk of the managing editor. He picked it up, glanced at it and gave the girl five dollars. A few days later as she was walking down Madison avenue some one tapped her on the shoulder. It was the editor of the *Times*.

"I am sorry, Miss Buchanan, that I did not read your article before I paid you. It was extremely well written and worth more than five dollars."

At that he handed her a ten dollar bill. Margaret Buchanan was at the time a striking girl of twenty, not beautiful but possessing a certain charm of personality. She was slight with broad shoulders, almost masculinely broad shoulders. Her hair was brown and wavy. Her blue grey

eyes were always alight, always expressive of her every mood. She cared nothing for style. Her severely tailored suit varied little with the changing seasons. It has been said that she bore a striking resemblance to Rosa Bonheur.

Because of the fact that she was a stranger in the city and because of the rather secluded life she was forced to lead while a boarder at the convent, she found it practically impossible to do much as a reporter and began editorial work. Conversant with every phase of life, ancient and modern, alive to every new issue, she was especially fitted for such work. She wrote editorials on every conceivable subject, art, literature, science, education, economics and politics. Although the editors accepted her work they still refused to give her a position. Finally, she went to Wilbur F. Storey, editor of the *Times*, and reminding him that he had never refused her editorials, demanded that she be given a place on the paper. The editor doubted that Miss Buchanan was really the author of the masterly editorials that he had been publishing and to try her asked her to write an editorial on the Canadian monetary system. Without a moment's hesitation Miss Buchanan wrote the article assigned. Mr. Storey, thoroughly astonished, made a place for her on the paper.

"What salary do you expect," he asked.

"The salary of the man whose place I am to take," Miss Buchanan answered. The answer was typical of her. She never allowed any one to underestimate her work because she was a woman. Not in the least egotistical, she, nevertheless, realized her ability and no false modesty prevented her from frankly admitting it.

After her entrance into journalism it was not long before her marked ability was recognized. Her editorials, though unsigned, caused national comment. One of her especially strong early editorials was on why there were so few Democrats in the North. It was often reproduced by leading politicians and, at the time of her death, was reprinted as a perfect example of political editorial writing.

In 1874 Miss Buchanan married Alexander Sullivan, a prominent Chicago lawyer. Mr. Sullivan, like Miss Buchanan, was originally from Detroit and the two had met in that city some years before. Mrs. Sullivan's married life, despite the rumors to the contrary, was ideally happy. She never gave up editorial writing but

neither did she allow it to interfere with her duties as wife. She generally did her work at her home.

A few years after her marriage Mrs. Sullivan severed her connection with the *Times* and became editorial writer on the *Tribune*. In 1883 she became associated with the *Chicago Herald*. The editors, who a few years before had refused to take her on their papers, now clamored for her services.

Though a general editorial writer, Mrs. Sullivan's political editorials gained her the greatest recognition. During the presidential campaign of 1892 she was appointed by the *Chicago Herald*, a strong Democratic organ, to furnish a series of articles in support of Cleveland. The revised tariff was the main plank in Cleveland's platform and so completely, so convincingly did Mrs. Sullivan vindicate the new tariff that, in the election, Illinois, which is a strong Republican state, voted Democratic for the first time in its history.

When the *Chronicle* was established in 1896 Mrs. Sullivan became its chief editorial writer, a position which she retained until her death. Though a Democratic paper, the *Chronicle* was opposed to bi-metallism and in the election of 1896 espoused the sound money policy of the Republicans. Again Mrs. Sullivan was called upon to write a series of campaign editorials. She attacked the free silver stand of the Democrats as vigorously as she had upheld their tariff in the last election. Her editorials "Let the Old Hulk Drift" were used in electioneering speeches throughout the country.

In 1897 Mrs. Sullivan suffered a stroke of paralysis, and, though her health remained somewhat impaired, she continued to write until her death.

In 1889 she was sent as representative of the American Associated Press to the International Exposition at Paris. She was the first woman who ever represented the press at an international council. When she and her companion presented themselves at the council room, the French official refused them tickets of admission.

"But, madam, you are a woman," he said in explanation.

"Yes, and in monsieur I expect to find a gentleman," she answered.

The official went on to explain that a woman had never sat at such a gathering, and that it was impossible for him to allow her to enter.

With characteristic persistency Mrs. Sullivan stuck to her point. "If it has never been done," she said, "do you not think that Paris should establish a precedent?" She and her companion were given tickets of admission.

At the exposition the President of France wanted to put her in a somewhat subordinate position at some great function held in Paris. She refused as representative of the American press to take it and through a telegram to James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State, she was given the place of honor.

In 1903 Mrs. Sullivan suffered another stroke of paralysis and on December 28 of that year she died. On New Year's eve, the day of the Iriquois fire, her body was taken to Detroit for burial. The appreciative accounts of her journalistic work which the newspapers should and undoubtedly, under ordinary circumstances, would have given her were affected by the fire. The papers were crowded with fire news and Mrs. Sullivan received but scant notice.

In the face of her obscurity today it is hard to understand Mrs. Sullivan's importance in journalism. The *Catholic World* said of her, "She was ranked not with the distinguished women of the press but with the ablest men as Charles A. Dana of the *Sun*." Newspaper men who knew her admitted that she was, if not the greatest American editorial writer, at least the greatest that the city of Chicago has ever known. Her editorials suggest those of Watterson and Dana. Her style is vigorous, terse and forceful. Her command of English such as only her wide knowledge of the classics and of foreign tongues could have given her. Some one in praising her style told her that she wrote with the strength and virility of a man.

"It is no compliment to tell me that I write like a man. If my style is strong it is a woman's strength," was her answer.

The breadth of her knowledge was astounding. She was an authority on art, literature, science, politics, music and economics. Naturally gifted as she was, her remarkable power of concentration and the intense tenacity with which she applied herself made it easy for her to master any subject to which she devoted herself.

Thought not a club woman Mrs. Sullivan was intensely interested in all progressive movements. In 1892, during the World's Fair she was elected president of the Women's Educa-

tional Society. Always a champion of her sex on sound conservative lines, she believed that women could and should take an active part in public affairs. In her own life there had never been any conflict between her home and public life. She had all the virtues that are considered manly without losing any of her womanly sweetness.

She was a perfect wife. Her devotion to her husband through all his stormy career, and those who are acquainted with Mr. Sullivan's life know how overshadowed it was, was exquisite. To the casual acquaintance Mrs. Sullivan seemed very odd and distant. But to those who were privileged to know her, she was the ideal friend. A spirit of loyalty, fair play and honor were the virtues which especially characterized her friendship. No one was closer to her than Mother Angela. The natural affection which she bore the saintly directress was increased by the deep respect which she felt for her both as a woman and as an educator. In her "Study of a Soul," a tribute which she wrote to the memory of Mother Angela, Mrs. Sullivan said, "Nor was there any shallowness or affectation in Mother Angela's idea of education for girls. . . . Mere blue—stockingism she would have laughed at. . . . She looked upon partial development as fully as dangerous as no development at all." Of Mother Angela herself she wrote, "The rich imagination, the glowing fancy, the tenacious memory, the jocund spirit which can find ecstasy in the hue of sky, in the lines and haze of mountains, in the winding of streams, in the minute painting of the

shrinking flower hid on the marsh margin, in the waving grass of the meadows and the bending grain of the fields, in the shape and color of birds, in the song of the grove, the ripple of the brook and the lowing of cattle, in the patter of rain and the chirp of the crickets, Mother Angela possessed. To her all of God's work was to be studied and loved."

Mrs. Sullivan was an ardent advocate of Irish freedom. Her love for her native land was intense, passionate. Like all great minds, the higher Mrs. Sullivan rose in scientific knowledge the deeper grew her religious convictions. She was a zealous Catholic, a woman whose piety consisted not merely in lip service but in godly actions as well. Her whole life, her every action rested on the firm foundation of faith. If there is one quality more than another that characterizes everything that Mrs. Sullivan was and did it is the spirit of whole-heartedness, a spirit inculcated by her faith. Her faculties, she realized, were not her own. They were given to her by God, and she would be required to give an account of her use of them. Of the five talents that were given her, five over and above would be exacted of her.

Mrs. Sullivan did nothing by halves. She was heart and mind and soul in everything she did. What she accomplished in journalism would have been impossible but for her earnestness and whole-heartedness. Success is the measure of merit. Mrs. Sullivan succeeded gloriously, as everyone with high ideals and the courage to realize them must succeed, succeeded as a journalist, and better, as a woman.

MARTYRS FROM THE CATACOMBS.

AMELIA SCHLECHT, '22.

THE breathless silence of the coming day
In mystic awe all nature seemed to hold,
As one by one, dark shadows now grew bold,
Now, crouching, fearing, made their furtive way
Outside the city walls before the ray
Of breaking morn their purpose should unfold.
For this one, early hour their lives were sold.
To hear the Mass they came in tense array.

And in dark places of the silent dead,
They humbly prayed for strength and trusting love,
The morrow's awful torments to endure—
For cruel Rome had then, their sentence read.
O, Saints of old, send us the strengthening Dove
That we, too, may in suffering be secure.

THE ETHICS OF JANE EYRE.

ELIZABETH McDUGAL, '20.

"A NOVEL," says Bliss Perry, represents to a peculiar degree the individual admimations and hatreds, the ardent convictions and aspirations of their authors." This being true, we find Charlotte Bronte much of a Catholic in ethics and philosophy. She works out her novel "Jane Eyre" along perfect Catholic principles. Strangely enough the ethics of the book has been completely neglected, although this aspect of the story is decidedly the strongest thing in it, morally and technically.

May Sinclair, in her introduction, makes the following statement, "whether a man with a mad wife may not marry another is not a problem stated by Charlotte Bronte. It is a mere side issue raised by Rochester in a moment of ungovernable fury." I would say that Charlotte Bronte not only states the problem, but answers it with an uncompromising "No."

George Eliot, referring to the same phase of the novel, says, "All self-sacrifice is good but one would like it to be in a somewhat nobler cause than that of a diabolical law which chains a man, soul and body, to a putrefying carcass." It is evident that in her opinion the story would have been a miserable failure so far as its morality was concerned. But, nevertheless in this irreverent statement, George Eliot has picked out the very core of the ethical lesson in Jane Eyre, that is, the lesson of the indissolubility of marriage and the sacredness of human life.

The very nature of the novel serves to emphasize the convictions of the author. All the passion is there, all the romance, all the temptation. There is no fear of public opinion, the bars of convention are let down, but Charlotte Bronte is firm. Her characters do not yield, they act as she herself would act. Jane, passionate and intense, Rochester, independent and domineering, would from these very characteristics, tend to thrust aside all laws and obstacles in the way to their happiness. But Jane solves it all in her indomitable reply, "Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation, they are for moments when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigour; stringent as they are, inviolate they shall be."

Plain and small as the person of Jane Eyre may be, Charlotte Bronte has infused into her all the sincerity, nobleness and purity of woman.

The strength of her self-sacrifice is superb. When Rochester falters and attempts to marry her, she withstands him with almost superhuman courage. He tempts her with the promise of a new existence, amidst new surroundings, where she will be both virtually and nominally Mrs. Rochester, but she dares to answer him, "Sir, your wife is living." When driven to utter extremity, she instinctively looks for aid from one higher than man and the words, "God help me!", burst involuntarily from her lips. Torn by pity and shaken by her love for him, but calm in soul, she bids him, "Do as I do; trust in God and yourself." When he argues that she is flinging him back on lust for a passion and vice for an occupation, she is resolute. When he reasons, "Is it better to drive a fellow-creature to despair than to transgress a mere human law,—no man being injured by the breach?" Jane is firm.

But the struggle with her own reason and conscience is the stronger of the two. She thinks of his misery, his danger, his reckless and headstrong nature which may lead him to despair. She longs to soothe him, love him and save him. "Who in the world cares for you?" comes the bitter question. But the answer follows quickly, "I care for myself. I will keep the law given by God; sanctioned by man. If at my individual convenience I might break them, what would be their worth?" Following these principles, she makes the sacrifice, leaves all that she loves and keeps far away from temptation until the impediment to their marriage has been removed.

Although Rochester fails, in his desire to marry Jane, his position throughout the story is extremely strong. His ethical standards are well displayed in his dealings with his maniac wife. Hateful as she is to him, deceived as he has been into marrying her, his conscience recoils from doing her harm. He surrounds her with every protection against her own life and unhealthy conditions, although her death means his freedom. His own life is put at a risk, and he loses his sight in an attempt to save her from a fire which she has caused. Truly and conscientiously, Rochester respects the sacredness of human life.

Throughout the novel Charlotte Bronte preserves this Catholic attitude. "The human and fallible," she maintains, "should not arrogate powers with which the divine and perfect alone can be safely intrusted." We can appreciate her standpoint, for she possesses the only standards that are worthy, the only view that is sane and consistent, based as it is on Catholic ethics.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

ALL SOUL'S DAY IN FRANCE.

FRANCES KENNEDY, '22.

IN the blossoming fields of sunny France,
 Stood a church of ivied grey;
 And the soldiers paused in their weary march
 To stop in that church and pray.

Full many of those who stopped and asked
 For help in battle's din,
 N'er came again to that quiet church,
 To drink of the peace there within.

But now in that church on All Soul's Day,
 Burn waxen tapers white;
 For the souls of those who have gone to rest,
 In the Place of Eternal Light.

PLATO, THE POET AND PHILOSOPHER.

ADA COSTELLO, PH. B., '19.

PHILOSOPHY and poetry are the two mighty dynamos in which are generated the thoughts and ideals of the world. Philosophy, the science of things in relation to their ultimate causes, is a product of the seer and thinker. While poetry, the expression of thought in beautiful, emotional and ideal language is the result not only of the seer and thinker but also of the singer. Their beginnings among different peoples have frequently been simultaneous, sometimes identical. This is particularly true of Greece, the cradle and home of both philosophy and poetry as well as the capital of Pagan culture. And yet the two are popularly considered to be diametrically opposed. A poet is essentially a dreamer, a philosopher is a thinker, hence in such a syllogism of four terms the poet, at least according to logic, cannot be a philosopher as is said "To be a poet is not to be a philosopher; to be a philosopher is not to be a poet." How untenable is the idea that one who is especially endowed with imagination, the power of rhythmical or metrical expression and the creative faculty of artistic construction can consider general principles, laws and causes which will furnish explanations for all things! How preposterous it is to think a man of facts can be a dreamer!

So according to general opinion the poet is condemned to the Hades of his own shadowy dreams, while the philosopher walks secure and confident through analytical realms of facts and principles. Nor is this judgment merely modern. Plato himself discriminated mercilessly between the two and against the former. He shows this mean opinion of poetry when in his *Phædrus* in enumerating the occupations of man he says "to the sixth a poet or imitator will be appro-

priate." In his *Republic* he excludes from his pattern state the accomplishments of poetry "no part of it which is imitative should by any means be admitted." In the light of such utterances we cannot imagine Plato hardly complimented to be forced in the twentieth century to bear witness to a theory which he arrogantly denied. But just here Plato who saw so clearly the truth in things outside himself stood in his own light. Being a poet before he became a philosopher he could not appreciate what a positive contribution to his philosophy he receives from that poetry of thought and expression which was his both by nature and by education.

Plato is the one philosopher of antiquity who is distinguished from all other philosophers in his gift of a decided beautiful literary style. He had the essential qualities of a poet, namely insight and sensitiveness to beauty. As a youth he was a dreamer and an ardent lover of the beautiful. He devoted much time to poetry, producing verses of no great artistic value. "But these early studies were not without effect on his philosophy. . . They influenced the entire spirit of his system, as well as the language remarkable for his grace and beauty in which that system was set forth," says William Turner.

Plato's meeting with Socrates is counted the turning point in his life. At the age of twenty, then being only practically a poet, Plato began to study under this noted Athenian teacher and by the influence of this master he became within the next eight years a profound philosopher. Yet the essence of his philosophy was poetic for he was unconsciously permeated with the spirit and temperament of a true poet, and whereas he threw off his allegiance to his early muse he

could not erase the print it had traced within him: hence when becoming a philosopher he could not cease being a poet.

Socrates died without having put his teachings into writing; so Plato assumed the task. He accomplished it so remarkably that one cannot estimate how much he contributed to the theories of his master out of his own poetic mind. If we study Socrates today, it is Socrates as Plato understood and interpreted him, rather than as he expressed himself. And if we find his *Apologia* and other works beautiful as well as true, we must, while recognizing the truth as his, attribute the beauty to Plato. Plato in an indirect manner is responsible for the greatness of both Socrates and Aristotle, having preserved and put before the world the teachings of the former and having instructed and given the latter a foundation upon which to build.

Plato's own characteristic doctrines and teachings are essentially the conceptions of a dreamer, rather than the close deductions of an analytic thinker. His theory of innate ideas and knowledge, his doctrine of reminiscence are points in which he goes beyond Socrates and differs radically from Aristotle. In his theories he teaches that the soul once had its existence in a world of Ideas. Here it dwelt among the unchangeable and perfect and it comprehended all things in their entirety, but for some crime it was condemned to the phenomenal world; here to take its habitation in a body. The soul was now only able to distinguish and recognize phenomenal things by remembering the ideas corresponding to them which were comprehended in the world of Ideas. Phenomenal objects are, then, mere etchtypes as they exist in the real world "the ideas reflect themselves in the objects as in so many mirrors and, by this reflection, manifest themselves." The beautiful, Plato holds, is the most easily comprehended of ideas in the phenomenal world; for its essentials are harmony, order, and symmetry, all qualities which penetrate the mind of the intelligent observer most immediately. What are more idealistic and more mystical in thought than these theories? What more strikes the depths of poetic thought than the theory of the beautiful? Each theory appears to be on the surface most foreign to the analytical, yet it is upon these teachings that Plato's philosophy stands or falls. These doctrines are absolutely divorced from the physiology of sense organs and brain with which Aristotle

deals. This theory of ideas has been used repeatedly by the Protestant mystic poets such as, Wordsworth, and Shelley.

Even on so prosaic a subject as the state Plato writes as a poet. Perhaps in nothing is he more thoroughly himself than in his book the "Republic." Here he gives us a view of the ideal state, as a virtuous man might dream it to be. It is not only a masterpiece of doctrines but a masterpiece of literature. Nobody but a poet ever did or could dream of such a state as pictured in the "Republic," for it is a poetic dream, a dream impossible of realization as he admits. To the pure poetry of it Plato was blind from his own cold and narrow theory of imitations. His strange doctrine, almost the only small and mean one in his teachings, one more especially strange for a man who is himself a genius in poetry and philosophy is that human productions are mere imitations; art, being a mere imitation of phenomena employed by man as a pastime intended to afford pleasure. He did not see what Coventry Patmore so well says in his "Religio Poetae." "It is true that the outward form of poetry is a great aid to the convincing and persuasive power of practical realities; but there is a poetic religion, the most poetic of all—that is incapable of taking the form of poetry."

As it is said, the vehicle of poetry was the force that made Plato supreme in the philosophic world and, perhaps, he would not have displayed so much vigor in setting forth his principles had it not been for his poetic temperament. His dialogues, which are called philosophical treatises, could almost be scanned into poetry. No poet, perhaps, ever sang of love in such a beautiful, expressive manner as Plato in his "Symposium." "The fairest of Love's habitations, is revealed among the flowers; for he dwells not among the unflowering or fading beauties, whether of body or soul or aught else, but in the place of flowers and scents, there he dwells and abides." In describing the man who writes of justice and virtue without having knowledge of their true meaning he says, "In the garden of amusements he will plant them, only as memories against the forgetfulness of old age . . . and he will rejoice in beholding their tender growth and they will be his pastime, while others are watering their souls with banqueting." The allegory of the cave and the monster Gyges in the Republic, the analogy of the soul and the charioteer in the *Phædrus*, the speeches of Soc-

rates to the rhapsodist in the Ion, with their movement, color, and sound, as the garb, of general principles, and facts, show us the vision and insight of the poet as much as the relentless reason of the philosopher. "We cannot help seeing that his mind is a storehouse of all the liveliest images of men and things," says Walter Pater in his "Plato and Platonism." We need not search for Plato's poetry written according to rules of poetic diction, we have only to turn to his philosophic dialogues and there we find the true type of a seer, thinker and singer, and we can conclude with Chesterton from the study of Plato, "All poets have not written verse." "During most of the centuries which have elapsed since the beginning of Christianity, the highest imaginations as well as the intellectual powers of mankind have been wholly absorbed by theology and theological psychology. And I may say without contradiction from those who are at all well read in the works of Saint Augustine, Saint Bernard, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Saint Francis de Sales, Saint John of the Cross, and a score of others like them, that the amount of substantial poetry of imaginative insight, the noblest and loveliest reality, to be found in their writings is ten times greater than is to be found in all the past two thousand years put together," says Coventry Patmore. This seems a broad statement but yet these are only a few of the great philosophers who have been poets. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and numerous others can be called true poet philosophers. When the branches of poetry and philosophy are united they make a mighty stream, which may sweep with its powerful current the thoughts of man with an irresistible force. They are servants employed to work hand in hand. They cannot quarrel because they are each other's keeper and support. To be a poet is to be on the stepping stones to philosophy. To be a philosopher is to have reached the goal of a true poet. After all this has been said, one comes back to the fact that poetry and philosophy have had a common and simultaneous beginning, that they have grown up around the same profound and exhaustless subject matter, that they have a common end though called by different names. Poetry seeks the beautiful, philosophy the true; but each knows that the true and the beautiful are only two aspects of the same being, hence their ways of arriving at their goal, be it in the person of the sublime Plato or the youngest of our new true singers, cannot be so vastly different.

ON THE FIRST FROSTY MORNING.

 MARY MARILLA BROWNE, '20.

JOLLY Jack Frost, the armourer gay,
Has worked all the long night through;
All things encasing, 'till break of day,
In armor of steel-like blue.

Each blade of grass, a stiff little sword;
And each tiny leaf, a shield;
Jack Frost has marshalled his frozen horde
And everything green must yield.

Bright flowers are banners crystaled in ice,
A helmet is every bud;
Trumpets of winter all things entice—
This war is not one of blood.

HERMIONE AND THE JACK-O-LANTERN.

 JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

HERMIONE is the heroine of my story, Hermione of the light feet and lissome grace, of the silken hair and shining eyes. Never before in all the history of love and loving was a heroine the object of such whole souled, unswerving devotion as Hermione. Her lover lived for her alone; when he was away from her anxiety overcast his countenance, when he was with her, contentment fairly oozed from him. At night, when he had done justice to his own abridged edition of night prayers and had climbed into bed, he would place Hermione carefully on his pillow, and fall asleep with her long tail comfortably tickling his ear, for Hermione was a white rat. Just why, where, and by whom she had been named Hermione was a mystery. She was a rat with a past, part of it unknown.

Teddy Carr, building sand castles on the Santa Barbara beach while his mother slept peacefully over her magazine, espied in the distance an object which aroused his eight-year-old curiosity. Approaching this object he found it to consist of two of the largest boots he had ever seen, encasing feet of corresponding size, and joined by a brief expanse of very weather-beaten, very tarry trouser's legs to a huge faded green umbrella. In the lee, so to speak, of the gargantuan feet, lay two tiny white creatures who regarded Teddy with bright, unblinking eyes. He stooped and touched one of the little animals, and it uttered a frightened squeak and fled under the green umbrella. Whereupon the umbrella heaved, grunted, gave utterance to a muffled but mighty oath and

fell to one side, revealing the grizzled old sailor whose feet had been so much in evidence. Thus Teddy became acquainted with "Cap'n John" and with the two white rats, "Tom" and "Hermione" who were the Cap'n's constant companions. What the Cap'n's last name was and where he came from seemed an impenetrable mystery. Mrs. Carr's tactfully veiled inquiries elicited no more definite response than:

"I'm a sea-farin' man, mum."

When she asked him why he called the rats Tom and Hermione he answered gravely:

"Because that's their names, mum!"

Teddy and Cap'n John became great friends, and when September came and Teddy went home, the Cap'n presented him with Hermione, with instructions to "Cherish her most particular," which command Teddy obeyed to the letter. Never, it is safe to say, did a rat lead a more adventurous existence than Hermione. Chased by puppy dogs, half drowned in gutters, closed in bureau drawers, she surely led a charmed life or she never would have survived until the Hallowe'en two years after her adoption by the Carr family, and there would have been no story.

Hallowe'en, no school, and a party in the evening! Surely such a blissful prospect would fill the heart of any small boy with rapture. But it was a countenance far from rapturous that Teddy presented at the luncheon table. Mrs. Carr had gently but firmly intimated that Hermione should not go to the party as it was to be at the home of her sister, who, although she had been known to admit a woolly poodle into her house, drew the most definite line at "rodents." Hence Teddy's grief. His was not the only gloomy countenance at the luncheon table, his sister Margaret was suffering from the effects of the previous evening's heated argument, terminating in the usual returned ring and "final" parting with her fiance. The frigidity of the atmosphere about the luncheon table was such that Mr. Carr, glancing at the faces of his two darlings, murmured something to the effect that it would be a nice day if it didn't rain, and thereafter confined his conversation to a discussion with his wife as to the price of sugar.

Luncheon over, Teddy repaired to the kitchen where the cook gave him a diminutive pumpkin with the suggestion that he make a Jack-o-lantern. Armed with the pumpkin and a jack-knife he retired to his room, and a half hour later, the

lusty whistling issuing through his open transom gave evidence of restored good humor.

Being too old for Jack-o-lanterns, Margaret tried a variety of occupations: She played vigorously, oh! very vigorously, on the piano; she arranged her clothes for the evening; she dusted her writing desk; she wrote a letter. But the piano reminded her of the music Bob had given her; why bother about clothes when there was no longer anyone for whom she cared to make herself attractive? The desk looked bare by reason of the recent removal of Bob's picture, and the letter turned out so "snippy" that she tore it up. Her mental state might be said to consist principally of plain "mad," plus a rather ashamed feeling that the quarrel had been just a little ridiculous, beginning as it did with a lively discussion about ghosts, and her statement that she could never be so childish as to be scared. Whereupon Bob, with all the supreme egotism of the newly engaged defender of the fairer sex, had remarked in a lofty tone:

"Humph! You may not be childish but I'll wager you would be mighty glad to have me around if you bumped into something strange in the dark. You women are all superstitious!" "Have him around" indeed! And that was the beginning of the end; but this story is not the history of a lover's quarrel so let it suffice to say that they parted, definitely, finally and indignantly. By rights Bob should have spent Hallowe'en in sackcloth and ashes, but precisely at seven-thirty, just as the Carrs were preparing to embark in the family touring car for the scene of the festivities, he appeared in his roadster, gay and debonair, with the blithe announcement that he had come to "drive Peg to the party." Margaret settled herself determinedly in the back of her father's car, and turned to her mother with a languid air.

"Mother, if we are to pick up Aunt Jane and the folks, don't you think we'll be a little crowded? Perhaps Theodore could ride with Mr. Bolton." Nothing daunted, "Mr. Bolton" settled Teddy on the seat of the roadster, gravely lifted his cap and bowed to Mrs. Carr, and started down the boulevard. Teddy was in the seventh heaven; to ride in a roadster, on the way to a Hallowe'en party, with a Jack-o-lantern held carefully on his knees! Even Hermione seemed forgotten for the moment in the contemplation of this last named treasure. His after-

noon's labors had resulted in one of the most magnificent Jack-o-lanterns ever evolved from a pumpkin. Its carefully carved features bore a most ferocious expression and it required but little imagination to supply the candle light which would shine luridly through the red paper lining. Yet, when Teddy arrived at the party he placed the Jack-o-lantern in an unobtrusive place in the hall and seemed not at all anxious to display his handiwork.

The party proved to be all that a Hallowe'en party should be; it was complete in every detail from bobbing apples to fortune-telling. But the success of the evening came just before supper, when Aunt Jane proposed an old-fashioned game. Each girl was to take a match and an unlighted candle and be led out into the hall to where there had been placed a tall mirror. There she was left and after counting to ten was to light her candle and by its light she would see her future husband in the mirror. Each candle bearer returned looking somewhat self-conscious and giggling very much, but refused to give any information to the victims about to follow her. When Margaret's turn came she managed to be deeply engaged in conversation with her uncle and waved away the proffered candle with such decided coolness that she was left to Uncle George and the Democratic administration. But curiosity proved too much for her and under the pretense of going "to get something" she slipped away from the supper table and into the now deserted parlor. The lights had been turned out but the open fire lit the room enough for her to

find the box of matches; but search as she might she could find no candles. Some one was calling "Margare-e-t! Where are you-u-u?" So she made a last wild search for candles, then gave it up and was almost to return to the table when she remembered Teddy's little Jack-o-lantern which had been left unlighted in the hall all evening.

Armed with the matches she hurried out into the dark, empty hall, picked up the lantern and felt her way to the mirror. She took the cover off the lantern, struck a match to light the candle in it, then dropped the lantern, screamed wildly, and turning, ran into Bob, who had just come out of the parlor. When the frightened guests finally got the hall lights turned on, Margaret and Bob were standing in very "close proximity" to each other, both a little red of face and mussed as to hair and collars. A frightened little white rat, who had come to the ball a la Cinderella, crouched with a badly singed tail, behind the mirror.

"Of course, Mary," said Aunt Jane, "you will see that Teddy is properly er-chastised for his deception in bringing the er-rodent into Martha's house." Mrs. Carr did not commit herself as to what was in store for her offspring. In the best regulated families there are times when a sense of humor seriously interferes with discipline.

Hermione did not go home in the pumpkin. With her tail well greased and bandaged, she was buttoned up inside of Teddy's overcoat, and Teddy himself rode home in his father's car. Margaret went in the roadster.

INJUN SUMMER.

ROBBINS LOGGEMAN, '22.

YOU know what time o' year this is,
 When Injun spirits come once more?
 The hazy mist, you see, is jest
 Their ghosts, (you've heard the lore
 Of how they used to march and dance,
 In harvest fields all bathed in light,
 Of moon and flick'ring camp fires blaze,
 When pipes of peace burned every night).

The leaves turn red this time o' year,
 It's war-paint off'n an Injun chief
 Who, tired of dancin' with the rest,
 Goes up and squats on some big leaf.
 You see what them are over there?
 Them's tepees, not old shocks of corn.
 You know what time o' year this is?
 Why Injun Summer, sure's you're born!

IN THE FALL.

HELEN DELANEY, '22.

THE artist, Autumn, dips her brush
In colors rich and deep,
And paints the leaves on bush and tree
When all the world's asleep.

With sighing winds for lullaby,
She soothes the earth to rest;
And puts the flowerlets to bed,
Each in a tiny nest.

THE BOLSHEVIST.

MARY MARILLA BROWNE, '20.

JAMES BROWN, age four, commonly known as Jimmy was poised perilously on the front fence with his two chubby feet thrust into the wire netting. He was clutching the board, which formed the top of the fence, with his right hand while he sent out an uninterrupted series of signals to the passing train men, with his left. These grimy travelers passed, daily, the little white house so close to the track. Since Jimmy had been large enough to wave at them they always sent back answering waves and smiles showing white in contrast to their sooty faces.

As the train whistled out around the bend Jimmy spied something of new interest to him, so climbing down hastily he made for it with a waddling run necessitated by the very plumpness of his ball-like body. The object of interest was a shallow hole filled with the most delicious, gooy, black mud imaginable. Young Jimmy was just enough like a little pig to be absolutely fascinated by the sight of a mud-hole. He was soon paddling in its shiny depths. Soon hands, face and clothing were all the same hue. No one who had not been used to looking at Jimmy in this state of camouflage would ever have been able to recognize that uniformly black object as he. However it seems that mothers can tell their own children even in the dark. Mrs. Brown caught sight of her young son from the window with the following result:

"James Brown, you come right in here this minute. Haven't I told you often enough not to go near that puddle? Jest look at yerself. You'll have to be cleaned all over again."

Whereupon the resisting Jimmy was dragged into the house and still resisting, was washed and scrubbed unmercifully. Kicking and

squirming all the while Jimmy finally emerged very red and very shiney but also very cross.

"Brakesmans has dirty faces and they doesn't has to wash. I is gonna be a brakesmans an ride on the cars."

His mother, thinking it would be some time before his brakesman ideal would be realized, sent him out to play in the swing with strict orders to avoid all mud and keep clean. The swing had no fascination for James in his present state of revolt against womankind and their ever ready soap and water, so he scampered across the road and made his way to the nearest box-car. Determined to realize his brakesmans ambition, he mounted some boxes near by and crawled into the open car. He chu-chued up and down its board floor and ding-dong-belled in true trainman fashion until he was quite worn out with his play, so curling up in one corner of the big car he fell asleep.

It was dark when, being shaken violently, he awoke to see a lantern flashing in his face and above its glare the face of a brakeman. Jimmy was much frightened by the lantern but as soon as he caught sight of the dirty face behind the lantern, his fright vanished for he felt that here was a kindred spirit who liked to get his face all black too.

"What is this, any way? I thought it was a dog."

"No, 'taint a dog—'Sme!"

"Well, well, a boy! Who is 'Who is me?'"

"Jimmy."

"Jimmy? You don't say so. How did you ever get into this car?"

"Me climbed."

"So you did, so you did. But Jimmy, who's boy are you?"

"My mamma's and papa's."

"Yes, yes, I know. But, Jimmy, we will have to find them. Where do they live?"

"In the white house."

"Which one, Jimmy, there are so many, you know."

"The one wif the fence around 'smine."

The brakeman gave up in despair.

"Well, Jimmy, boy, you can just come along home with me. I'll wire the town we have passed and find just where you belong. Would you come with me like a good boy."

"Sure, me go."

So when morning came and the brakeman got off at the end of his run, he took with him Jimmy who had become more and more enamored of

was nice dirty man. They passed the shops and walked up the brick sidewalk hand in hand, until they reached the end of the street where a woman in cap and apron was vigorously sweeping the front steps. The man opened the gate and they walked in whereupon the woman paused in her work and looked up. Resting one arm on the broom and sticking the other akimbo, she saluted her husband:

"Well, here you are at last. That train is late as usual. Git in here and git washed up. I've had the coffee on the back of the stove for an hour tryin' to keep it het up fer yu'. An' who be this?"

"Young bum, I found riding the rods. Hope to know where to leave him by the time I start back."

"I hope so, too. Come on in, child, an' git washed up fer yer breakfast."

Until now James had been very satisfied, but no sooner had he been brought in contact with the coarse cloth and the cleansing suds than he thought of his mother.

"I want my mamma"—

This outburst was followed by such real crying that the brakeman's wife was forced to be unusually kind and coax him into eating breakfast.

"There, there now. Don't cry. You'll git yer mommie by-and-by. That's a good boy. Eat up big now."

While they were eating a message came telling of the town from which the boy had strayed, so they promised Jimmy that he should see his mamma in the morning. This consoled him so that he played the rest of the day quite contented. He was delivered in due course of time to his anxious mother. She embraced him, kissed him, saying over and over:

"Mamma's boy won't ever go away again Will he?"

Jimmy snuggled closer.

"No, 'cause even brakesmans has to wash."

"Oh, do they, too?"

"Uh-huh. Womans is all alike. Us men has got to keep clean."

AUTUMN.

RUTH STAHL, '22.

I LOVE the tang of frosty days,
The scent of burning leaves and wood,
And apples lying in the sun—
I think that autumn smells so good.

AUTUMN DAYS.

DOROTHEA HACKETT, '21.

AUTUMN days are happy days,
For Autumn's smile is gay;
Autumn sprinkles crimson leaves
All along the way.

Autumn winds are boisterous winds,
Shouting through the trees;
While they toss the tinted leaves
Every way they please.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

"WON'T you marry me, Mally?"
"I don't think so."
"You don't think so? Why not?"
"Cause."

"Cause why? No white feller on Muldrough's mountain is a-gonna take 'cause' as an excuse fer not marryin' him. You know we've been sweet-hearts ever since you 'set out.' Ye hain't never keered fer ne'er 'nother feller, Mally, so why do you say 'cause'?"

"I love you, Larkin, and I'd be fer goin' to Mount Washington meetin'-house in a minit to marry ye except—"

"Except what?"

"Well, you know Panto is terribly turned agin ye, and my Granny—Lord rest her soul, always told me to be s'picious of the man that a dog was s'picious of. He's a queer animal in many ways, I admit, Panto is, but I sot a heap o' faith in him. When I marry Panto'll belong to my family, and I'se pow'ful skeered if you and him was in the same family there'd be a funeral fer one or t'other of ye. Every Sunday evenin' before I begin to fix up fer company he starts to gittin' ugly and I have to fasten him up in the henhouse and keep him there till you are gone. And when I sit in the door a-lookin' down the trail fer you t' come I c'n hear him a-growlin' and fussin'. I wouldn't put him in prison fer nobody cepin' you, Larkin Blair, an' ye know it, too."

Larkin Blair did know it: he knew that the girl loved him, and he knew that said Panto had always been furiously opposed to him, but until this evening he never dreamed that Mally would let the dog stand between him and her. The information fairly stunned him. It was true that the dog had shown almost human jealousy when-

ever Larkin was around. He hated him. Except that it made Mally "kind o' stracted to have him around" and thus preventing the suitor from monopolizing as much attention as he would have otherwise, Larkin had never paid much attention to the animosities of the cur. Least of all he had never imagined that in marrying his beloved he would have to marry that "pup," too. It was clear, however, that the girl was in dead earnest and his practical problem was how to get himself into the good graces of that yellow cur, in whom his sweetheart had so much faith.

The lovers lived on adjoining farms in the mountain country of West Virginia. Larkin had, as he remarked, been "waitin' on" Mally ever since she had "set out" fer company two years before at "sweet sixteen." Beyond the hill country they call it *debut*, but there among the plain mountain folk it was simply setting out. Young Blair was a beau after the heart of any mountain lass: lithe and handsome, the best wrestler in the mountains, he could play the fiddle, troll a gay song and make all life seem like a holiday. In short, he possessed all the accomplishments by which a mountaineer might be graced to advantage. Mally was acknowledged queen of all the country side. The young and the old were unanimous in pronouncing them a good "match." In all the social affairs of the neighborhood they had "a right smart lead." At all of the pie suppers and the dancing parties and the "socials" they reminded one of Thaddy and his colleen in "The Kerry Dance."

This Sunday night for the first time life did not seem to Larkin to be "this world and Paradise all in one." It was a poor, crestfallen lover that had to find his way home that night through the dark mountain trail with his difficulties still unsolved.

It was in blackberry time in late June and Mally finished her next morning's work early and with the faithful Panto made her way up the mountain to a cliff where she knew the berries always ripened first. She wanted to get enough berries to make a big cobbler for dinner. As she climbed the great hillside she could see a broad hickory hat moving between the rows of high corn in the valley below and she could hear the clear notes of the whistling swain. It seemed to her that there was a sort of sad, puzzled strain in the tune instead of the usual merry abandon. Painters have spent their most careful art on

scenes much less significant and beautiful than the one presented by the girl as she sat there on the stump listening for a time to the notes of her lover before she began to gather her berries. Panto frisked about but always keeping an eye upon the mistress to whom he was so devoted.

From the high cliff the scene was a real mountain panorama with the hero of the girl's heart in the midst. There were the wooded hills all around with a hut here and there on the side. Below were the lowlands fledged with crops; streamlets from the many mountain springs wound their way down the decline to the river in the low country.

On the cliff Mally was picking berries off the long briers that bordered the edges. She had filled her bucket to "piling up" and was just turning to go when she discovered a cluster of fine luscious berries on a brier that hung out over the cliff. It was a large strong bush but by standing well out to the edge the girl succeeded in drawing it to her. She picked the berries and let it go. The thorns caught in her hair. The strength of the spring took her off her balance and over the precipice.

The dog heard her scream and was by her side in an instant. He found her unconscious among the stones and hard clay below the cliff. He barked and licked her face nervously. The moisture of his tongue revived her slightly. Then by the happiest of instincts Panto betook himself in all haste to the corn field at the foot of the mountain. He ran up to Larkin, barking and whining most appealingly. The boy was quick in divining that something must be wrong, and prompt to follow. When he started the dog ran forward a short distance and then back to be sure that his helper was coming. Larkin realized that the need was imperative and broke into a run after the dog. In five minutes they were at Mally's side. Panto worried back and forth as Larkin, the efficient, ran and filled his big hat from the little spring, bathed the girl's face and brought her back to sputtering and bewildered consciousness. He greeted the protesting sound of her voice with a short, sharp bark of delight, but when he beheld his mistress lifted to her feet and standing, not entirely unsupported by the gallant Larkin, but safe and sound, he was frantic with joy. The conquest of Panto was complete. The victory was Larkin's.

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ARMISTICE DAY.

November, 1919, will witness the first anniversary of an event momentous to the whole civilized world. How to commemorate fittingly such an occasion should require more than a moment's reflection. As a day worthy of the most universal observation, too much cannot be asked for it. Simply to recall its significance, and then to pass on heedlessly, is hardly a true spirit of patriotism. Proclaiming it a holiday may evoke an appropriate response, but even were this so, the pleasures of a free day often obscure the true meaning of a great anniversary.

November, 1918, gave promise of a future world at peace, but November a year later, still combats apparently unconquerable difficulties. Therefore on this day of days, it is not enough to rejoice solely in the good fortune of the past, but to consider seriously the problems of the present and future. Undoubtedly the Christian world will fervently pray,

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

But to the Catholic alone belongs that solace denied to all others, that of Holy Communion. How beautiful would it be if, on the great day of victory which we commemorate, every Catholic offered to the God of Peace a devout Holy Communion. Armistice Day could have no greater memorial; and no blessing of the present or future could be denied.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

The title of a song that was popular a few years ago, "The High Cost of Living is Driving Me Mad," could be said with sincerity by the fathers of large families.

In these days of high prices, a man with a

family of eight to feed, clothe and shoe has to figure very closely to make his income go around. His is a problem of higher mathematics trying to make ten dollars do what five dollars used to do, for one dollar today is the same value that fifty cents was yesterday.

It is the middle class, teachers, clerks, small store-keepers and young professional men that the high cost of living is affecting the most.

The poor, or those we used to consider "the poor" are faring better today than ever before in history. The most illiterate day-laborer who can wield a pick and shovel is able to command four dollars a day, while brick-layers and masons demand the princely sum of twelve dollars. We are glad to see such people prosperous, their wages have increased as prices have soared. But the poor middle class whose incomes have remained the same feel very deeply the effects of the high cost of living.

Bring back the good old days when bread cost a nickel and shoes were not a luxury.

ARE THE LABOR UNIONS TO BLAME?

There are a few "I told you so" people going about today wagging their heads ominously and attributing the tense situation in Industry to the labor unions. "It is the labor union carried to its logical and inevitable conclusion," they affirm.

It is well the vast majority of people in the United States appreciate the immense good that accrues to both capital and labor from the labor organization of which Mr. Samuel Gompers is the head. Mr. O'Connor, the president of the Longshoremen's Union puts the case in a few words. "The whole structure of collective bargaining rests on the principle of collective responsibility and collective good faith." Could anyone wish for a more ideal foundation?

Labor need not look for dangers to its society from without, but there is a grave danger within its own ranks that aims at disintegration. It lies in the influence of the "red" agitators on the individual workman. These men are for the most part, of foreign extraction and began their careers as Socialists. But Socialism has matured into Bolshevism, Communism and I. W. W'sm.

Many of the strikes that have been declared through the country, were decidedly against the advice of the leaders of the Union. The radical self-appointed leaders, in a frenzy against the

wealth of the capitalists, have prevailed upon the employees to break their contracts with their employers. The labor press in all the states urges the men to keep faith and honor their contracts. The *Pittsburgh Labor World* published the list of agitators in Pennsylvania, giving the life of each. This bold unmasking proved successful and many of the men returned to work. It would be well if more papers of this party would do likewise.

The Labor Union has arrived at a serious crisis. The entire country is imperiled. Our nation has come to a cross-road. Will the flaming, passionate, money-seeking Bolshevik be able to sway the minds of our clear-thinking workingmen. It does not seem possible. But meanwhile they are clamoring for higher wages and shorter hours while production is diminished to an astonishing low degree and the prices of everything increase.

STRIKES.

"Times are very different from the times that used to be," so a poet sang a few days ago. It is within the memory of nearly every one to recall the days when all the world was, at least, in seeming harmony. Today she does not even care to appear so, but instead, the popular idea seems to be "strife" and "strike." An organization that has not decided to strike for some reason or other is absolutely "out of tune" with the times. Thus, every organization feeling its duty to be up-to-date, at least, has "struck."

Printers, coal miners, steel men and a list of others, too numerous to mention, have heard the call, and those who have not thoughts about striking have been urged to do so by encouraging magazine articles. Ministers and teachers have been tempted, and only today I read an article inviting the president to ask for "more wages." "We seem to have reached a point where H. C. L. has resolved itself into High Cost of Labor," says the Philadelphia *North American*.

SUPPOSE THE TEACHERS STRIKE.

Since the epidemic of strikes has been sweeping over the United States everybody has been demanding higher wages. The teacher's profession is the lowest paid profession in the country.

Why shouldn't they go on a strike? Just the idea doesn't sound as if it would cause any serious difficulty, but if we ponder a moment on what might happen, if the teachers should do what others are doing, we shall see the results. Thousands of children would be in the streets and if it lasted until cold weather, many of them would be frozen—they go to school partly to keep warm. Mothers, who depend upon the school to take care of their children, while they are at work, would have to stay at home. Who would support these families? Indeed, the Associated Charities would have more than they could do.

Many of the older boys and girls would find work and never return to school. Think what a serious thing this would be to future America if the teachers should strike for even three weeks. The teachers have been very patient so far, but if they lose their patience, look out.

ARE YOU GUILTY?

Speech is a means for the communication of thought but the majority of us frustrate this very fundamental purpose by poor enunciation. We all have experienced futile exasperation at some one who slurs the ends of his words, forgets the beginning, and completes the entire sentence somewhere in the lower regions of his throat. Which one of us is not guilty of this same fault to a greater or less degree. The students of today will be the teachers of tomorrow and if they use this indolent style of discourse we may expect the same or worse from their pupils. To have an intelligible language we must take the trouble to lay a firm foundation for in this case indifference only serves to aggravate the fault; to counteract it active measures are necessary. The efforts necessary to remedy it are so negligible in comparison to the results achieved that we should be willing to make them: just a little thought of *how* we say what we have to say is all. What a relief it will be to all with whom we come in contact if they are able to understand every word we say instead of guessing at the meaning of a sentence from one or two words they were able to grasp. We were given lips and tongues to use. Let us use them.

SWEATERS.

There are sweaters and sweaters, heavy sweaters, thin sweaters, silk sweaters, wool sweaters—well just about every kind imaginable made in every conceivable style. Some you button like a coat, others you pull over your head and then there are still others that are minus sleeves and collars. No girl has a complete wardrobe unless she has an assortment of these charming wraps, one suitable for each occasion. Where is there a prettier sight, than a crowd of girls dressed in their many hued sweaters? Their rainbow hues, reminds one of God's covenant.

Sweaters not only lend color to the scene but they are of real value. Wool ones are warmer than coats, while silk ones may be used for the upper part of a gown. As clothes mark a woman, so sweaters mark a girl. If she is sane and practical, a veritable "rock of sense," she wears a medium heavy wool one in some subdued shade. If she is practical but enjoys frivolity her sweater is warm but dressy. If she is gay and frivolous her sweater is a marvelous creation, light and fluffy, for ornament only.

Sweaters belong to the American girl, they have proved their usefulness and have come to stay.

CURRENT POETRY REVIEW.

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

Lovers of nature poetry may find some delightful additions to their collection in the autumn verse of some of the current magazines. The *Literary Digest* presents a number of good pieces. In the first and the last stanza of "A Grecian Landscape," by Gerald Cumberland, the reader finds a good sample of the fine poetic imagery in which the whole poem is rich:

"The fields alive with butterflies,
The tepid river creeps;
Hiding beneath the sapless grass
A lizard sleeps.
Then, with a hush, the sun goes down;
A golden moon appears,
She floats along the amber sky . . .
Dew falls, like tears."

Edna Len Walten furnishes in her free-verse style equally fine imagery in the poems entitled, "The Sower," "Sunset," "The Lights." Autumn is above all a time of sunsets and twilights. Even the trees catch something of their color and glory.

In the lines of his "Twilight" John Bunker gives expression to the unspoken thoughts of many a lover of nature as he marvels at the wonder and witchery of the twilight time:

"Softly as tremulous dream
The dusk comes floating by.

Wistful as dreams that die."

It is generally supposed that poets rhyme poetically from inspirations that are generally strange to most people. Hence we hardly expect a seer to be inspired by so common a thing as the scientific fact that matter is never annihilated. In reading the current magazines, however, we note that at least one lyrist has found his inspiration in this fact. Perhaps we wonder why the leaves fall in Autumn and what becomes of them. Charles L. O'Donnell has written so pleasingly on this subject under the title of "Return" that we quote the poem in full as it appeared in the *Bookman* for October:

"The leaves beneath my feet shall blow
Again upon their tree,
Finding the way back that they know;
And the streams, gone to the sea,—
An upland harbor they shall reach
However far they flow,
Furl and unfurl upon that beech
The white sails of the snow."

* * *

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

Whatever else the reader of this month's Current Poetry may or may not find, he will be delighted by two beautiful little poems, which, although differing widely in some respects, are alike in that they are both exquisite pictures. The first, "A Grecian Landscape" by Gerald Cumberland, is printed in *The Literary Digest* for October 25. It is, as the title states, a landscape, nothing more, but what a landscape! Although the poet's "canvas" is small, four short stanzas, there is a wealth of enchantment of storied Greece in their scanty detail, and the solitary figure of the wrinkled old woman who walks by eating her black bread, stands out vividly against the background of the "stones—soft with dust" and the "Judas trees—painted red."

The other poem, Nancy Barr Mavity's "A Rose Among the Roses," appearing in *The Bookman*, is a real little gem. The first stanza is an exquisitely dainty picture, a little child asleep among the roses, one hand half clasping a stray sunbeam, butterflies hovering about. The second stanza is more than a picture, it speaks of the beautiful

innocence and unspoiled happiness of childhood, summing up the thought in one masterly line:

"In her heart no wind of longing stirs."

Leaving the broad sunlight and full blown roses we come to John Benjamin's "Twilight," simple of thought and unpretentious of treatment but full of the wistful beauty of the too short hour between day and night. The last stanza crystallizes the mystic calm and indefinable sadness of the dusk in the lines:

Silence and dusk float by,
Soothing as sleep after pain,
.....
Wistful as dreams that die."

Friendship, the age-old, never-old theme of poets, is the inspiration of a poem in blank verse by John Binyon, published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The whole poem is a development of the first words:

"The bread that's broken when we eat together
Tastes sweet"

The poet evidently knows well that "world within our hearts" of which he writes, for his poem, unlike some poems of friendship, deals not with a dictionary definition, but with the real light of friendship that burns none the less brightly because it burns in the midst of "the daily doing of what must be done."

Whether the Current Poetry enthusiast walks "pavements amber lighted in dusk," or takes his way where "Eleusis' road run by the sea," he will find in this month's magazines a treasure trove of beauty.

STATE-CLUBS ORGANIZATION.

Tuesday evening, Oct. 21, eleven new social clubs came into being at St. Mary's. The membership of each club was determined by the States in which the students live. The purpose of the organization is purely social; dances, cards, etc., will be the special feature of the several meetings. Class institutions which are continued according to the custom of former years constitute the social side of college life for the entire student body, while the State Clubs will tend to further more intimate acquaintance between residents of the same State.

The following officers were elected at the initial meeting on Tuesday:

COLLEGIATE

Indiana Club.		Michigan-Ohio Club.	
Pres.	E. Carico	Pres.	M. Green
Vice-Pres.	M. McNamara	Vice-Pres.	D. Hayes
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NEWS ITEMS.

On the feast of All Saints, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Community Church by the Rev. Joseph Gadlagaer, C. S. C., assisted by the Rev. Francis Wenninger, C. S. C., deacon, and Rev. William Connor, C. S. C., subdeacon.

The celebration of All Souls Day at St. Mary's was transferred to November 3. A Requiem Mass was sung in the Church of Loretto by Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., followed by Benediction, which was attended by the student body. Father Gallagher made a few appropriate remarks on the significance of the day.

The pupils of St. Mary's Academy attended Mass the morning of October 21 in honor of the feast of their Prefect, Sister M. Ursulieve.

During the month, the following sermons were delivered in the Church of Loretto: "The Obligation of Hearing Mass on Sunday," Oct. 19, by the Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C.; Oct. 26, "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," by the Rev. George Marr, C. S. C.; Nov. 1, "Imitation of the Saints," Rev. Francis Wenninger, C. S. C.

On October 28, anniversary Masses were offered in the Community Church, Sisters' Infirmary, and College Chapel for the repose of the soul of Hazel Herrman.

Through the courtesy of the St. Mary's Notre Dame College Club of Chicago invitations to the "Thanksgiving Dance Party" have been received by members of the faculty and of the class of 1920.

The Senior Class was entertained on October 10th, at a dual birthday luncheon in the Robertson Tea Room. The hostesses of the occasion were the Misses Gladys Rempe and Dorothy Hayes. After luncheon the guests enjoyed a theater party.

On St. Luke's Day, Oct. 18, "The Hoodlum," Mary Pickford's latest feature, was the evening attraction for the students.

Mother M. Pauline was hostess at the initial Senior Saturday dinner on the evening of October 25th.

The annual retreat for the students opened on the evening of October 8 and was conducted by the Rev. C. M. Thuente, O. P., of Minneapolis, Minn.

Prof. Richard Seidel of Chicago Symphony Orchestra, who for the past twenty-eight years has been instructor and critic of St. Mary's Conservatory of Music, has resumed his work of the year. Prof. Seidel's former pupils welcomed him most cordially while the new ones are eager to place themselves under his instruction.

It is regretted that Cardinal Mercier's unexpected recall to his own country prevented St. Mary's from having the pleasure of meeting and paying respect to the great Belgian Churchman.

On Nov. 6 an anniversary requiem Mass was offered in the chapel of the Sacred Heart for the repose of the soul of Nora Carrico.

On October 15, Eamon DeValera, President of the Irish Republic, paid a short visit to St. Mary's. He was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. James Burns, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame, and an escort of twelve University Classmen of 1920. He was greeted in front of the College entrance by the student body, which assembled to give him welcome. In his half hour talk Mr. DeValera briefly outlined his mission to America—to obtain the recognition of the Government for the Republic of Ireland.

During the month, the Rev. J. F. Nugent, D. M., of Des Moines, Ia., gave two lectures at St. Mary's; the one on the evening of October 23 was delivered before the assembled Community; and the other on the afternoon of October 24

before the student body. For the subject of his first lecture, Father Nugent chose "The Last Disguise"; and for the second, "God's Workshop."

"Americanization Day," Oct. 24, program as appointed by the Indiana State Board of Education was carried out by the student-representatives to whom class election assigned the following subjects:

SENIOR—Dorothy Hayes,

Subject—"A Tribute to Roosevelt"....S. B. Ralston

JUNIOR—Katherine Dolan,

Subject—"Roosevelt an Inspiration to Youth"

.....Adopted from Herman Hagedorn's Book

SOPHOMORE—Loretta Vaughey,

Subject—"American Ideals of Roosevelt".H'm.Foulke

FRESHMAN—Miriam Sugrue,

Subject—"American Ideals of Washington"

.....James Woodburn

FOURTH ACADEMIC—Althea McElroy,

Subject—"American Ideals of Lincoln."

THIRD ACADEMIC—Grace Downey,

Subject—"American Ideals of Wilson."

On the same occasion, collections were made for the Indiana quota to the Roosevelt Memorial Fund.

The "old girls" who visited Alma Mater during the month were: Margaret Sullivan, Caspar, Wyoming; Harriet Casey, Auburn, Indiana; Helen Mills, Chicago; Nancy Daly, Chicago.

On Sunday evening, October 26th, the Senior Class entertained the departments with an informal program presenting the "Commencement of No-Joke College."

The Rt. Rev. James Shahan, D. D., and Dr. Deferari, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., the Revs. P. J. Doran of New South Wales, Australia, and J. P. Doran of Homewood, Ill., were recent guests of St. Mary's.

Fall wedding bells rang clear at St. Mary's announcing the marriage of Irene Wilhelmine Finnup to Mr. Raimon G. Walters, Garden City, Kansas; of Mary Duffield to Mr. Howard Fisher Horn, Lima, Ohio; of Marcella Mersman to Mr. Felix Theodore Havemann, Celina, Ohio; Nelle Catherine Beatty to Mr. Grant Lesley McFayden, of Omaha, Nebr., and Angela Jane Connor to Mr. Tom Curry of Hartford, Conn.

Through THE CHIMES, St. Mary's offers sincere sympathy with a promise of prayers to the recently bereaved—Mrs. Frank C. Hamilton and family of Omaha, Nebraska; to Frances Pettin-gill, and Mary Frances Daley (students).

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I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

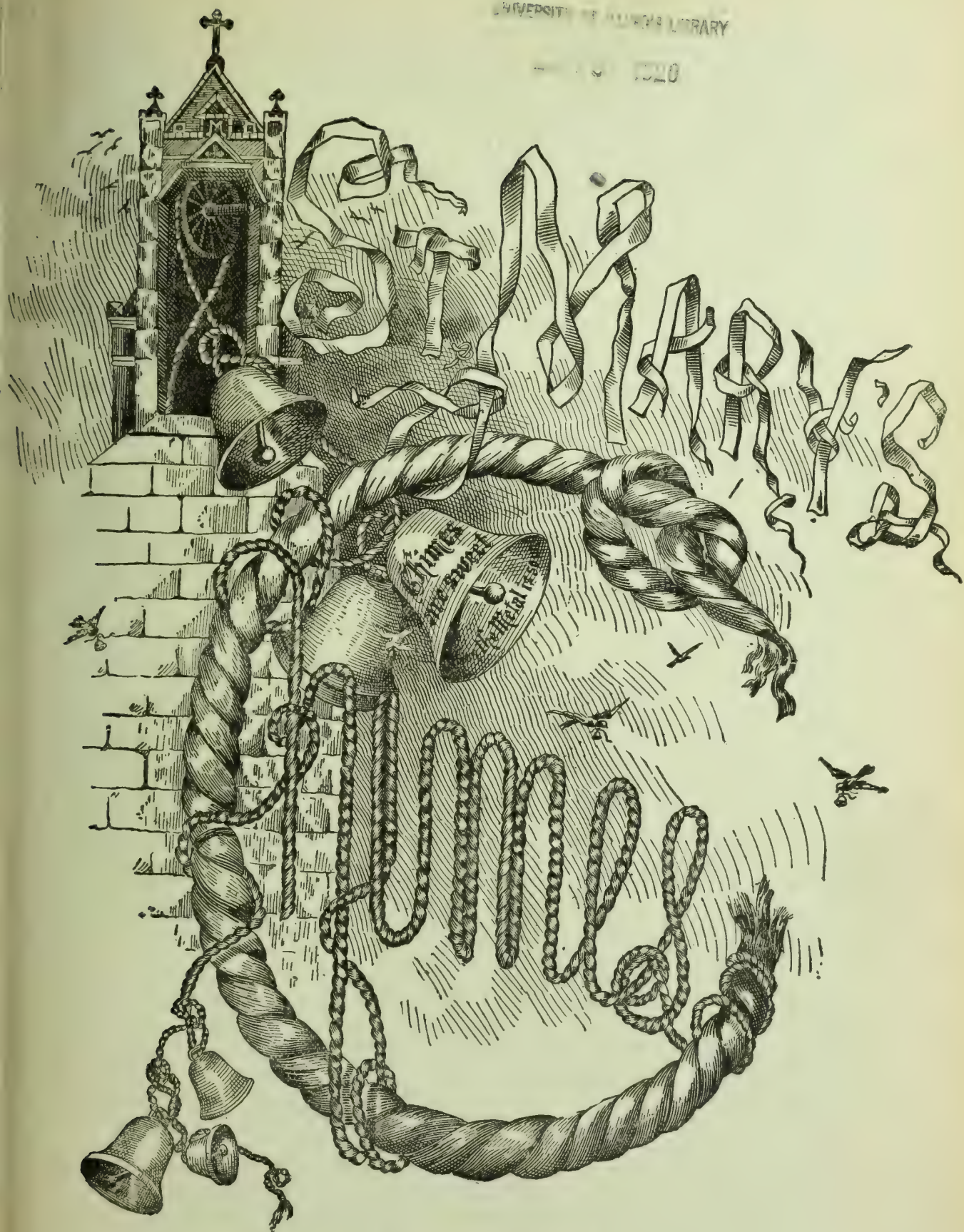
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HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,

Secretary of the Interior.

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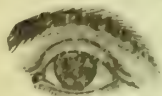
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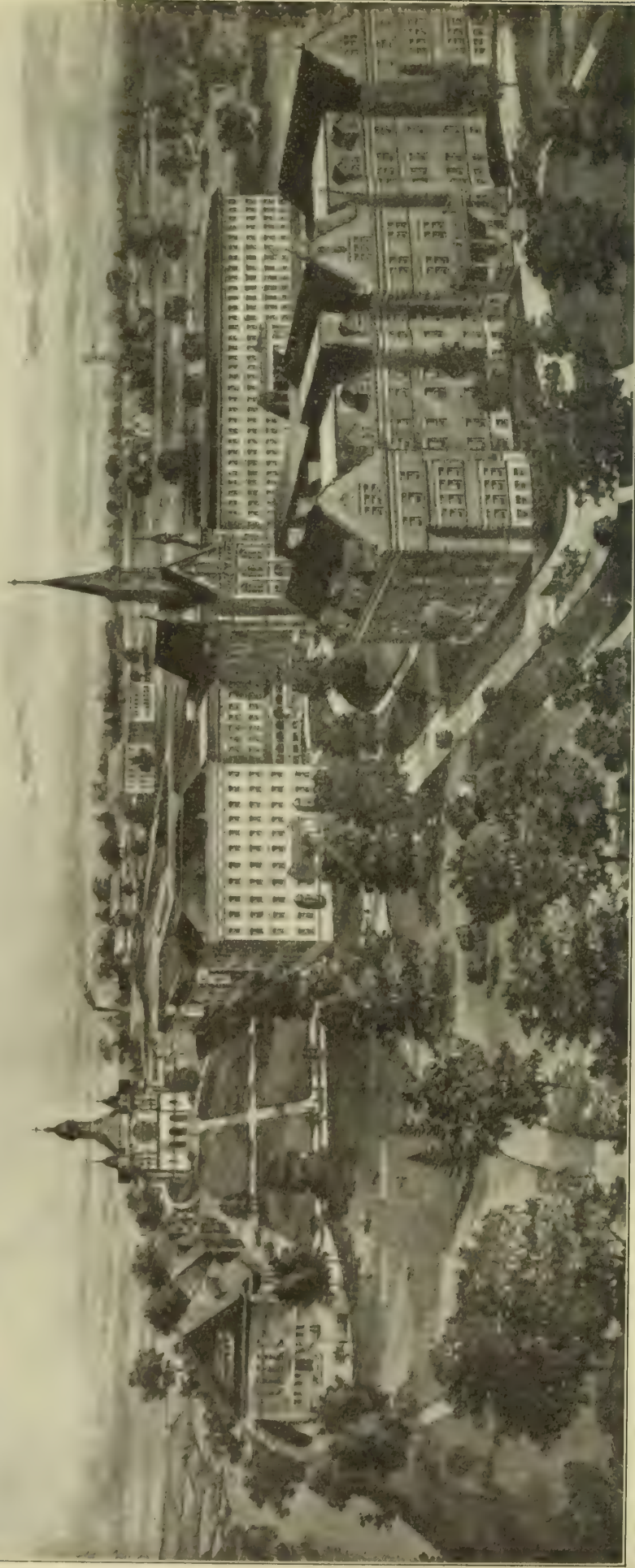
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ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., December, 1919

No. 4

A TRIBUTE

TO THE SISTER WAR-NURSES.

REST, Soldiers of the Holy Cross,
Beneath your snow-clad mounds.
No more the bugle calls to strife—
To soothe, or bind up wounds.
Your battles nobly fought, are done,
The foe is conquered, Heaven is won!

Rest, Sisters of the Holy Cross,
Beside your comrades brave.
With love we place a laurel wreath
Above each honored grave
And pray our earthly tasks may be
Love-crowned in endless victory!

*THE SISTER-NURSES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN CAVANAUGH, C.S.C.

It seems a hard destiny that just when the world is rising from an orgy of blood and horror, we should be assembled today in the peace of this holy roof to recall another mighty conflict, ended more than half a century ago, the most momentous in all the nation's history, and one of the most sanguinary in the chequered annals of mankind. Surely this generation has had a surfeit of blood and fury, of sorrow, anxiety and pain. Wealth remembers with dismay its billions of wasted treasure. Civilization shudders at the devastation of so much that had been wrought into strength and beauty during the laborious centuries of the past. Statecraft stares aghast at fallen thrones and tottering governments. Education weeps over ruined temples of learning. Religion, still with upward looking eye, searches the face of God for prophecy and hope and comfort. Human love lies numb and palsied—mothers, sisters, lovers, friends gazing at empty chairs and vacant places, breathing words of faith or despair, of anguish and of hope over the names of the loved and lost. Might not humanity be left alone with its sorrows? Might not the hideous name of war be banished to the place of evil and

forgotten words? Might not the anaesthesia of time be permitted to solace broken hearts, and oblivion to spread merciful veils over the wounds, the mutilations and the new made graves? Might not this generation be permitted to stumble on its dolorous path, its back bent under the weight of many sorrows, its heart filled with the ashes of dead loves, its mind haunted by evil dreams and painful memories and the ghosts of happy years?

Gladly would we permit the dead past to bury its dead. Mournfully we remember that sufficient unto the day is the sorrow thereof! Not for us to open anew the tomb in which love has hidden away her sorrow to bid it walk forth again into the light. But even in the reaction from a great cataclysm let us not forget that war has its sanctities as well as its sorrows; its heroisms as well as its horrors, its triumphs as well as its trials. Out of the chaos of grief and desolation is born a radiant dancing star. Immortal man, remembering that life itself is a warfare, turns with sorrow-clouded eyes to the sublimities revealed in the human soul. War, indeed, is tragedy; war is unspeakable horror; and yet a just war is the grandest act of a nation. When a mighty and indignant people gathers all its material and spiritual resources into one mighty force to hurl them against oppression or injustice, whether the issue be victory or defeat, a legion of holy memories are born of the gigantic struggles. When the plow is beaten into swords and bayonets, behold there the symbolism of the anger and the justice of God. When farms are deserted, and factories emptied and commerce interrupted, when studious youth abandons books and lecture halls for the hardships of the camp, when the teacher exchanges the easy magistracy of the rostrum for the rigors of military obedience, when physicians and lawyers and journalists turn away from their professional work, when men dream no more of profit and cling no longer—I shall not say to ease and comfort and self-indulgence, but even the elemental needs and conveniences of civilization, when mothers, unable to offer their own lives, broken-hearted, yet full of wondrous

*Delivered in the Community Church, Sunday, November 30, 1919.

pride and joy, offer instead the lives of those whom they love more than themselves and for whom they would gladly die—in that moment of transfiguration cynicism itself slinks away, silent and abashed, and humanity touches the shining heights of heaven. Men go forth to die, and women remain at home to mourn. Men give their blood, and women their tears. Men, to whom life is sweet and young and beautiful, look with white but untroubled faces into the eyes of death, and women require an even greater courage, to remain at home, the victims day and night of sickening apprehensions.

It is to one of the tenderest and holiest memories of a mighty conflict that the gentle pieties of this day are dedicated. When the great Civil War fell athwart the imaginations of men and the tears of women the whole nation became an armed camp. For years the ominous controversy had raged in Congress. Statesmen with a solemn sense of responsibility had sought with frenzied earnestness to avert the impending calamity. The most powerful and persuasive eloquence of the nation had labored to still the voice of passion and to counsel moderation and patience. The North was aligned against the South, material interests clashed, principles and conscience arrayed themselves in armor; the hour of destiny had struck. Liberty shrieked and at her cry legions of brave men leaped to the rescue. The world hung with baited breath on the issue of the struggle. Military genius organized the contending armies for battle, and soon were heard the moans of wounded men, the delirium of fever and the cry for the merciful ministrations of the hospital. There was in that day no great organization like the Red Cross Society to meet so stupendous an emergency. The call of the nation was for strong and skilled and patient nurses, and instinctively the government turned its eyes to those gentle spirits hidden away in the shadows of the cloister, the sublime passion of whose lives has in every age been the love of God through the service of mankind. The response was as immediate and heroic as the need was grave. From their convents in many cities came the noble Sisters of Mercy, whose beautiful name is the reflection of the divine compassion that has always throbbed within them. Three different communities of the Sisters of Charity—the heroic Daughters of Nazareth, of Vincent de Paul, and of Mother Seton—replied with the same glorious courage with which they had first answered the call to the consecrated life. The

apostolic and saintly Sisters of St. Joseph superbly proved their right to wear that glorious name by ministering to the suffering Brothers of Christ as Joseph administered to our Lord Himself. The Ursuline Nuns gave proof that the spirit of their illustrious Mother St. Angela still energized within them by renewing in the hospitals of the South the dazzling traditions they had inherited from the War of 1812. All honor to these valiant religious, the perfect flower of American Catholic womanhood. In hundreds of consecrated graves, in the shadow of their holy cloisters, the bodies of most of them have long since crumbled into venerated dust. Their very names as individuals have been forgotten by the world which they served with perfect service and devotion. "On fame's eternal camping ground" their bivouac is no longer spread, but their glory is one of the chiefest glories of the Catholic Church in America, and their collective service is enshrined in the memory of a grateful nation. Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of St. Joseph, Ursuline Nuns, your names are honey to the lips and music in the ears of all true Americans! Here and there within the holy shadows of your homes there still survive a few of those who composed those noble companies. From our grateful souls we send up today a prayer of thanksgiving to God for giving you to the Church and to America, and from out the heart of St. Mary's we send you in this happy hour messages of greeting and benediction.

To you, dear Sisters of the Holy Cross, this day must be one of holy triumph. I know that with the generosity of noble souls your hearts are chanting psalms of praise for the beautiful deeds done in mercy and gentleness by your religious Sisters in other communities. But who so well as you can appreciate the distinguished part which your own Sisters bore in glory and the sacrifice of that desperate hour. You had then for your father and counsellor a great priest and who was at once a saint and genius, the never-to-be-forgotten Father Sorin. How much you owe to that beloved memory let your own hearts today and forever acknowledge. When the nation called to you for service he spoke words of wisdom and courage and the great soul of Mother Angela, with whom his name must ever be associated in reverence here, received his counsel with joy. Mother Angela has long since found her place in history among the holiest, the

bravest and the wisest of the wonderful nuns of America. In her veins the ancestral blood of the nation of martyrs mingled with the bravest and most chivalrous blood of America. The past and the present, nature and grace, inheritance and training, combined to produce in her the highest qualities of Christian Womanhood. She had had her brief but brilliant day in what is quaintly called the world. Beauty was hers, and admiration made obeisance to her. Talent was hers and friends found joy in her sparkling speech. Culture was hers, and men basked in its high serenity. Wealth was hers and ambition fawned upon her. Position and society were hers and all gentle gifts of life and fortune. She had tasted the sweetness of all the innocent fruits that the paradise of this world can offer to such as she, and therefore her heroism was all the more divine when she made the great renunciation and offered to God the full measure of that perfect love of which the world was not worthy. It was impossible for Mother Angela to be mediocre in anything. Essential greatness was the note of her life—in genius, in virtue, in practical achievement. Her own great power, her high courage and devotion, were stamped upon her Sisters even as daughters inherit the features of their mothers, and when she called for volunteers to go into the hospitals and camps to nurse the suffering soldiers, the response threatened for a time to make a wilderness of the convent. St. Mary's, even in that early time, was a great school with standards far in advance of the period, with noble traditions and inspiring prospects. To transfer so many Sisters from their regular work might mean its permanent destruction; at least it must mean interruption of progress and multiplied hardships and the laying of intolerable burdens upon those who remained. Worldly wisdom might well have counselled moderation and caution, but the heroic triumphed then as it always triumphed in Mother Angela, and out of her little community of sisters she placed no fewer than sixty in Kentucky, Illinois, Tennessee, and Missouri, and the capital of the nation. From the quiet of the cloister, where as someone has said, "commands were given in whispers," and the hours pass in prayer and meditation, they passed to the post of honor, of duty and of danger, amid the ghastliest horrors of modern war. They served in camps and infirmaries, on battle fields and on floating hospitals. Hope and cheerfulness, cleanliness and order, followed where

they went. Their skill as nurses made them invaluable to the overworked physicians; their holy sympathy and divine absorption in duty made them God's mercy to the sick. How many a flushed and fevered boy in the delirium of illness thought he recognized in their watchful kindly eyes the love of an absent mother? How many a battered veteran discovered for the first time the sacramental influence of a good woman? How many a wanderer was led along the paths of peace and the piety he had forgot or perhaps never known. Vicissitudes there were in abundance. I am not unmindful that sometimes they failed to nurse either body or soul back to health in spite of superhuman efforts. I do not forget that even the holy devotion of these consecrated Sisters did not always protect them from hard experiences, from the rough speech of the soldiers and the ingratitude of officers and the tedious red tape of high organization and the bullying and tyranny of the little martinets who infest the armies of the world. On the other hand to the honor of human nature be it said that even in the hearts of those who least understood the Sisters there sprang up such a reverential love for them as their poor hearts had never known before; and rough men, whatever their past or their prejudices, conceived for the Sisters an adoring love and gratitude which they bore undiminished to the grave. No glorious shaft has ever been lifted up in gratitude to the sweet and gentle women who bore about with them the mercy of Christ amidst the horrors of war. Please God that grievous omission through the generosity of noble women will soon be supplied; but meantime in the hearts of the old soldiers of the Republic there is a sanctuary whose worship is gratitude and whose high priest is memory, and within that shrine, until the last veteran of the Civil War has answered to the final roll call, grateful men shall keep alive the lights of love and the fires of remembrance in reverence and admiration for the Sisters who assuaged their pain and restored their health.

Almost three score years have passed since the mighty struggle, which threatened to disrupt America, ended happily in a stronger nation, the home of a mighty and undivided people. Problems of reconstruction had first call upon public attention, and during the years that have sped, beyond the occasional tribute of a poet or an orator, or the grateful acknowledgment of military leaders, the services rendered by the Sisters

have escaped official recognition. It is not that national gratitude was dead, but that it had not yet been aroused to action. Today the Government of the United States gives proof of its remembrance by distinguishing the graves of the Sisters-Nurses with the same memorial emblem with which it marks the graves of soldiers and sailors. We are grateful for this belated proof of the nation's love and appreciation. We know that they whose eternal rest with God neither the neglect of men may trouble nor their honors disturb, never dreamed that more than one-half a century after their patriotic labors were ended a grateful nation should lay this tribute at their feet. The simple cross, which in religious communities marks the last resting place of the lowly and the great alike, is their true monument, for in its form it speaks of faith, and in the simple record of birth and death it betokens community of prayers and remembrance after death as it betokens community of labors in life. Such lives can have no earthly monument. No burnished shaft, however high, could fittingly interpret the innocent souls and the virtuous labors of these consecrated women. In very truth they made "the hospital a cloister and their hearts a choir." Their days were filled with homely and laborious duties which even the most skillful chronicler could not record, but they live forever in the memory of grateful men; they are painted on the unforgetting intelligences of the Angels and the story of them is written in the Books of God.

And as the cross which stands at the head of their graves typifies faith, so these modest markers at their feet shall stand as testimonies of their patriotism. For uncounted centuries these stones lay slumbering, unconscious in their quarries; they were dull inert material until today when faith and freedom touch them with the magic of remembrance and make them symbols forever of a people's deathless love. We uncover them with holy pride, not merely to honor the patriotic dead, but rather as a pledge that we who come after them and who share in their glory may in our own lives pay them the tribute of imitation as well as of praise. The Church in America is happy in this hour. Priests and people exult in the honor that is paid to religion. A grateful nation looks on with sympathy and applause. The pathetic remnants of the Grand Army of the Republic, scattered over the country, are mystically present to glorify this day.

They halt and stumble as they march, and their blanched faces and their thin and wasted figures proclaim that the envious years have sucked from their veins the rich liquor of their young red blood. They have grown old in all respects save one, for within their hearts, imperishable as human gratitude, immortal as human love, perennial as the stars, they cherish the beautiful memory of the Sisters who labored for them in privation and devotion. In fancy I see the dim legions of the past drawn up around their graves. With solemn pride these wraith-like armies, long since gathered into eternity, lift their hands in solemn salutation. Peace to their souls and may they all, the Sisters and the soldiers, hold happy reunion in the fields of heaven.

With fine appropriateness, too, the Ladies' Auxillary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians have a place of honor in these exercises. Ireland is the Nun among the nations of the earth. For centuries poverty has been the penalty she has paid for loyalty to her faith. The chastity of Irish womanhood has been the envy and admiration of the modern world. The obedience of Ireland to the Church of Christ has bound her with chains of gold in adoring slavery to the beautiful white feet of Christ. Historically her vocation has been the nun's vocation, and it is more than a beautiful coincidence that the long roster of the Angels of the battle field has been made up almost exclusively of the daughters of faithful, holy Ireland. What more appropriate, therefore, than that this noble society of women who proudly keep alive the traditions of their people should have the first place in these solemnities. Out of their love and their pride they have embarked on the noble enterprise of lifting up in the capital of the nation a majestic monument to the Sisters of the battlefield. One among them I must single out for special acclamation, though for reasons of delicacy I may not mention her name. Herself the mother of sons, she has always been a true nun in her heart, an eloquent and zealous high priestess of faith and patriotism, whose happy influence is written in letters of light over all the land, to whose tireless energies and indomitable courage in the face of the indifference of our own people and the opposition of envious sectarians, and the timorousness of politicians the Washington Monument to the nuns will ultimately owe its existence, even as to her are due the glory and the beauty of this day. May the nuns of the battlefield remember her at the feet of Christ.



MRS. ELLEN RYAN-JOLLY, LL.D.
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Who initiated and carried to a successful issue, the erection of a monument to the "Nuns of the Battlefield" in Washington, D. C., also, the placing of U. S. Army Markers on the graves of the individual Sister-Nurses of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars.

U. S. A. MARKERS PLACED ON THE GRAVES OF THE
SISTER-WAR-NURSES AT ST. MARY'S.

Seven years ago in Norfolk, Virginia, at the National Convention of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Mrs. Ellen Ryan-Jolly, then President of the Association, proposed the erection of a monument to the "Nuns of the Battlefield." The suggestion was heartily approved and cooperation with Mrs. Jolly in the undertaking, early volunteered.

A petition requesting a site in Arlington Cemetery, was presented to Congress by the Honorable Ambrose Kennedy, of Rhode Island. The site was not granted, but one still more desirable in the city of Washington, itself was offered. Later, through the untiring effort of Mrs. Jolly, permission to place U. S. markers on the graves of the more than two thousand Sister-nurses who gave their services to the Government during the Civil and Spanish-American wars, was obtained.

The ceremonies on the occasion of the dedication of the "markers" at St. Mary's on November 30, consisted of the Pontifical Military Mass in the Community Church at 10 a. m.; Patriotic celebration in St. Angela's Hall at 2 p. m., followed by a procession to the cemetery, the unveiling of the markers, Bugle Taps and a salute of guns.

The program of the day was arranged by the Rev. John McGinn, C.S.C., whose able management throughout the preliminaries was an invaluable support to Mrs. Jolly and the committee.

Officers of the Mass were:

Celebrant—The Rt. Rev. Michael Gallagher, D.D., of Detroit, Mich.

Assistant Priest—The Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C.S.C., St. Mary's.

Deacons of Honor—The Rev. James Burns, C.S.C., The Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C.

Deacon of the Mass—The Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.

Subdeacon of the Mass—The Rev. George Finnegan, C.S.C.

Master of Ceremonies—The Rev. William R. Connor, C.S.C.

Cross-Bearer—John Ryan Jolly, Boston.

Sermon—Delivered by the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., Washington, D. C.

MILITARY GUARD OF HONOR—N. D. U. OVERSEAS MEN.

The music of the Mass was furnished by the choirs of Holy Cross seminary under the direction of Rev. Charles J. Marshall, C.S.C. The Kyrie, the Benedictus, and the Agnus Dei, all of which were from the IX Gregorian Mass, and the III Gregorian Credo, were rendered by the unison choirs which are composed of thirty voices.

The proper of the Mass which was for the first Sunday in advent, was all in Gregorian music according to the Graduale Romanum save the Graduale and the Offertory, which were chanted *recto tono*, and three motets, Ecce Sacerdos—for two tenors and two basses by Fr. Witt—, Alma Redemptoris by Giovanni L. da Palestrina—arranged for four male voices, and O Bone Jesu by P. Piel—for two tenors and one bass—, were all rendered by the four part male choir which is composed of twenty-two voices.

All the choirs joined in singing the Te Deum at the close of the ceremony. The four-part choir also sang Periti Autem, a motet for four male voices by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholody at the afternoon program, and in the evening an Ave Maria for four male voices by Alb. Jenkins and a traditional Spanish Gregorian Tantum Ergo were sung at benediction.

The choirs are to be congratulated both for their technique and their apparent enthusiasm in their work which is of an exceptionally high order. All the music rendered by them conforms strictly to the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X and was not only pleasing but, to a marked degree, religious.

In the Sanctuary were:

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. P. Chidwick, U. S. S. Maine, New York; The Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C.; The Revs. D. J. Spillard, C.S.C., D. Hudson, C.S.C., J. Burke, T. Burke, P. Foike, C. Hagerty, P. Herbert, W. Cunningham, J. W. Donahue, F. McGarry, Chas. Marshall, J. McGinn, E. Burns and Geo. Marr of the University of Notre Dame; The Revs. Gregory Gerrer, O.S.B., P. J. O'Donnell, Boston, and F. J. Jansen, Elkhart, Ind. Over-seas Chaplains—Captain J. J. O'Brien, C.S.C., Lt. M. J. Walsh, C.S.C., Lt. John McGinn, C.S.C., Lt. Chas. L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., and Geo. Finnegan, C.S.C.



THE RT. REV. MICHAEL GALLAGHER, D.D.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

National Chaplain of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Ancient Order Hibernians,
who presided at the ceremonies of the dedication and unveiling of the
U. S. Army Markers at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

NEW snow and old November,
 Tranquil and sweet the dead:
 The cross at each grave's head
 And the stone at the foot remember
 Days that were deep with sorrows,
 Nights that set to pain,
 Service of blood again
 And peace for all the morrows
 When yesterday's unhappy things,
 The suns that sank in blood,
 Should flower beside the Rood,
 And all but memory take wings,
 Honor and gratitude.

Today our gratitude and pride
 Are honor's sentinel
 And lift a voice to tell
 How nobly these have lived and died
 For standards in their deeds grown one,
 The cross their bosom wore,
 The flag their soldiers bore—
 Tribute of glory sinking with no sun.
 Their lives like water given, a cup
 They offered in His Name,
 To an eternal fame
 Their service now is lifted up
 In God's and our acclaim.

How might this mercy's wonder be?
 How could they tread that hell
 Of war? The answer tell
 Ye may who look on Calvary
 Where Woman stood. These gentle ones
 Were daughters of the cross;
 Nor grief, nor fear, nor loss
 Might stay their mothering the sons
 Born of a nation's dying hour
 To die for its rebirth:
 None then shall guess their worth
 Save by the cross' anguished power,
 Salt of the stricken earth.

We turn today a mellowed page
 Of old and fair renown:
 The years are looking down
 On this much changed and changing age,
 But this thing shall not ever fade—
 The service that they gave:
 The cross and stone their grave
 Seal with a lasting compact made.
 Wherefore it is this passing day
 We come with borrowed breath
 To the sure glory of their death—
 "With you we have kept faith," we say,
 And the dead answer, "Faith."



THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C.S.C., D.D.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Faithful friend and adviser of Mrs. Ellen Ryan-Jolly during her work on
the Nuns' Monument Committee.

THE SOLDIER AND THE NUN.

S. M. E.

HOW fearsome noisy are men's battle ways!
He was so tired of noise.

His troubled gaze,
Troubled with death, found her, and suddenly
A hope, new-born, was his. So quietly
She knelt.

He hated noise, noise that with pain
Had blasted him. The noise of praise, how vain
It seemed—yet it had been so fine to hear
When he marched forth, "For God and Country Dear!"

Then fear laid hold on him—this awful death
That fought him, fought him for his every breath!
Anguish grew in his gaze—

How patiently
Her lips were praying—Strange. What was it she
Had said?

This, his last battle she would share
And fight, not death, sure victor, but despair
That now was taunting him with every sin.

How brave she looked—he felt that she could win
Their fight. Her path of glory was, she said,
Like his, of sacrifice, and duty led
Her way!

Peace slipped into his dying gaze—
How sweetly quiet are God's battle ways!

PATRIOTIC CELEBRATION.

At the Memorial services in the afternoon,
Miss Mary Hagerty, local president of the L. A.
A. O. H., introduced Mrs. Jolly, who spoke as
follows:

"REVEREND FATHERS, FRIENDS, SISTERS, AND
BROTHER HIBERNIANS,

"It is not my purpose to attempt a speech
this afternoon. A few days ago, accompanied
by the Sister Superior of St. Mary's College,
I had the privilege of visiting your city of the
dead in which lie the remains of fifty-five
Sister War Veterans. Ladies and gentlemen, my
heart would burst with gratitude. I stood by the
grave of Mother Angela and I spoke aloud and I
said, "Mother Angela, the markers are here."
And I believe she heard my words in heaven.
And in that moment of supreme happiness my
thoughts ran rapidly back, and I saw a long line
of loyal friends, the friends who gave me en-

couragement in the dark hours of the day and
the dreary hours of the night, when those in
authority said, 'Mrs. Jolly, I do not approve of
your petition,' and Mrs. Jolly replied, 'My dear
sir, that does not embarrass me at all. The Nuns
of the Battlefield will have their monument and
the Sister Soldier Nurses will have their markers
when you are not here.' And he is now gone,
but the Nuns have their monument.

"Notwithstanding the fact that one official in
high position was so un-American, thank God
there were ten thousand fine Americans, not of
Irish blood and not of Catholic Faith, who said
to me, 'The Nuns of the Battlefield are entitled
to recognition and they shall have it.'

"And the day is not far distant when in the
City of Washington in a most exquisite site we
will unveil a monument, the most beautiful in a
city of beautiful monuments, to the Angels of the
Battlefield.

"My dear friends, this is not an Irish question,
it is a patriotic question; the nuns represent
many nations. They came from the palace of the
king and the cabin of the peasant.

"The L. A. A. O. H. is the largest and the old-
est, and I know the best, organization in the
world; and I could not help but tell those gentle-
men a few historical facts. About 86% of those
Nuns were born among the hills of Old Ireland;
92% were Irish by blood. They came from the
palace and the cabin; they knew no race, no
creed, no color.

"When I want something, I pray and my pray-
ers are always answered by the Angels of the
Battlefield.

"This program, my dear friends, was arranged
by *my son*, the Reverend John McGinn and he
has included a poem written by a son of royal
Donegal. I like the name of the Poet-priest of
the West, a true son of Columbkil,—The Rev.
Charles O'Donnell."

(Poem Read by Father O'Donnell.)

* * * *

With native wit and a ready repartee, Mrs. Jol-
ly introduced in succession the speakers: The
Honorable James E. Deery, National President,
Ancient Order of Hibernians, Indianapolis; the
Rt. Rev. Mgr. John P. Chidwick, U. S. S. Maine

of New York; Rev. P. J. O'Donnell, representative of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell of Boston; and Miss Ada K. Gannon, Historian of the L. A. A. O. H., Davenport, Iowa.

His Eminence, the beloved Cardinal Gibbons was represented by the Rev. James Burns, C.S.S., president of the University of Notre Dame. The Government official was Colonel George W. Freyermuth, U. S. A., South Bend Post.

Among those seated on the stage were: Brother Raphael, C.S.C. and Colonel William Hoyne, only survivors of the Notre Dame Division of the Civil War; Sisters Mary Paula and Mary Victoria, two of the five surviving Sister-nurses of the Civil War; and over-seas men of the World War. The four-part choir of Holy Cross Seminary, Notre Dame, gave the closing number of the program.

Order of march to the cemetery: University of Notre Dame Band, Army Officers and Chaplains, Soldiers, Clergy, Sister-Nurses, Students and guests.

As Colonel Freyermuth with a company of service men from Notre Dame unveiled the fifty-five markers, members of the classes of 1920 and '21. St. Mary's College, placed a wreath of ever-green beneath the flag on every grave. A wreath has also been designed for the grave of Mrs. Gillespie-Phelan, Mother of Mother Mary Angela, who lies in the Community cemetery.

Twilight fell as taps was sounded and the salute fired, reminding an eye-witness, of a scene in former years when at the burial of a sister, as was the custom, each member of the Community carried a lighted candle.

* * * *

Mrs. Mary Arthur, National Director of the L. A. A. O. H., of Indianapolis, Ind., and Miss

Ada K. Gannon, Chairman of Irish History, L. A. O. H., were guests of St. Mary's for the ceremonies of the unveiling of the U. S. A. Markers, as was also Mrs. Edward Spear, representative of the Illinois Chapter.

John Ryan Jolly, cross-bearer in procession to the cemetery, is a student of the University of Notre Dame, having matriculated there not alone for the excellent advantages offered, but also for its historic setting so dear to the heart of his mother, Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly.

The committee for the Nuns of the Battlefield monument was composed of Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly, Pawtucket, R. I., chairman; Mrs. Susan M. McNamee, Charleston, Mass., secretary; and Miss Margaret McQuade, Pittsburgh, Penn., treasurer.

LIST OF THE SISTER-NURSES

IN CIVIL AND SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR SERVICE.

Living—Sister Passion, Ferdinand, De Sales, *Victoria, Paula, Brendan, Benita, Genevieve, Cordelia, Philip, Valentine, Edburga, Joachim.

Dead—Mothers M. Angela and M. Augusta; Sisters Felicity, Rose, Macrina, Providence, Holy Angels, Elise, Fidelis, Francis, Josephine, John of the Cross, Eusebia; Francis de Paul, Bernard, Angelica, Isadore, Christina, Rita, Conception, Angeline, Veronica, Henrietta, Anges, Ann, Felix, Edward, Theodosia, Holy Cross, Patrick, Winifred, Alice, Callista, Aurelia, Galasia, Irene, Odelia, Adela, Theodore, Cornelius, Antony, Camillus, Magdalen, Compassion, Athanesius, Martha, Aloysius, Gregory, Celestine, Bartholomew, Augustine, Placidus, Catherine, Lydia, Emerentiana, Helen, and Matilda.

*Died December 9, 1919.



ADDRESS BY THE RT. REV. MGR. JOHN CHIDWICK OF NEW YORK.

RIVEREND FATHERS, MEMBERS OF THE MILITARY FORCES, SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS, AND CITIZENS:

In listening to Mrs. Jolly introduce the other speakers, I could not help but remark to myself how well Almighty God had foreshadowed her future by giving her that name. I wondered what she was going to say about my name after listening to her splendid introduction of Father O'Donnell; she had no Irish pride to fall back on in my name. But I suppose she knows that there are many names that are not Irish in origin but that are borne by those who are Irish in heart.

I remember of hearing a story told during the Spanish-American War—during the erection of a building on which someone had the audacity to put some Spanish bunting, an Irishman was sent up to take the bunting down and in doing so pulled down a brick. An observer remarked, "Pat, that's an American brick." Pat answered, "Yes, begorra, but it's Irish descent." And so we know that a great many of these bricks, American bricks, are of Irish descent.

Now in speaking to you this afternoon, I must confess it is rather difficult for me to ascend to the heights and sound the depths in so brief a time. This is a great, a tremendous occasion. It has been a long time since great numbers of your Sisters went to serve our country when the land was torn asunder by Civil War. Ah! yes, it has been very long. It has been said that republics are ungrateful, and while we in America refuse to admit that our Republic soon forgets; yet we do admit that we are sometimes slow to remember. Our soldier boys who are returning today find themselves in a very peculiar situation. O! those days are days which glow with patriotic enthusiasm, when they are marching off to the front, when the lines are going down the streets and avenues of our cities, amidst the throngs, while the windows of homes are blocked with those who would see the country's martyrs marching off to duty. O, those days, when amid music and flags, they marched away. But it is so different when they return. It is so different to the man who bears the wounds and scars upon

his body; it is so different to the man who has left his limb upon the battlefield; O, it is so different in the homes of those men, to the widows whose sorrow would break their hearts did not God's Providence take care of those who mourn. We are such a busy people; we are such a selfish people; we are so light; so superficial; we are so easily moved to emotion; so easy to forget the deep feelings that ought to be in our hearts.

So has it been that such a long time has gone by since the service of those whose dust is now crumbling with the dust of the graveyard; those who sacrificed themselves to the service of our country.

Many a monument was raised since then, to those whose names were blazoned upon the pages of history; many tributes were paid to almost every class who participated in the Civil War; yet, these nuns whose lives have been lived in the silent service of Jesus Christ? While they desired silence; while they desired no recognition but God's; the gratitude of human hearts should have sprung forward to place over their graves the memorial of a grateful people, a memorial of love and of gratitude.

These brave Sisters, fifty-five in number; what a number to take from a community? What a number to take from a community even today! But in those days when the number was considerably less; when the demand on them for their work here was considerably greater; when their work here might easily have been put forward as an excuse why they could not go forward to the service of the battlefield; yet, fifty of them offered themselves in order that Jesus Christ's interest at that time might not fail where Christ was calling them.

It is generally thought by those outside that our religious after all are rather selfish, gathering unto themselves spiritual comforts and joys in their convents while taking from the world the value of the world's service. It is sometimes thought that the religious life is a life to which men and women devote themselves for the ambition of their own souls to the exclusion of all thought of the souls of others. During the last

war their eyes should have been opened. During the last war those women who are styled the Red Cross Nurses went into the country's service. If our Red Cross nurses have deserved from us the support, the love, the praise, we have bestowed upon them, what is the world to say of these bodies of women who for centuries, not in the time of war alone but in the time of peace, have been devoting their lives to the sick and the wounded, to the helpless and to the care of the neglected. What are we to say of these hundreds of thousands of women, who not asking public favor or public money, not cheered on by public applause, but hiding their lives in the orphan asylums, in the hospitals, homes for the aged and poor, and in our schools, have buried themselves for the sake of Jesus Christ in order that their souls might become the mothers of souls that will be re-born to them in Christ and for Christ's work?

Dearly beloved, when the world seems today shattered and torn asunder with all kinds of dissensions; when we wonder whether victory means peace; and if the world's freedom means the world's progress; in these days, when we look out upon the world still in war and in misery and in sorrow after all these sacrifices; when we see what our own land has done, we ask ourselves what is the purpose of God in it all. What was the purpose of God in this country of ours? What was the purpose of God when in that tremendous conflict in which these Sisters died, he brought forth this country as one great united power, to be the power for the accomplishment of his plans?

It was Providence that called this country into existence. The ideals that we have came from a Christ in heaven. Our Blessed Lord came to us to be our Brother and through Him, He would make us a brother one unto another and all children of God Almighty. Our Blessed Lord came to level all inequalities except those which in His Divine Providence we carry. God came to do away with all injustice and all cruelty. There you find the secret that began to grow first in the religious, that has been developed in society, in the uplift of women, in the freeing of slaves, in the care of the child, in the solicitation for the poor. We find it expressed in politics, in the parliamentary form of government. We find that life coming from our Blessed Lord growing stronger and stronger and like a tree spreading

wider and wider its branches; until with the sixteenth century came the opposition to the liberty that Jesus Christ brought us for us to enjoy. Then, there came the teaching that man is not free, that man's will is not free, that man's soul is so governed that it is impossible for him to do any good thing.

At the time when these theories were spreading over Europe and when Europe was becoming a sea of blood, God removed the veil from this land of ours and revealed these shores. Those who still held in their hearts something of the Christian inheritance of liberty with narrow ideas about it from the errors which they had impressed upon them, but still with this in their hearts, they came here to seek this liberty. They demanded of this liberty for themselves but granted it not unto others. Then as colony came after colony, only those holding their truths were admitted, until Maryland came and granted the real, true liberty to all living under her protection. Then God took our affairs in His own Hands. God broke down the prejudice between them by common interest, and common dangers, He united them, and in the war of our Revolution, He welded them together as one nation, with this ideal of liberty and equality for all. But God in that Revolution caused them to hold out their hands to another nation, whose religion they had abandoned. God caused them to hold out their hands to Catholic France; and it was by France's help that we won our independence. Our country was born then into the world; born into the world with men of big minds and men of big hearts, when she proclaimed her standards of citizenship and invited the whole world to come and share the bounty of her soil. The nations of Europe stood aghast at these new-born ideals among the nations; these standards that proclaimed the dignity of the lowly, of the poor, of the despised. "And the prayer of the humble has been heard and the sneer of the high-born has been unheeded."

Today, we stand at a time when the whole world is looking to us; when American standards are becoming the standards of the whole world; is it that God Almighty foresaw this day? Is it that God Almighty foresaw this upon this shore? Is it that God Almighty foresaw that America was to give to the people a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, to be prosperous, and to be happy?

O, America, you have this day given the world an example. Is it an example for ruin? Or is it an example for perfection? America, you are looked upon as the guiding star for the future of the nations. Are you leading them aright? Or are you leading them astray? Good God, have you given us this big, bountiful, rich country to be the home of these principles which we have loved and advocated? Good God, have you invited these people of Europe to these shores of ours, and brought them here by the tens of thousands, caused them to leave their villages, their counters, their fields, their shops, and caused them to come here, mothers with babes at their breasts and fathers holding their boys by their hands with their eyes wide open and big upon America? O, God, have you brought here these people, and have you from the poor and the lowly raised up men who have held in their hands powers that are greater than the powers of kings? O, these people who have come here, crowding our eastern shore and pushing on and on west through the forest and the mountains, and everywhere causing proud states to arise until it has given us this big country, this country which in the crisis of the world's history has been the deciding factor in the history of the world! Good God, has it all been a falsehood? has it all been a lie? We cannot believe so, that the Good God who reigns above us, and who so bountifully has blessed our country to be the benefactor of the poor of the world; we cannot believe that our country could have done so much for the world and for God's children and in this period of the war; were not God's Hand with us. God's Hand is with us today, God's Hand will be with us tomorrow; and God's Hand will be with us in the future.

There has been a terrible crime which I pray God we might forget. When our country stood with the victory in her hand, proclaiming the benefits, and arguing the cause of free government of other peoples, when the new-born countries of Europe formed their constitutions after ours; it is then that our country denied that Providence of God Almighty and permitted the name of God to be erased from the records of the Covenant of the War. There is where America was faithless to her trust! there is where America denied the Providence of God! Why should we have allowed the infidel to erase all reference to the Providence of God? When we were seen to be the nations' savior, model, and

friend? We must pray to God that His anger will not fall upon us. We must pray God that the countries that have modeled themselves after us will not be led astray from God in this great moment of the world's history.

Where is there today anything of justice that is recognized by the people at heart? Where is there today anything like obedience to authority? Where is there anything in the world today by which order can be maintained and real peace can be established? You have put God from the minds of men and all things are rushing to disorder and to ruin. It is for us here in America to emphasize more even that we have emphasized for our own salvation for the salvation of others, to stand before the world as the Democracy which, while teaching the independence of man from man, teaches true independence; but at the same time, man's and the nations' dependence upon God Almighty.

It is for us Catholics particularly to see this truth that our country must be a religious country and the world must be religious if Democracy is going to succeed.

Some say it is such an ordinary form of Government; it is a simple form of government, a government that does not require a great deal. Ah! Democracy is more than that. Democracy is the highest form of government. Democracy demands more than any other government on the face of the earth. Democracy demands intelligence and morality. And Democracy must be religious if it is going to succeed more than any other form of government on the face of the earth.

So, my people, the sacrifice which we commemorate today finds its sentiment in this; that God's dealing with us has been a providential dealing. God has prepared our country for the crisis in which we stand today. The great work of God whereby we have been enabled to husband our strength, to maintain our power, to stand forth as the great thunderbolt in the Hand of God. If our country had been broken up and if all the states of the Union had been given the same rights as demanded by the South, where would be the power of Democracy in this great crisis of the world? There we find God uniting this country, preparing the power and strength of this country that in this crisis of the world's history it might be able to do His Will and teach poor untutored nations coming into their own and claiming the right of self government, teaching

them how best to govern themselves and carry on their ideals. This has been God's performance. It is for us to maintain our country as God has given it to us. It is for us to maintain our principles of unity and equality and liberty and justice doing as God wanted us to teach the world—when He established our country. It is the expression of the teachings of the Incarnation! it is their expression in the civil government of man!

And these good Sisters who lie in their graves, they worked not merely for this country of ours, but their work was in the Providence of God for the greater good of humanity.

* * * *

BISHOP GALLAGHER.

His Lordship, said, in substance:

Long ago in Ireland, an organization was founded for the protection of the priests. An unfair government had made a law which placed a very serious ban on the Catholic Faith, churches were destroyed and priests were hunted with a price on their heads. In those days there was organized the Ancient Order of Hibernians. In those days, the women of Ireland helped to guard the lives of the priests. The ties which in those days bound the people of Ireland still bind.

When I came here today I felt satisfied that all I would be called upon to do was offer the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of the good nuns who died in the Civil War. However, I learned something today. I had a vague idea that our sisters had worked on the battlefield of the Civil War; but I had no idea that our communities had sent forth their sisters in such large numbers as I learned today. I will not try to add to what Father Cavanaugh and Msgr. Chidwick said today. When I listened to Father Cavanaugh this morning, however, a thought occurred to me. It brought before my mind a picture penned by the Poet-priest of the South, Father Ryan. It happened on one occasion that the troop to which Father Ryan belonged was halted as it was getting on toward evening; and a very close friend of Father Ryan, a young Irishman right from Tipperary, was sent out to carry dispatches and was grievously wounded. Soon a messenger brought word to Father Ryan telling him that a young officer was lying nearby in a thicket calling for a priest. When Fr. Ryan arrived, he gave the boy absolution. Then the boy fainted and when aroused, he saw a Sister of Charity bend-

ing over him. He cried, "My own sister." It was his own sister, a Sister of Charity from Boston.

Father Cavanaugh told us of what the nuns did for our soldiers in the Civil War, and how it redounded to the honor of the Church; how it has been of ineffable benefit to the Catholics who lived in the generation thirty or forty years after the war during the Know-nothing movement. For after the war was over, when millions of soldiers from the North and the South, who had been attended by the Sisters, when they saw Catholicity in practice in the lives of the Sisters, they returned to every part of America with this knowledge and it was impossible for the viper of bigotry longer to thrive.

And these young men who have gone forth from Notre Dame to answer their country's call, they have done more for the Catholic Church for the defense of Catholic Doctrine; they have given us an answer to the attacks of those atheists and denouncers. They have given us an answer that none of these bigots can ever be able to refute. They have done more than we had any right to expect when they volunteered to the call of their country double in proportion of the number that went forth from any of the other schools of the nation.

* * * *

THE REV. PATRICK O'DONNELL.

His Reverence said, in part:

By the magic wand which the lady wields, who has so eloquently introduced everyone here today, this throat of mine has been cleared, and I will say a few words.

This is the day which the Lord has made for Mrs. Jolly; so we have come here to be glad and rejoice herein. For I have seen her dark days, and I have seen her labor as few people would have dared to labor and I know that today she is thanking God, not so much for her own triumph and her own glory but that she will be able today to mark the graves of those women who gave their lives that America might live, those martyrs of patriotism. I wish to say to you young people particularly, for now I am getting on in the yellow and sere, going down the years toward the grave myself; I love with an intensity of love my people, my country, I love them as dearly almost as I love my religion; I want to say that you can never appreciate the splendid work

done by the organization of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. You can never appreciate the work being done by our great orders of sisterhoods, whose every moment, whose every work is a commemoration of the cross which their lives signify; and you good Sisters who will pass day by day and see these markers telling of days gone by, remember this: they died for their country, and you live for it, and you have a tremendous work to do. The future of this country, the placing of it in the columns of the countries that are truest to God; this is the work of the Sisters, not only by the example, but also the teaching. What you will place in the minds of these children may be needed some day as the greatest of all bulwarks against the spirit of bolshevism, against the spirit of anarchy. You will suffer martyrdom in working for these things and some day the cap will give place to the halo, and the little silver heart, that is now pressed against each bosom, there deep in your souls will God place His Sacred Heart for your reward.

We praise the Fathers of Notre Dame for the help they have given us and praise you, too, you good Sisters, for the help you have given us, and we ask the little ones that they will learn a lesson of this day, love of God and love of Country; and that they will keep these things in their hearts and will be martyrs in desire if not in fact. God bless you.

* * * *

JUDGE JAMES E. DEERY.

Responded,—

"Father O'Donnell, you have lived true to the traditions of your name and to the introduction given you by Mrs. Jolly.

"I cannot resist the temptation to plagiarize somewhat my old friend, Col. Hoynes. I often heard the Colonel tell a story under circumstances such as these. I believe he always said he felt so much like the little boy who fell into the sugar barrel and who said words were not at his command to express his appreciation and gratification. If I had prepared a speech, I am sure the introduction would have frightened you away. But I am not the speaker of the afternoon, as you all know. I am merely here to represent the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

"We are assembled here today to do honor to the memory of the Sisters who played such an

important part in the Civil War. You know that the recognition that the Government is giving them today is due to the untiring efforts of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians under the direction of Mrs. Jolly. As Father Cavanaugh said this morning, it is recognition that is a little late in coming, but it does seem most opportune at this time, coming as it does, at a time when we are celebrating Peace at the close of the Great War. Perhaps we can appreciate more the great work which the Sisters did during the Civil War now when we are welcoming home the soldiers, and we are welcoming home the ladies who served as Red Cross nurses. Perhaps the people realize more the suffering and the horrors of war; and are more able to appreciate the great sacrifice made by the Sisters during the war. So I say, perhaps it is a blessing in disguise that recognition of this great work done by the Sisters should be put off until this time.

"It give me pleasure to come here and represent that great Irish organization, the oldest Catholic organization in the United States, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and as the representative of that great organization to assist in doing honor to the Sisters from the Congregation of the Holy Cross."

* * * *

Miss Ada K. Gannon, when called upon, confessed herself unprepared for a speech, but in a few words gracefully paid a warm tribute to Mrs. Jolly, the Hibernians' "Mother Machree."

MILITARY GUARD OF HONOR—U. S. A. MEN—N. D. U.

Ray Mathews.	Leo Hassenane—149th U. S.
Harry McCullough—Ordnance	F. A., 42nd Div.
Detached	E. J. Hilkert—12th Brig. C.
Phiny Swanson—48th, Art. C.	O. T. S.
A. C.—A. E. F.	C. D. Hampton—U. S. N.
William Voss—72nd, Art. C.	S. A. Steinle—U. S. N.
A. C.	T. V. Meegan—U. S. N.
Fred Dressel—M. T. C.	G. E. Fitzgerald—14th En-
Frank Bukosky—7th Inf., 3rd	gineers.
Div.	George Shuster, Intell. Serv-
Alfred Slaggett—U. S. N. R.	ice, S. C.
F.	Walter Rauh—113th F. S.
Paul Castner—G. H. O.	38th Div.
E. I. Chaussee—U. S. N.	Charles Grimes—U. S. A. S.
Sherwood Dixon—332nd Inf.	Mike Powers—2nd Inf., 19th
Lawrence Cook—U. S. A. S.	Div.
S.	Joe O'Hara—U. S. A.
James Kasel—2nd Div. A. C.	Robert Williams—U. S. A.,
J. McEllin—43rd C. A. C.	Inf.
Edward Meehan—137th F. A.,	J. E. Murphy—113th Supply
38th Div.	Train
Harry Denny—73rd Inf.	George L. Murphy—Air Serv-
Morris Starrett—U. S. N. R.	ice.
F.	J. Paul Fogarty—U. S. A.
William Dorsey—M. T. C.	J. E. Hyland—128th Bn. M.
C. D. Reid—Naval Aviation.	P. Corps.
George Patterson—129th Inf.,	Frank Farrington—219th Aero
33rd Div.	Squadron
Kenneth Kreppene—101st Inf.,	W. J. Schmucker—Q. M. C.
26th Div.	Corps.
D. J. Carr—367 F. H., 77th	John F. Kolars—U. S. Navy.
Div.	

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE
408 N. Charles St.
Baltimore

November 18, 1919.

MY DEAR MRS. JOLLY:—

His Eminence directs me to reply to your esteemed letter of November 16, and say how grateful he is to you for your very kind invitation to attend the celebration at Notre Dame on Saturday, November 29. He regrets to have to decline your kind offer, but trusts you will understand the reason, because of his age. If the President of the Notre Dame University would consent to act as his representative on the occasion, such an acceptance will be most happy, since no Community deserves more to be present on such an occasion as that Community of the Holy Cross. The Cardinal knows only too well the services rendered to the Government by the Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Very truly yours,

(sgd.) ALBERT E. SMITH.

MRS. ELLEN RYAN JOLLY,
Pawtucket, R. I.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE
Granby Street
Boston

November 22d, 1919.

VERY REV. JAMES A. BURNS, C.S.C., PH.D.,
President, Notre Dame University,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

DEAR DOCTOR BURNS:—

I have been informed by Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly that the marking of the graves of the nuns who served during the Civil War will take place on November 30th, and I wish to assure you that it would indeed be a great pleasure for me to assist at the ceremony were it at all possible.

We are all very happy to see that the noble service rendered by the good nuns for the honor of religion and love of country is not forgotten, and that their memory will be perpetuated to serve as an inspiration to future generations.

Sincerely yours in Xt.,

(sgd.) W. CARD. O'CONNELL,
Abp.—Boston.

WAR DEPARTMENT
Washington

November 20, 1919.

MY DEAR MRS. JOLLY:

I deeply appreciate your cordial letter of November 16 and am glad to know that the markers have arrived and that the ceremony of their dedication can now be carried out. These devoted nurses performed their services under conditions of privation and danger, and their splendid example was undoubtedly an inspiration to women in this war. Indeed, but for the work done in the Civil War by women, the path to service would not have been so plain and our soldiers could not have had the care with which the womanhood of America surrounded them in France.

I am sorry I cannot go to Notre Dame for the dedication; I had earnestly hoped to be able to go because I wanted to be present at this service and also because I have wanted to visit the University. Unhappily, however, for the 29th of November I am quite definitely engaged to be in New York at the football contest between West Point and Annapolis which, as you know, is the annual competitive contest between the Academies of the two services and is always the great event of the year in the life of those schools. The Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of War always go and my absence, even upon so tender a mission as the dedication service at Notre Dame, would not be understood.

Cordially yours,

(sgd.) NEWTON D. BAKER,

Secretary of War.

MARY.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '19.

WHEN God the Father formed her soul with care
 What gifts of love He left imprinted there;
 A virgin soul, within whose depths God placed
 His spotless love, un sullied, undefaced!
 Mystical Rose! our souls illuminate
 With thy white light, O, Queen Immaculate!

THE BEST GIFT.

(A Mary Story.)

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

THE late afternoon sun light, creeping through the branches of the date palms, fell in little, bright fantastic squares and diamonds on the floor of the long portico of the San Diego Mission. To the white-haired Padre Angel, walking up and down, counting fervent Aves and Paters on worn brown beads it seemed that there had never been a more beautiful day, even in sun-kissed, deep-bayed San Diego. It had rained the day before and the air was sweet with the scent of the damp earth, and, looking through the adobe arches of the portico, the Padre could see the fresh green of the date palms and beyond them the broad fields that were so well tilled by the Indian proteges of the mission. It was a good world, thought the Padre, and beautiful, even as the God who made it was good and beautiful. But nevertheless, the Padre was worried and his usually calm step was agitated. He had pushed back the cowl of his heavy brown habit and the white hair that fell over on his broad, deeply lined forehead stirred in the cool breeze which was the only indication of December in this semi-tropical land. The priest's agitation was shared by practically everyone from the monks to the very Indian women cooking meal-cakes and spicy Mexican dishes in the great kitchen. Even fat little Miguel and Pablo making mud pies in the back court yard vaguely realized that something was wrong and their countenances were as solemn as their full-moon dimensions would permit.

And this on Christmas Eve! True, the day had dawned most auspiciously, and almost before dawn the whole mission had been abuzz with preparations for the next day. Unusually elab-

orate preparations, even for Christmas, for the Superior of the Order was expected to arrive in time for midnight Mass, and with him he was bringing the much talked of, mysterious Senor who had come to San Francisco two months before and had been visiting the mission houses with the Franciscan Superior.

News traveled quickly between the Missions, and even in southernmost San Diego it was known that the man was a musician of note, and that the prime reason of his visit was to see if there were any musicians at the mission worthy of European training. Already all the mission was excited with reports from Santa Barbara that Felipe, a young Indian who, under the direction of the monks, had made himself a cello, had so delighted the stranger with his playing that he had offered to take him to Europe for training. So Felipe was going across the ocean in a great, white-winged ship; the Senor musician would stop for him on his way back to San Francisco. Small wonder then that the San Diego Mission was in a whirl of preparation at the prospect of having as Christmas guests both the Superior and the Senor Moro, as the stranger had given his name. But in the middle of the afternoon, while the boys were still cutting pepper boughs for the Chapel, a messenger had ridden up to the Mission with the news that Pascual's mother was dying and Pascual, the golden-voiced, the pride of the Mission, who was to have sung the *Adestes Fidelis* at midnight Mass, had ridden off on a journey that would take him almost to Los Angeles. There could have been no worse tragedy to Father Angel's way of thinking; if something had happened to the Christmas feast and he had been obliged to feed the Superior and his guest on Indian cakes and dried beef he would have said an extra "Ave" over the meagre fare and sat down unembarrassed. But music! that was an entirely different matter, for San Diego was the last Mission the Senor would visit and to have it fall short of all the others would have been a terrible blow. Especially when all the other Missions had so distinguished themselves, for Santa Barbara was not the only possessor of good music; San Juan Capistrano had a baritone so marvelous that he could make even the Padres, who heard him every day, weep; San Gabriel had a violinist who, it was said, could make the very birds ashamed; and at San Louis Pismo there was a choir of Indians who sang like angels. But San Diego had little to

fear from comparisons for was there not Pascual whose voice must have come straight from Heaven it was so beautiful. He was to have sung the *Adeste Fidelis* at midnight Mass, and Padre Angel had smiled happily in anticipation of the moment when his clear tones would fill the Chapel. But then the tragedy; Pascual gone, no one to sing the *Adeste*, the guests expected any moment,—no wonder the priest's steps were agitated as he paced up and down the portico.

"Padre!" the voice was so soft that the priest was uncertain from which direction it had come, but as he paused and looked about inquiringly, a slender boy of thirteen came out from behind the clustering Bougainville that clung to the adobe arches of the portico. The boy's face was serious and he advanced hesitatingly to where the Padre stood.

"Padre," he repeated.

"Si, Diego," answered the priest, "what is worrying you, my child?"

"Oh, Padre!" and the big eyes filled with tears, "I have no gift for the Nino Jesus. Enrique has built the stable, Pascual made the manger, even baby Pablo has gilded the star. Everyone has done something, but I,—I was helping Angelina all the day and I have nothing for the Nino Jesus."

"But there is your loving service to Angelina," consoled the Padre, "surely the Christ-Child could want no better gift than duty well done."

"No, Padre," answered the boy with the amazing frankness of childhood, "I did not do it for duty, I did it because I like Angelina and she gave me cakes as a reward, and I can not give them to the Christ-Child for I have eaten them." The priest repressed an amused smile as he stood for a moment thinking over the situation. Then a sudden thought struck him.

"Diego," he asked, "do you know the *Adeste Fidelis*?"

"Si, Padre," was the eager response, "Pascual has taught it to me and each day we have sung it while we walked in the field. Shall I sing it for you, Padre?" The priest nodded assent and the child lifted up his clear soprano and sang; utterly free from self-consciousness he stood, his eyes fixed on the distant Orange groves, and the Padre felt his eyes fill with tears at the sweetness of the childish voice. Here was a substitute for Pascual; of course the child's voice could not equal the young man's tenor, but it was a good deal better than nothing.

"That is very well, Diego," approved Padre Angel, "now listen attentively. On Christmas night the shepherds brought their finest lambs to the manger; later, the kings brought rich gifts from the east, but what gift did the angels, God's own messengers, bring? They brought song to the crib, they lifted up their voices and sang, and that was their gift on Christmas night. What better gift could you want for the Nino Jesus than the gift the angels themselves gave? Go then, Diego, and tonight at the Offertory you shall sing the *Adeste Fidelis* and it shall be your gift to the Nino Jesus."

* * * *

Natividad de Jesus! whispered the happy, excited Indians as they crowded into the low-ceilinged chapel. The scarlet poinsettias on the altar, the pungent odor of fresh cut pepper boughs, the flicker of the wax candles all meant but one thing—Natividad de Jesus! Birthday of Christ indeed! The Superior officiated at the Mass, assisted by the priests of the Mission and answered by the choir of monks and Indians. So far so good, thought Padre Angel, watching the ceremonies from his prie dieu at one side of the sanctuary. He could see the crib at the side of the Chapel with its carved figures and smiling Infant, and by turning his head ever so slightly he could see the brown clad figures of the monks in the choir. The deep-voiced Deacon chanted the Gospel, and then came the Offertory. There was a momentary silence after the *Dominus Vobiscum*, a silence broken only by the sputter of the candles and the whispered prayers at the altar. The organist played the first few notes of the *Adeste*, but no voice came, and Padre Angel, glancing frantically at the choir, suddenly realized that Diego was not there! Where was he? Then a small figure rose from its hidden kneeling place at the side of the crib, and standing there near the blue cloaked Mother, one hand resting on the rough wood of the manger, Diego sang the *Adeste Fidelis*. Clear as the song of a lark at day-break came the voice, and surely no angel at Bethlehem poured forth more sublime song than did the slender boy.

With the first note Senor Moro raised his handsome head.

"Madre de Dios! es la voce de un angel!" he gasped, and sat spell-bound until the last notes of the first stanza died away. There was a pause before the choir could take up the chorus, then,

catching the spirit of the child, the deep-voiced men poured forth the "Venite Adoremus" in a great, welling volume of sound. Then came the second verse, then the third. The men and women wept unreservedly, and even Padre Angel felt slow, happy tears coursing down his cheeks.

Natividad de Jesus! not midnight now, but late afternoon. Tired out after the ceremonies of the night and the Masses which began at day-break and did not end until noon, the Superior had retired to his room for a prolonged siesta, and his example had been followed by most of the household, from Senor Moro himself down to the little dark-skinned babies who had yawned through three Masses and now lay dozing in the court yard. The Mission was very still, with only an occasional sound where the women were preparing the evening's feast. But Padre Angel was not resting, again he was walking up and down the portico and again he was disturbed, for his face was agitated and he fingered his beads nervously. He had seen Diego but once since midnight Mass and that had been when the Superior had summoned the boy to the room where he sat with Senor Moro and Padre Angel, and had told him that the Senor had been so pleased with his singing that he had offered to take him to Europe for training. Padre Angel had seen the brown cheeks flush and the black eyes shine, and although the boy only stammered. "Si, Padre," when asked whether he would like to go, he knew the delight that filled the childish heart, and he knew, too, that never again perhaps, would earth be so near like heaven to Diego. But the Padre, whose whole life was making happiness for others was not happy with the boy. There was a heavy weight upon his heart and he could not repress an occasional sigh, for he distrusted the Senor Moro.

Now the Padre was a fair-minded man and if ever he erred in his judgments it was on the side of charity. Yet he suspected a man against whom he knew nothing, who was a friend of the Superior's and whom he had never heard utter a word that would not well become the holiest of monks. Neither was the priest superstitious, but he could not keep from thinking of the words of the old childish Brother Luis, who was too feeble for anything but pottering about the garden. The old monk was regarded as a sort of oracle by the simpler minded of the Mission folk,

and the Padre had always been amused by his proverbs and prophecies. Meeting him in the hall that morning after High Mass, he had exchanged the greetings of the day with him, then asked:

"How do you like the Senor Moro, Brother?" The old man answered with a grunt and seemed loathe to discuss the stranger, but on being pressed by the priest he finally growled:

"La Cruz fué en los pechos y el diablo en los hechos," then turned away and refused to say any more. But the old monk's proverb only strengthened the distrust that the first sight of Senor's handsome face had awakened in him. What if he took Diego across the sea, far from the Mission and there, while he trained his beautiful voice, let his more beautiful soul die? And yet the Padre was helpless, he had no right to say or do anything that would interfere with the bright future that glowed before the boy, he was utterly at a loss, and could find consolation nowhere save in his fervent "Ave Marias."

"Padre," again the soft voice interrupted his prayers, again Diego slipped from among the Bougainvillia, and stood before the priest; his eyes were wet and shining and his cheeks flushed with excitement.

"Padre," he gasped, "listen, I must tell you; today I went to the Crib, I wished to thank the Blessed Mary and the Nino Jesus for the great thing that has come to me, for, oh Padre!—how wonderful to go across the great sea and sing, and grow rich and—" the boy sobbed, then recovering himself he went on, "I knelt beside the Crib and there I fell asleep, for I was very tired, and then there was a great light and a beautiful woman stood before me, her dress was as white as the lilies that bloom at Easter, and her cloak was as blue as the bay in summer time, and her face was so beautiful I wanted to hide my eyes, but I could not, then I knew who she was and I cried "Madre de Dios" and she smiled and the Nino Jesus smiled, too, and then she spoke and her voice was very sweet, but sad, Padre. And she said:

"Diego, do not go across the water, last night you gave your song to the Nino Jesus and he smiled from his little Crib. Now make the gift whole, Diego, and give the Nino Jesus not only your song but yourself"—the tears were running down the boy's cheeks now and the Padre's own eyes were wet. "I cannot go with Senor Musician, Padre,—I must stay here, it is the wish

of the mother of the Nino Jesus and I must obey."

Slowly, thankfully, the Padre raised his eyes, they met Diego's tear-filled ones, the Padre sank on his knees and the boy followed his example, and together they repeated:

"Ave Maria, gratia plena - -"

And in Heaven the Nino Jesus looked into His Mother's eyes and smiled—last night he had received a gift like the angels', but today he received a gift more precious than even an angel could give.

A MARY STORY.

MARY McNAMARA, '21.

IT was evening in Palestine. David and his wife, Sara, had just welcomed the weary strangers to their simple repast. And now, in the soft glow of the candle, David and Sara and their little crippled son felt all worries and trials fade away into nothingness as they engaged in conversation with the two strangers. A sweet and holy peace seemed to pervade the home. And Sara, gazing long and earnestly at the young woman, decided that she had never seen a more beautiful, more charming creature than this visitor; while David, looking at the young woman's husband, marveled at and admired his kindness, simplicity, and love for the young wife whom he called Mary. By the end of the meal David had learned that the man's name was Joseph, that he was a carpenter by trade, and that he and Mary and the young Child asleep in the cradle had left Bethlehem before dawn that morning and had stopped only when they became too exhausted to travel longer.

"And we must leave very early tomorrow

though we would fain enjoy thy hospitality longer," Joseph said in his grave and kindly voice, "for our business is urgent."

Then, David thought of a table he was constructing in his workshop and invited Joseph out to examine it. And Mary, hearing a faint stir in the direction of the cradle, led the little cripple and his mother over to the Infant.

"Long has the boy been desiring to see thy Child," spoke Sara, "but I feared to disturb His sleep."

Mary gazed into the boy Abram's eager, wistful face and her own countenance grew inexpressibly tender. Impulsively, she gathered him in her arms and carried him over to the cradle. And the three gazed at the smiling Infant. Sara noticed that the mother seemed as full of wonder and reverential awe as she and her son. Mary bent over and kissed the Babe, then kissed little Abram, carried him to bed, and returned to her Child.

The next morning, Sara was awakened by Abram's happy cries. She beheld him running around the room and crying, "Mother, do you not see that I can run and play like other children? Let us call Father and tell him and oh, we must thank the beautiful stranger called Mary, and the dear Child because I know they made me well. When the lovely Mary kissed me I felt, oh, so very strong, but I did not know I could walk until this morning!"

The happy parents and their son knocked at the strangers' door in vain, but gazing out of the eastern window they saw Mary with the Infant, riding upon an ass and Joseph walking at the side. And it seemed to the three silent watchers at the window that the first rays of the sun formed an aureole of light about the figures of the Infant and Mary and Joseph.

SNOW.

KATHERINE DUFFY, '23.

ONCE, when I was seven, I pressed my nose against the pane,
And watched the gray, gray skies drip gray, gray rain.
And as I was watching the drops make little lakes,
The snow came softly drifting, in great big lazy flakes.

And I wondered as I pressed my face so close against the pane,
How a thing so ugly as that drizzling rain,
Could change so swiftly and softly that I didn't know,
Into such a pure delight, as those drifting flakes of snow.

BLESSED MARY AT THE CRIB.

CECELIA WOLTER, '21.

AGNES ANJOU'S father was not a Catholic, and her mother was not a very zealous one, but Agnes had extraordinary faith for a child. She had been taught her religion by a devoted grandmother who had since died. The center of her devotion was the Blessed Mother at the Crib, and the Infant Jesus.

On this particular Christmas day, many years ago, when all the world should have been celebrating the birthday of its Redeemer, Agnes was forbidden by her father to attend Mass because of a severe snow storm. She begged to be allowed to go to church just for a visit to the Crib. Her father refused her, more because of his obstinacy than for real concern for her health and comfort.

"No daughter of mine will go out in snow four feet high to pray before lumps of clay," he stormed. "Look to your mother, child, she is content to remain away, why can't you be."

"Oh, Father, please. I feel as though my Blessed Mother were calling me. That is why I wish to go."

"I have said you will not go and you shall obey me."

Later, when her father was preoccupied, this brave little ten year old girl set out for church, undaunted by fear of the storm outside or the wrath of her father. But she was soon missed, and her stern parent set out for church in a rage.

For the first time in his life Mr. Anjou entered a Catholic church. At first he was overcome with awe to see his little daughter devoutly praying at the crib. But soon his false pride and anger, returned and he strode up the aisle.

Agnes turned as she heard the heavy footsteps and saw her father approaching her. She stepped back among the statues by the crib. Her father raised his arm to snatch her, but dropped it as though it were lead. The clay image of the Blessed Mother had put a protecting arm about the little girl.

Agnes' father was converted and her mother became very ardent in the faith.

And so, through all time up to the present time, it has never been heard that anyone who fled to Her for protection was left unaided.

"TOM'S CHRISTMAS GIFT."

ALICE JOHNSON, '21.

UPON the altar the candle flames leaped and glowed as though wishing a "Merry Christmas" to each who entered. It was a small church in the little town of Dover, right in the heart of the New Hampshire hills. The church radiated the Christmas spirit and the dark cedar and crimson poinsettias lent their beauty to the celebration of this great feast.

At one side of the sanctuary stood the crib, soft in the glow of colored lights and tall white candles. It was after Mass and the people were leaving the church quickly and quietly.

In the front pew knelt two small boys, one gazing with unseeing eyes straight ahead of him and the other looking curiously at the wonders of the crib.

Long and earnestly little Tom prayed that the Blessed Mother would give him his sight.

"Jim, take me over to the crib, will you," he whispered.

"Sure, come on over this way," Jim replied sympathetically.

Carefully he guided Tom over to the crib.

"There is the Blessed Mother over there holding the Infant and St. Joseph is standing beside her. The kings and shepherds are kneeling in adoration. Above them are the angels and the stars up on the very top."

Bowing his head, the little boy prayed fervently, "Oh, Blessed Mother, please let me see the crib just for one teny-weeny minute."

As he finished he saw standing before him a beautiful lady who seemed to say, "Look, I Tom, it is over this way."

Tom looked and to his astonishment he could discern light and then things seemed to take form, he saw the crib and all of its beautiful figures. "Yes," he whispered, "I see, I really see it all."

He shut his eyes tight that he might keep the memory bright as he had seen it. Then Jim said, "Do you want to go?"

Tom opened his eyes and looked about him. Could it really be possible, or was it all a dream! Yes, but he did see, there was the crib, the tall white altar, the statues and the people who had not left the church. Truly, the Blessed Mother had given him his sight.

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DECEMBER, 1919

VACATION VS. HOME.

Custom has seen fit to surround the year's greatest festal day with an artificial halo of enchantment. For months the school-girl has subsisted on the hope of a Christmas vacation of unalloyed pleasure; a pleasure so foreign to the ordinary course of existence, and one hitherto unexperienced, that she might easily be visiting another planet instead of her own home.

On the appointed day doors are unlocked and thrown open, and into the joys of the waiting world advances the expectant school-girl host. How much joy and happiness is there in the world this day! Not only the arriving army of homecomers, but the welcomers already there rejoice in the reunion! Parties and dances, dinners and theaters don't signify quite so much as they did three months ago; just being home with father and mother is a party in itself! If the weeks of vacation are so precious to the school-girl visitor, how much would they mean to those who have missed her presence during the past months?

Christmas is the feast when the family is together, not the best day of the world to "go somewhere." Two thousand years ago a little family established the precedent, and ever since Christmas has been a day for the family.

A POEM.

Have you ever thought of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary as a poem? It is a poem of wonderful sublimity. Poetry is defined as the embodiment in appropriate language of beautiful or high thought, emotion, or imagination. It is also characterized by picturesque phrases and figures of speech, which contain in a very few

brief words a wealth of imagery and sublime thought or emotion.

The Litany of Loretto possesses these qualities in a rare degree. It is a poem of sublime praise to Our Lady; each invocation is a verse, which could be elaborated into a paragraph or theme in prose; and the ever-recurring refrain is "Pray for us."

The Holy Virgin is styled "Mystical Rose." She is the most beautiful flower in the garden of God, sending up the sweet perfume of her pure and ardent soul as incense in His sight; adorning the earth with her beauty, filling all around her with her fragrance. "*Mystical Rose!*" since her loveliness is spiritual, pouring itself out for the Divinity in mystic manner. "Tower of David," the fortress rising up from the Royal Psalmist. "Tower of Ivory," the fortification and bulwark of Purity! "House of Gold." Gold is the most beautiful and purest metal, the proper gift of kings:—Mary is pure gold, earth's most precious possession, a most perfect gift to God! "Morning Star"; how beautiful is the morning star with a beauty of serenity and peace, a beacon of hope. "Gate of Heaven" in deed and in truth; for through her consent the Son of God took flesh "and dwelt amongst us." And through her intercession, do we enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. "Mirror of Justice"—Mary's soul perfectly reflecting the Holy Will of God. "Vessel of Singular Devotion" into whom God has poured His graces and His own Son; out of whom we can draw consolation and aid. "Cause of our joy" the whole story of Bethlehem in a breath.

Have regard to the poetic imagery of the Litany of Loretto; and you will find fresh and unimagined beauties in it with each repetition. It is in truth a "Spiritual Vessel," disclosing ever new depths and sublime heights.

THE INVASION

Great books, new books, old books, note books, text books, and prayer books, all enter Saint Mary's in annual procession. And now has come another. Descending from the old Family "Fotygraf" Album, through a strange process of evolution; thoroughly modernized and disguised, we have it,—The Memory Book. Under Notre Dame's blue and gold or Saint Mary's white and blue, it has boldly entered.

What is this Memory Book adorning the bookshelves and tables of the college? It differs as do the characteristics of its makers. One resembles an anthology of the Home Town Newspaper, while another is fashioned, seemingly, after the stationer's book of sample calling cards. The more conservative are in reality mere photograph albums, but some assume an historical or autobiographical attitude. A few are purely statistical—tracing authentically the owner's life from the cradle to graduation, a prolonged process. The student's Memory Book is a story of bulletin notes, sung in nineties, illustrated by themes and examination blanks. The theatre and dance programs have found immortality and publicity in the young and frivolous memory books, when others see themselves as the author saw them. Often a revelation.

But history doth repeat itself, and looking into the future of the Memory Book, we see it tucked away carefully with its precursor, the Photograph Album, yielding much amusement to future generations who peep into "grandmother's Memory Book."

LAST MINUTE SHOPPING.

It was the afternoon before Christmas and I was busy sending off a few belated gifts when the phone rang and Uncle John said in the most distressed voice, "Mary, can you come down town? I'm in a dreadful fix."

"Surely, I'll come Uncle John, I will meet you at Hanson's in half an hour."

I had a million things I had planned to do but if I could be of any service to my beloved uncle the rest could wait. Promptly at four I met him, a most distressed and worried looking individual.

"Mary, I'm trying to buy presents and I don't know what to get, I'm simply bewildered."

Uncle John is an old back and his presents have been a standing joke in the family for years. He always gave each and everyone money but we "kidded" him so much the year before about his exquisite gifts that the poor man was desperately trying to find something for each one of his tormentors.

"Mary, tell me what to get, I'm nearly crazy. I don't know what women want. Now there's

your mother, what would she like? Don't stop at price, the best is none too good for her.

"Mother wants a pretty bag, come over to the notion department."

"I want to look at your bags, please."

The clerk showed us a gorgeous array Uncle John picked the prettiest and most expensive bag in the case. "How's this, Mary?"

"O! that's a beauty, Uncle John."

"All right we'll take it."

"Well, one present bought, now for June's." Aunt June is his youngest and favorite sister so I knew it must be something extra nice.

"I heard her say yesterday that she would give anything for a new traveling bag."

"All right, over to the leather goods then."

He chose a beauty, completely fitted in the latest fashion in ivory. I almost wished I was Aunt June.

And so we went from place to place until we had a present for each of the grown-ups and then we went to the children's department. Uncle John was just like a youngster, he wanted everything he saw. We bought a big doll that talked for baby Helen, a rocking horse for Bob, a soldier-suit for Tom, a wonderful sled that steers for Jim, skates for Jane, why I thought he would never stop buying. At last he was satisfied and we started for home. Uncle John beaming "My that was fun, I feel like a real Santa Claus, I'll never give money again."

GERALDINE'S PRAYER.

MARTHA GEBHARD, '22.

"I wonder why they say such things"
And Geraldine heaved a sigh:
"They've told me Santa brings us toys,"—
Then a tear dropped from her eye.

"They call it Christmas,—I b'lieve
'Cause Christ was born that day.
So please God, send dear Santa Claus
To bring toys 'round this way.

My mama and daddy, too,
Both live up in the sky;
And though they're happy there with God,
Somehow, I have to cry.

Now, won't you help to make me glad,
And send a gift to me?
I'd like a doll with eyes of blue,
Like mama's used to be.

GLEANINGS.

--During the month the following sermons were given in the community church: Nov. 9, "Duty Towards God and Country," by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C.S.C.; Nov. 16, "Penance," by the Rev. Joseph Burke, C.S.C.

—Thanksgiving privileges this year exceeded the limits prescribed in the past,—on Wednesday the students who remained at St. Mary's were permitted to shop in South Bend and to lunch at the Robertson tea-room.

—St. Mary's and Notre Dame threw down their bars, as the students of the latter witnessed their first Notre Dame football game. The date, November 15, 1919, will hold conspicuous place in the minds as well as in the memory of the St. Mary's girls.

—On November 12, the first year class in Journalism visited the newspaper offices in South Bend.

—On December 8, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C.S.C., in the community church. Assistants at the Mass were the Revs. James McElhone, C.S.C., Deacon; and W. R. Connor, C.S.C., sub-deacon. The sermon of the day was preached by the Rev. Cornelius Hagerty, C.S.C.

—Mrs. Clara Clendenen-Tippy, Durham, N. C., a former student, called recently at St. Mary's.

—Sunday, November 23, those who took the "morning walk" were allowed to promenade on the new asphalt road. According to an old custom, the girls made three wishes to initiate the new Niles Highway.

—November brought many "old girls" back to St. Mary's. Among these were: Helen Mills, Catherine Cunningham, Agnes Connelly, Helen Holland, Mildred Crull, Margaret Sullivan, Margaret Conner, Margaret Elbel, Grace Montgomery, Chicago.

—Silvio Scionti, concert pianist, and critic at the Chicago Conservatory, gave an unusually classical recital here, November 23. A highly appreciative audience was delighted by his interpreta-

tion of the Brahms Sonata in F Minor. It was masterfully played, both musically and technically, and revealed a depth of musical understanding found only in a true artist. In a group of Chopin Preludes, Mr. Scionti showed genuine individuality and great sympathy of feeling. The Liszt "Eroika" was a fitting and powerful closing number.

—Tuesday afternoon, November 25, a number of the students went to Chicago to attend the St. Mary's-Notre Dame club dance, which was the big affair of the season for the students.

—The inimitable Juniors presented a modern rendition of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works. Mrs. Jarley afforded a hilarious evening with her unique display.

—"Visiting Celebrities" are not altogether a novelty at Saint Mary's, but it will be long before the memory of our recent visitor fades,—if indeed it ever does. This memory is especially dear to the Seniors and Juniors who were privileged to meet and entertain Mrs. Aline Kilmer. Mrs. Kilmer spent three days at Saint Mary's, November 22, 23, and 24. Saturday was perhaps the most precious to the Seniors and Juniors by reason of the aforementioned privilege of meeting her on this day. Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Kilmer addressed "Saint Mary's ensemble" in Saint Angela's Hall. She was introduced by Dr. Chas. L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. The most delightful part of the lecture, the subject of which was "Contemporary Women Poets I Know," was Mrs. Kilmer's recitation of a few of her own beautiful poems. Monday was a red letter day in the calendar of the poetry class who had the pleasure of being the listeners to Mrs. Kilmer's talk on "Contemporary Catholic Women Poets."

—The students who remained at school for Thanksgiving enjoyed a dance in St. Angela's Hall on Tuesday night.

—The vocal class gave an afternoon musical on St. Cecilia's Day. An informal program was presented and refreshments were served at the close of the afternoon.

—On the evening of November 9, the Fourth Academics gave a very entertaining evening to the rest of the students. Two clever sketches

on "The Modern St. Mary's Girl" and "The St. Mary's Girl of the Future," were very successfully given. A farce, "Every Girl in the Fourth Academic Class," was next on the program and displayed much originality and ability. Miss Florence Guthrie gave a very beautiful vocal selection. The entertainment, although prepared in a short time, was one of the best of the year and much credit is due the Fourth Academics.

—On the evening of November 21, Mary Pickford came to us in the character of Judy in "Daddy Long-Legs." The delightful and clever portrayal of the impulsive, generous-hearted and lovable Judy won both smiles and tears from her appreciative audience.

—Congratulations and best wishes for the future St. Mary's extends in response to the marriage announcements of Margaret Agnes Connor to Mr. George Richard Welch, Wilmington, Illinois; Josephine Victoria Wray to Mr. Maurice F. Smith, Shelbyville, Indiana; Margaret Burness Downs to Ralph Joseph Callentine, Delavan, Wisconsin.

—Doll dressing formed the special feature of the recent meetings of the State Clubs.

—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is all the more impressive since we have congregational singing.

—December 18 marks the beginning of the Christmas holidays, time previous to which has been recorded down to the minutes and half seconds.

—On the evening of December 1, the senior Domestic Science students gave their "Christmas Dinner" with Sister M. Claudia as guest of honor. The color scheme in decoration was lavender and orange, a center-piece of chrysanthemums completed the artistic effect. It is needless to say, the courses were deliciously appetizing. All persons (?) in need of a good housekeeper, apply at once.

—A song recital of unusual merit was given on November 18, by Ethelynde Smith, American artist with a most pleasing soprano voice of exceptional range of voice and of charming personality. Miss Smith's program was one of the most instructive that it has been the privilege of

the students to hear. Her inimitable presentation of "Children's Songs" was especially enjoyed, while her dramatic rendition of the "Spring Song" from Cadman's Opera *Shanewis*, was deeply appreciated.

On the evening of December 8, the following program was presented by the Department of Expression.

"A Visiting Peer" M. KENNEDY

"Penrod's Affliction" M. RYAN

Ave Maria *Gounod-Bach*
Violins—MISSSES L. GLEASON, C. BURKI
Piano—M. PURMAN

(a) "What Jack Said" }
(b) "The Train Caller" } M. BUCKLEY

"Voice From a Far Country" M. CARR

"Mrs. Casey on Lawn Tennis" E. HESSELL

The Swallows *Carl Schield*
Violins—MISSSES M. BLANCO, H. CAMPBELL
Piano—M. CAMPBELL

"The Mallot's Masterpiece" H. MINAHAN
"Lucille Gets Ready For a Dance" K. SCHMALZRIED

MISS ALICE KERNAN, *Directress.*

—Conscription by Death has no age limit, young and old alike are subject to its call. During the month, St. Mary's mourned the loss of several members of the Community,—Mother M. Bethlehem at one time Mistress of Novices and a member of the council; Sister M. Eutropia, for years head of the Department of Spanish; Sister M. Alexis, Community Archivist, formerly in charge of the harmony classes in St. Mary's Conservatory of Music; Sisters M. Victoria and M. Generosa. All as valiant soldiers had fought the good fight; willing and ready they awaited the service reward, the Crown of Life.

—Elizabeth Longley of South Bend, Academic Class of '20, in a short space fulfilled a long time, her death occurring on December 8. To her bereaved relatives, St. Mary's faculty and students offer heartfelt sympathy. Sympathy is also extended to Katherine Ramsey on the death of her father, and to Bertha Joel on the loss of her mother, news of which recently came to St. Mary's.

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My dear Mr. Secretary:

I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

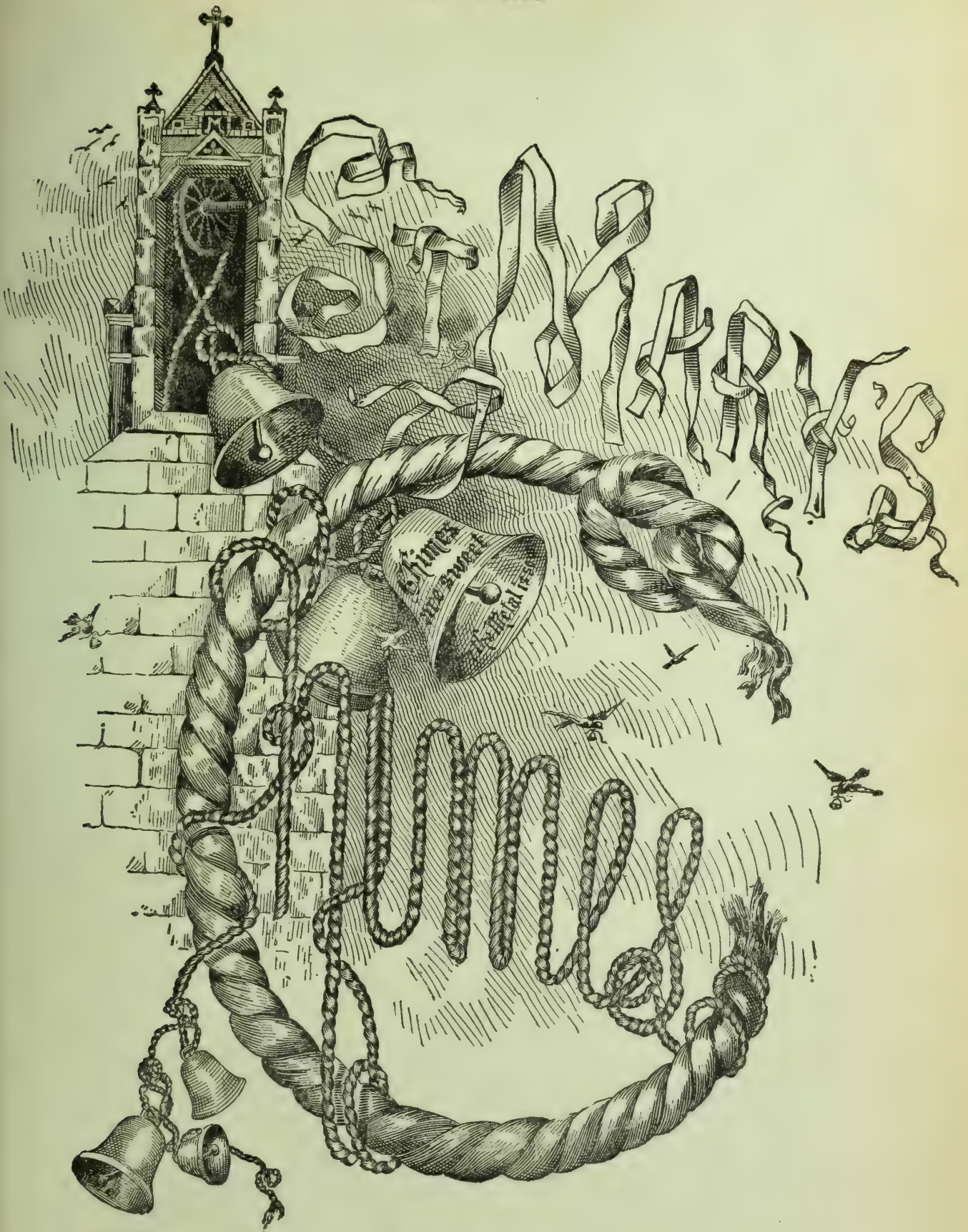
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WOODROW WILSON.

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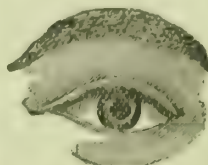
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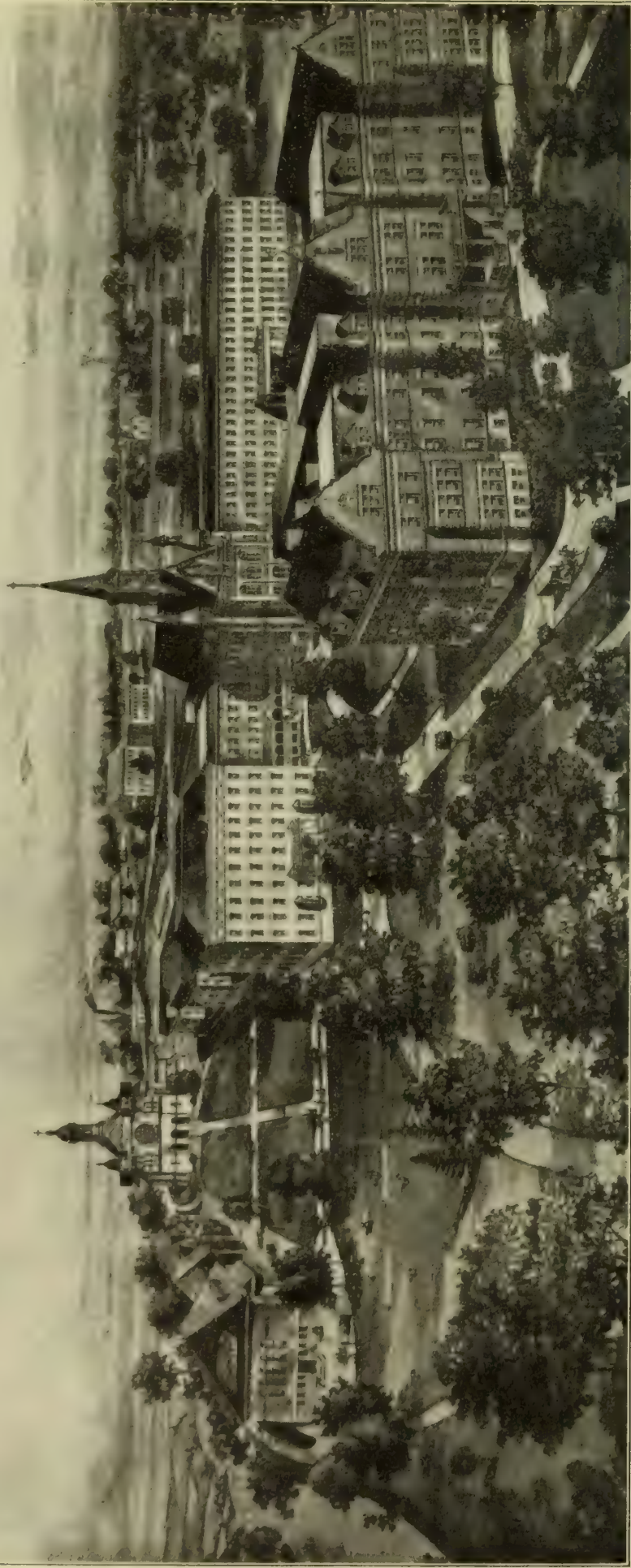
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ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., January, 1920

No. 5

EPIPHANY.

BERNICE O'MELIA.

SILVER and gold
The Heaven-kindled light
Lay on the lowly place;
A beacon day and night,
Unwavering, yet mild.
As Israel's pillar shone,
So too His star, alone,
In soft half-light enwrought,
With constant glowing brought
The Magi to the child.

A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS.

AGNES CONNELLY, B.A. (Classical) '19.

OURS is a utilitarian age and every aspect of our national life bears eloquent witness to the fact. We begin to be practical, if not in infancy, at least with infants. Our school children have become the victims of every manner of freakish and pseudo-efficient education. The great plea for our youth is that they be trained in subjects that will fit them for life and aid in making them successful, capable, citizens. This is primarily what we Americans want and, unfortunately, it is about all that we want. We estimate education in mercenary terms, in the amount of money it enables one to amass. However, the war has proved that the citizens most needed by our nation are not owners of immense fortunes but thinkers. "Abolish the humanities from the schools! Drop the study of Greek and Latin from the curriculum—if anything be impractical it is they!" This has been one of the pet educational aberrations of the past ten years. And it has gone into effect to the extent that Latin is no longer an entrance requirement for all colleges and that Greek has long since been banished to the class of pure electives by most universities.

The objections of educators, of thoughtful men and women, to the study of Greek and Latin in High School and College deserve consideration. The first general objection is that the classics, the masterpieces of Greece and Rome that have lived twenty-five centuries, are a waste of time. That very age is against them. The

present progressive era has nothing in common with, nothing to learn from a people who are so out of date, so long dead and far removed from modern advancement. The languages themselves are not spoken today in their purely classical tone. If the present generation wished to learn a foreign tongue let them learn one they can speak instead of compelling them to learn complicated and dead forms of speech that remain within the closed pages of the text never to be taken out again, as soon as the certificate, diploma, or degree is attained. To this we answer, "whence our language? What is known of its history?" Seventy-five percent. of our vocabulary comes from Latin and Greek. Many of our words are bodily transferred from these languages, and practically all scientific terms are derived from them. The word science comes from the Latin *scire*, to know, while biology, theology, geology and all the list of ologies are purely Greek. A lawyer's vocabulary must contain many Latin derivatives because our laws and law terms originated in ancient Rome. The same is true of physicians, dentists, pharmacists, chemists, botanists and others. All these words, with the exception of dentist, which comes from Latin, are from Greek roots. The majority of the names of diseases, of medicines, of plants, get their origin from these tongues. Practically all compound words—philosophy, democracy, cosmopolitan, republican, terms used so commonly by every one, are in the same class. Take our prefixes—ante, ad, super, sub, pre, epi, ex, and others are bodily transferred from Latin and Greek. Still simpler words—veto, voice, vote, cost, are of Latin derivation; graphic, climate, school are from Greek. To establish words for ideas is not an easy task and one that is not appreciated today because it has been done for us and we have come into its inheritance. Some may think, if these old peoples had not bequeathed to us this vocabulary, we, perhaps, would form words less difficult to pronounce. On the other hand our language would be insufficient to express half our ideas, and our science and literature would be hampered, not to say stunted.

Again, these languages live today not only in our own but also in the Romance tongues, the children of Greek and Latin. They are Portu-

gese, Spanish, Provincial, French, Rhetian, Italian, Rumanian. Though any or all of these languages are studied, a knowledge of the classic tongues makes the mastery of them comparatively easy. There are so many identical roots in all of them that knowing the parent stems their offspring can be recognized with ease. For example God: in Greek Zeus-Scos, Latin deus, Italian dio, Spanish Dios, French Dieu. Our relationship with South America and Europe is more intimate today than ever before. The war's aftermath in all probability will strengthen it. In that case Americans will want to know European languages, in fact the demand is felt in the school now. What can make their mastery more simple, conserve more energy, than a Latin foundation?

Opponents insist further that there are other subjects just as beneficial in disciplining the mind; that one trained in the classics has an over-developed imagination, is incapable of reasoning or of becoming a scientist or any kind of specialist. The Greeks were notably clear, accute thinkers, of high ideals, with a knowledge of truth, with a true understanding of prospective, of the value of words, of the fitness of expression. One reading their literature is trained to accurate and lucid, to distinguish the essential from the trivial, to form habits of concentration, industry and perseverance, to broaden his views, to learn not to build on imagination, but to reason and to think. Such a training lays a solid foundation for the making of a better specialist—be he scientist, engineer, or mechanician. "The effective specialist of today is no longer a man who aims at intellectual aloofness, but on the contrary is one who seeks to focus on his special problem the wisdom of the world," says Andrew F. West, Dean of Princeton.

From what has been said it is obvious that one pursuing any of the mentioned professions should study the classics. He might memorize the terms but it would be an arduous task and would not assure remembrance as well as if he knew their parent stems. The professional man may not take up these studies until his college course, but in regard to the average boy and girl, of what advantage would the humanities be to them? Their schooling may be finished in completing the academic course and they want subjects that will fit them to be practical bread-earners. Business seems to be the popular profession for the present generation—what possible good can a

business man derive from Greek? To be successful he should have a mastery of English, a good vocabulary and be sure of his spelling. It is true he could form the dictionary habit but this is a time consumer, whereas, if he be familiar with the roots, new words are easily and quickly ascertained, also their subtle shades of meaning which a dictionary does not always give.

Some others object to the contents saying that its effect on immature minds will be demoralizing. As to the contents corrupting the young the statement seems to be suspended in mid air, lacking support. If our current, popular literature on which young minds feed so vivaciously be compared with the masterpieces, which can stand scrutiny? The literature that has been given youth for centuries and produced noble men and women, credits to country, should not be mentioned in the same breath with modern short-lived collections of words. Newman aptly dismissed this objection—"It is a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless literature of sinful man."

Others have some realization of the riches of such a pursuit but do not see why translations do not give the same results in addition to being a great time saver. To get matter just as well from translation is impossible. The delicate shadings of thought, the exquisite coloring of the word picture, the flexibility, charm, the very life of the words themselves,—all these are missed in the translation no matter how good it be. It is necessarily blurred for no image or reflection can be as beautiful and brilliant as the original. Translators are apt to miss the true perspective and to weave their own ideas into the context. What trouble, what erroneous theories would have been avoided if the philosophers of the tenth and eleventh centuries had grown acquainted with Aristotle and Plato in their own tongue rather than through the Arabian translations.

The aim of education is to prepare the young for life; to introduce them to civilization in order that they may profit by the accumulation of ideas, of customs and institutions of past ages; so that they may live with better advantage and make the most of life. The classics are the literature of the two peoples to whom we owe our present civilization. They contain the best of what has been thought, known, and achieved by the world. Their worth has always been recognized by educators—men and women who accomplished things. Archbishop Spalding defines

literature as a "criticism of life made by those who are in love with life and have the deepest faith in its possibilities; and all criticism which is inspired by sympathy and faith and controlled by knowledge is helpful." Erasmus of Rotterdam insists that "within the two literatures of Greek and Rome is contained all the knowledge that we recognize as vital to mankind." There was a time, preceding the Renaissance, when Greek and Latin were known but by a few, however, this fact is deeply regretted, their value appreciated and in the revival of learning they were restored to a place of eminence. Their elevation was not the result of ephemeral enthusiasm—it was based on grim realization of their intrinsic worth. The period of the Renaissance was seeking for utility and efficiency in individuals and members of communities. To all its deep thinkers, Greek and Latin were indispensable as means to that end. Among those familiar with the classics in the period just preceding their revival were Dante and Petrarch. It is doubtful whether Dante knew the Greek language but he enriched his work with Grecian characters and myths. His "Divine Comedy," especially the "Inferno," cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of his Greek references. In fact the very structure and plan of this masterpiece is found in the Latin poet Virgil, of whom Dante was such an admirer as to adopt him as a literary guide. He quoted from his Latin master about two hundred times. In his later writing Dante, by desiring the schools to furnish a broader culture advocated having the classics universally taught. Petrarch was the student of both languages, his favorite Latin author being Cicero. He used his influence in endeavoring to have the humanistic studies established in Padua. Some may grant the advantages of the classics in those days, but hold that we are so far advanced in civilization that we have outgrown such needs. Thomas D. Goodell of Yale University has said that the most important and desirable studies are those that go farthest in the expression of our civilization—how it has come to be, what conceptions lie at its basis and which are the most dynamic. Surely a study of literary masterpieces does this. Athens, the throne of Hellenic culture and education, was a democracy not so different from our own. As Andrew F. West says—"It was not we but they who first called the world to democracy and freedom." The things of interest, the mooted

questions of that democracy were similar to ours. In fact in reading its literature we find systems of philosophy and germs of activities that are being promulgated today as something brand new.

The educational value of the classics extends to the culture they give the intellect—they strengthen, expand, raise the mind to a higher plane. Cardinal Newman, the academician, considers this culture as a good, an end in itself. He compares the humanities to health of the body. Physical health is a good but one organ may be developed more than another,—so with the intelligence. One faculty, memory or reason, may be perfected more than another or applied to a special science or profession. But as the entire body may be exercised and nourished for strength and perfection so the intellect may be exercised and trained for its perfection and in this consists its culture.

From a grammatical standpoint, too, these ancient literatures are the greatest aid in acquiring form, finish, brevity, clearness. They teach the best sentence structures through which thoughts can be best expressed so that emphasis, conciseness and lucidity result.

Viewed from the rhetorical side their advantage is not less conspicuous. The Greeks and Romans laid much stress on oratory, training their speakers with diligent care. Their orators were skilled statesmen, they did not lecture merely for the pleasure of their own voices, to show their finished, smooth style of expression, or their power to refute or prove assertions. They were working for their country—its glory was before their own. To know the laws from alpha to omega, to explain measures to the populace, giving them a broad, clear apprehension in an epitome, to appeal to what was best in them—this was required of an orator. Our public speakers, statesmen, especially, could profit greatly and become a credit to themselves and their country by studying these masters of style and of eloquence. In skillfully managing legal technicalities, in exposing the weak points of an opponent, in mastering a situation, in logical arrangement of subject-matter, in unity, clearness and beauty of expression, what lawyer ever aspires to equal, much less surpass, Demosthenes in his "Oration on the Crown"? It was his speech in defense of a client! The words of these Athenian lawyers and statesmen, together with the Romans of whom Cicero is the greatest, form part of the world's greatest impassioned prose.

The Greeks not only reached perfection that has never been surpassed in this field, but they established and perfected our forms of poetry and of meter. In Homer, the world sees its greatest epic writer. About eight hundred years before Christ he set the type for all future epics. In Pindar, in musical Sappho, in Alcaeus, in Simonides of Ceos we find the model lyric and ode. They bequeathed to us both the form and meter of elegiac and iambic poetry together with dactylic, anapestic amphibrachic, trochaic meters.

They did not stop with the perfection of these but crowned the list with the drama. Everyone is familiar with Aeschylus, the father of the drama, Euripides, and Sophocles who gave it the blessed master touch of complete perfection. Not only in producing new forms and evolving them to glowing rounded maturity, but in subject matter also these masters excelled. Some of the best, the most beautiful and poetic pieces in other tongues have been patterned on the creations of Hellenic mind. The ethereal, phantastical charming passages of Milton, Tennyson, Spencer, Shelley and Keats, all of whom were classical students, are Grecian in subject matter.

The Greeks did not express themselves exclusively in song but after attaining its zenith they turned to prose. Herodotus is the father of history, Thucydides of the essay; among the Latins, Livy the historian, Cicero the essayist, greatly influenced later writers.

We have proofs from our own leading Americans that the classics are practical not only in theory but also in fact. Herbert Hoover, successful business man, says, "I am of the opinion that the value of classical studies is seriously underestimated today."

Charles R. Miller, editor of the *New York Times*, stated "A newspaper man, and particularly an editorial writer, who missed making the acquaintance of the gods and mortal speaking men from whom our heritage of civilization has descended, must fail to do full justice to his talents, however great they may be.—Without understanding the ancient world, our ancient world, there can be no sound understanding of the modern world and its affairs."

Alfred Noyes, poet, and Professor of English Literature at Princeton says, "It is true that the increasing carelessness of modern writing, the more 'slipshod' use of words and the dearth of

great masters of style during the last twenty years are probably due to the neglect of classical studies."

Last but by no means least we have the opinion of the president of our country, Woodrow Wilson, in whom are combined scholar, teacher, statesman, thinker, who says, "We should have scanty capital to trade on were we to throw away the wisdom we have inherited and seek our fortunes with the slender stock we ourselves have accumulated. This, it seems to me, is the real, the prevalent argument for holding every man we can to the intimate study of the classics,—your enlightenment depends on the company you keep. You do not know the world until you know the men who have possessed it and tried its wares before you were given your brief run upon it. And there is no sanity comparable with that which is schooled in the thoughts that will keep."

Thus it is seen that a liberal, classical education lays the strongest and best foundation for a capable, successful man or woman. It is a foundation for all walks of life and is just as adamant in America's climate as in Europe's. Today considerable is heard of the phrases "survival of the fittest" and "going to the sources of things." These should be the mottoes of our educators in adjusting academic and collegiate courses. It has been shown that classical studies deserve an honored chair in preparatory courses from their very nature which tends to make cultured all with whom it comes in contact. All Americans should be able to read intelligently "e pluribus unum," our country's motto. This fact, that the things most intimately connected with, woven into the warp and woof of our democracy are better understood and appreciated with a study of Greek and Latin, is a matter for educator's consideration. For "after all it is the written and spoken word that rules the world." They should not aim to place all known subjects on the curriculum—a greater number of subjects does not guarantee the course real, practical success. Here too, we have Archbishop Spalding's opinion, "Those schools, in fact, in which the greatest number of things are taught give, as a rule, the least education." But they should consider the subjects that make life easier, brighter, more successful and let the generation of the twentieth century and the centuries to come profit by the accumulated knowledge of the age.

SING !

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

(A bird speaks to a poet.)

SING with me!
Sing with me!

Sing while the winds are free;
Sing for the flowers you see;
Sing for the days to be,
And youth's young jollity.
Sing for the world with glee
Is waked, by my song, for thee.
Sing with me!

And love me—
Love me!

(The poet speaks to the bird.)

What song could I sing, what joy could I bring,
That would rival the rapturous song that you sing!
O thou scorner of sadness, thy gladness but fling
From thy heart: to my listening soul let it cling.
Let it bring me some part of that joy-laden thing—
The mad fusillade of thy song. Oh, thou king
Of all poets! Thou minstrel of God! The faint ring
Of thy silvery voice is a call. Let me swing
With thee, up to that blue-deep above, where thy wing
Finds a path. And beneath warm skies hovering,
A song I could sing, and a joy I could bring
That would rival the rapturous song that you sing.

But, sing for me!
Sing for me!
Sing thy wild rhapsodie;
Sing in thy jubilee,
Echoes of harmony,
Angels have sung for thee.
Sing their sweet melody;
Sing all their symphony.
Sing for me!
Sing for me!

I love thee—
Love thee!

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

HOME AND YOU.

ANN RUMMELHART, '22.

LAST night I heard a tender voice,
It crept into my dreams,
And then I saw a misty form
Surrounded by moonbeams.

The misty veil was drawn aside,
Light pierced the darkness through—
In dreams once more I dwelt in love,
And was at home with you!

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM

RUTH O'MALLEY, '19.

IN reading Newman's "Idea of a University," we are reminded that our modern scientists are not different from those of Newman's age. They, too, are wont to claim for their particular science a place independent and even overlapping that of Theology. In his discourse on the bearing of Theology on other knowledge, Newman has sufficiently established the superficiality of their claim.

We find in these discourses, as in all of Newman's writings, a perfect development of his argument, against the exclusion of Theology from other sciences in the course of a University. In the introduction to his essays, he traces the heritage of England in her early apostles of religion and civilization. They came to her from Rome and left successors from the same Apostolic See to keep alive in the hearts of the Saxons the ideals which they had accepted. In the second discourse, he proves that it is inconsistent to exclude Theology from the course of sciences which it embraces. "Religious doctrine," he says, "is knowledge in as full a sense as Newman's doctrine is knowledge. University teaching without Theology is simply unphilosophical. Theology has at least as good a right to claim a place there as Astronomy."

After establishing the right of Theology in a University, he strengthens that right by showing that Theology should not only be given a place among the other sciences because it is a science, but also because it has a much greater field which it alone has the right to occupy. The refusal of other sciences to recognize Theology results in their entering this field where they have no right.

There are those who would grant Theology a place by itself, but call its entrance into their particular branch of scientific investigation an intrusion. Such persons do not appreciate the relation of all science, "Truth is the object of knowledge of whatever kind." Each science is a particular division of one large system, which may be called the science of sciences. Thus as each is a part of a whole, there is the corresponding relation between them. Geology and Comparative Anatomy are different treatments of the same matter. If we neglect one science for the exclusive development of another, our cognition of science is proportionately defective. We may take the example of man. According as we study his body, mind, and his relationship to his fellowmen and to his God, we study physiology, psychology, moral philosophy, economics, and Theology. By the exception of any one of these sciences, we lose some vital truth concerning man without which we cannot truly know him. "I lay it down," Newman writes, "that all Knowledge forms one whole." And later, "As they all (sciences) belong to one and the same circle of objects, they are one and all connected together; as they are but aspects of things, they are severally incomplete in their own idea and for their own respective purposes; on both accounts, they at once need and subserve each other." Even Theology, which has for its foundation the truths revealed from God, has not exempted herself from the relation of one science to another. The Church has considered the existing conditions in the interpretation of prophecies, the principles of Astronomy and Geology in her comments on Scripture, and

the experience of the social and political sciences in her regulations for her members. Theology, then, must be granted to be a science and, as such, merits not only a place among them, but should also be granted a place above them, which the other sciences have no right to invade.

An example of the result of the exclusion of Theology might be found in the consequences of an attempt to exclude all study of Antropology from a course in a university. Suppose, for instance, that a group of men should decide to drop this subject from their curriculum for a reason similar to that urged by those who would not include Theology in their course. That is, the discussion of man has caused so much antagonism that they think it best that it be left to the individual and to include in their course only the mechanical sciences. Volition would find no place in such a curriculum. Everything would necessarily be attributed to a mechanical cause. The annunciation of this theory as a truth would not be immediate; but as public opinion becomes more accustomed to the absence of mind as the cause of action, some especially zealous advocate of this new system will renounce the science of the mind altogether. He is leaving the field to which he has confined himself and enters another on which he has no right to trespass. He may righteously be reminded, "Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam."

If, therefore, the rejection of Antropology would result in the confinement of the scientist to so narrow a field, how much more would the exclusion of Theology diminish their rightful scope, Theology, which has for its subject matter God, the highest of all, and His relation to man. If each science is so closely related to the other that one cannot be omitted without affecting the completeness of true knowledge, how much more would the exclusion of Theology, the mother of all sciences, affect its integrity?

THE DIXIE HIGHWAY.

MARION FLAHERTY.

The Roller Coaster is with us no more. The girls will miss half the joy of coming to and going from St. Mary's. I remember the night that I first arrived in South Bend. It was dusk and we took a taxi for the college. My father

was with me and after getting in the taxi I thought that life was not worth living. I hadn't I just left mother and home and now in a few minutes father also would desert me. At that moment of desolation I was rudely aroused by first hitting the top of the taxi, then the seat, and before I could turn to ask father what we hit, I landed in his arms. Father began scolding the driver; "Just where did he think we wanted to go or did he prefer to drive in fields and trenches?" Of course the poor abused driver assured us "that we were all right. It was just the Niles road and it was in bad condition, but they hoped to have it paved before Thanksgiving." It was a series of bumps, jolts and knocks, but we finally arrived at the college. I was so out of breath and had such a time finding my hat and fur that poor Father escaped without the scene that he expected.

For three years we enjoyed this delightful diversion on our return to school. Of course there were always apologies and explanations about that new road. Now it is finished, the great white way from South Bend to Niles. No more will new girls thrill at a ride from the station. They will not even know that they are going two miles into the country. No more will old girls break the feathers on their new Easter bonnets. No more will we get the romantic thrill of going over a bumpy, rutty, dark road. We will miss all these. Are we glad? Yes and no.

HOW?

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

CHILD Jesus, teach me how
To be like You.
Direct my tongue
That I may pray as You
Did when You, too, were young:
You used to say, "Our Father";
But I fear
To speak this way
Unless I feel You near;
So take my hand, Child Jesus,
Guide me there
Before Your Father's eyes
To breathe my prayer.
I seek the way,
If You smile on me now:
I cannot pray
Unless You teach me how!

In Imitation.

TO CHAUCER.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

O NE lived ther an artyste who ful wel
Dyd paynte a gret pycure fayre to se,
Of folkes bounden forth ryte prayerfule
On pylgrymage. Each pylgryme dyde tel
A lytel tale that he myghte dyspel
Ye gloom that falles oft-tymes heavyle
On folkes wendyng thus relygousle
To holi tomb wher Saynte's relyes dwel.

Thys artyste paynted not on canvas whyte,
And he no brushes used for to show
Ye monke, nonnes, and ye gallant knyghte,
And all ye others. But he wryted so
That wyth hys pen he maden ye fayre syghte
Of pylgrymes in our mindes brytly glow.

TO CHAUCER

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

B IFEL that Tyme is much afleet. Our wey,
As deys, has straungly chaunged. And lerned men
Are graunted dounb as stoons. Me thinketh then,
You sholde not to stonden in our day
A bard, afamed. Come hider, then. Assay
Acordaunt to resoun what tale ye ken
That spaken how on journe far ye renn
Whan folkes wenden in ful proud array.

Or elles ye moot as wel reherce the song
Ye knowen wel, in wordes finde newe.
Now pleylnly speke, nor telle of feyne throung.
Your olden song ful wel accorde trewe,
Withouten mode, your wordes; thogh for lounge,
Men's deedes brave ye neede not re-do.

A VOICE IN THE DAWN.

CLARA SELEGUE, '21.

A S dawn, the child of morn, with lavish hand
Bathed all the sky in rose, full fair to see,
A Muse came, like the dawn of poesie,
Of comely bearing, and of aspect grand.
And there beside her, I saw Chaucer stand,
A knightly gentleman whose courtesie
Seemed clearest of his great self to be.
I knew him, though when fame traversed the land,
The bright-haired Muse bent toward him, speaking low
A mystic prophecy: "As leaves from trees,
The years may fall, nor harm thee. Some bards know
The earth, the pulsing stars, the fates' decrees;
But thou, O Chaucer, hast the potent art,—
To thee I give to read the human heart."

SAY, CHAUCER!

MARY FRANCES JONES, '21.

SAY, Chaucer, had you lived in this our day
We wonder would you ever write free verse?
Would you your time devote to problem play?
Would you, forsooth, assay the quatrain terse?
Then, too, a journalist you might have been
And wildly dashed about the town for news
Amid the shouts of hustling crowds and din—
A cub reporter of the Day's Reviews.

When you lived, Chaucer, was it not the thing,—
For so I've heard them say—to add the e's
Of ladies fair and knights so bold to sing,
Of flowers that bloom in May and kings and trees?
Say, Chaucer, it is best you won your fame
And on an earlier age engraved your name!

TO MARIE IN A GARDEN.

BEATRICE RAE, '21.

S EE over veiled hiles rosie light
Appear, and silver Dawne blushe, too!
Now—in yon vales, swete floures view
Ther loylie Quene. Through the morne bright
She cometh—her dere bondes whyt,
Her forme al y-robed in mantel blu,—
To gather with a Mother-love so tru,
Y-chalyced lilies longing for the right
To be the gifte of the Quene faire
Unto her Sonne, floures He loves best.
O Ladie Marie in Love's garden wyd,
Then gather Lilies, gather Lilies ther!
When that by virtues meke they are blest,
O Lamb of God, may they with Ye abyde.

AFTER CHRISTMAS—THE NEW YEAR

 MARY ETHEL HOLLIDAY.

DAY by day the year has fled
 In the world grown aged and gray,
 But the spirit of love—renewed
 Will return with Christmas day.

The world rejuvenated
 With faith in the hearts of men
 Welcomes the joyous New Year
 And lives in its youth again.

THE ADVANTAGES OF AN EDUCATION.

 MARY MARILLA BROWNE, '20.

AS the train whistled into Sunkersville my heart missed a beat. The car wheels which had been clicking—"hurry, hurry, hurry" all the way squeaked out, "we're here" as the train slowed down and stopped in front of the little red station-house.

I had been peering anxiously out of the car window as the train pulled in, swaying perilously in the aisle meanwhile with my grip in one hand and my purse clasped firmly in the other. But I caught not a glimpse of my family. True, I knew every inch of Sunkersville, and it was broad day light so there was no reason why I should expect them to meet me, but a little lump rose in my throat as I realized that, even though there wasn't any real reason for it, I had expected it. As I alighted I looked dismally up and down the brick platform. Not a single Murphy in sight!

I had a wild desire to rush up and kiss Bill Jones in lieu of my own loved ones who had failed to appear. I was afraid Bill wouldn't like it, though, for he had his dignity to maintain as one of the leading citizens of Sunkersville. He had quite a good bit of prestige on account of his responsible position. You see, Bill not only flagged the train, when there was a passenger to go, but also sent all the messages, besides sweepin' out the waitin' room, and servin' as chief reporter to the newspaper as to who came in on such and such a train and who went out on such another one. I looked at him expectantly, think-

ing surely he would say "Hello!" or something and knowing it was my best chance of getting my name in the paper. I smiled proudly, for the first time since alighting from the train, as I saw, in my mind's eye, the glowing account which the next issue of the weekly newspaper would contain saying how:

"Miss Mary Ann Murphy had come in, on No. 7, Tuesday afternoon from her school work in the Agricultural College to spend Thanksgiving with home folks."

But to my chagrin there was no smile of welcome as I had expected. Bill just peered right past me as if he didn't see me and I knew he did all the time. I was real mad at Bill but his strange behavior was satisfactorily explained when the *Bugle* announced that:

"A stranger lady arrived on No. 7, Tuesday p. m., but Mr. Jones was unable to ascertain her name."

As I was the only one that got off that train I knew that on account of my veil and my high-heeled shoes Bill hadn't been able to recognize me.

The bus man left his horses hitched and came over and offered to take me to the hotel for a quarter, but I declined his invitation and started to walk toward home. I had just stepped off the platform and was shifting my satchel into my right hand when my young brother rushed up, panting furiously.

"Gee, Sis, I purt' near didn't get here. Don't tell ma. She's got a cold and pa's gone to the country so she told me to meet you.—Gosh, I run clear from Spriggin's after the train whistled."

"Oh, Mom sick! Is she very bad?"

"Naw, not very. She's almost well now. Been usin' so much goose-grease and coal oil her neck's all pealin' off."

"Ah, isn't that a shame. And how are you, Jimmy?"

"Fine. Here, gimme your grip. Gee, it seems good to have you home. I ain't had a good fight since you left. The kids are too little and I have to stay in good with Ma and Pa so I can go duck hunting on Saturdays and out at nights."

"You're right. It's just as well to keep on the right side of your family. There it is now,

'Home Sweet Home.' Bless you, Jimmy. Ain't it good to get back?"

"O, I dunno. I come so often. it don't make me feel so good."

Jimmy was in the van with my baggage and I was picking my way gingerly along the brick sidewalk, being hampered somewhat by my veil and high-heeled shoes. We were just ready to turn in home, when whom should we meet, yes, who of all the folks in Sunkersville should happen, by chance, to be coming along at just that opportune minute, nay, I might even say second, for in a minute I would have been in the gate and would have missed him? Missed him! The very thought of it makes me sick, for it was Bob Horner!

I am not sure whether I stood still or not, but I am quite positive that my heart did. The two big questions: "What would he say?" and, "What would he do?" presented themselves. No one could possibly appreciate the momentousness of the occasion who has not herself tried during the four long years of her High School career to win the heart of a certain very handsome and much-sought-after Bob Horner. Would he pass me by with a careless "Hello!" as he always had done in the past when I had sat on the side-lines and adored him, and he had been as totally oblivious of me as he was of the side-lines. But no. He didn't hasten on past. He stopped and gasped:

"Why, I didn't know you, Mary Ann! How are you? You're lookin' swell. I'm glad to see you, that is—we all are; yes, we sure are glad to see you back, Mary Ann."

The plural "we" was meant, I suppose, to include Jimmy, who was just then slamming the front gate with unusual force to show his disgust at being thus deserted. I saw right away that Bob was impressed. Here I had accomplished in the blink of an eye what I had tried in vain for four long years to do. Yes, sir, Bob Horner noticed me for the first time in my life. It must have been the veil. Anyway, if anyone should ask me, I'd say that "there is nothing like two and a half months in an Agricultural College to make the home-town boys aware of your existence."

THE THOUGHT HOUR.

MARY BROWNE, '20.

IT is night and the bell in the church tower
Is ringing its message anew.
Each stroke of the clapper, at this hour,
Is bringing back mem'ries of you.

For 'tis twelve, and the dawn of a New Year
Is shedding its radiance fair
On every lone child and on you, dear,
As the bell rings on the night air.

While we listen, how futile seems time, and
How great is eternity,
How shallow the prints on the earth's sand
As compared with the life to be.

HOW OUR LADY SAVED RADEGONDE THE QUEEN.

ALICE GUILMAIN.

THE impiety of the royal court having become unbearable, Radegonde, the saint and gentle queen, had fled..

Now, with curses, and yells, and clash of steel, horses steaming, helmets flashing, all in a thick cloud of dust, her haughty spouse, King Clotine, and his fierce lords, rage like a storm after the fugitive.

In the evening, exhausted, starved, the trembling queen can go no farther. . . . She falls in the field, by the road, where the young oats of April has hardly begun to clothe the earth in a gay green mantle.

Far, far away, on the long white road, a spot appears, draws near; pale, Radegonde stares breathless; somebody is coming, friend or foe; maybe some good monks on their way to pilgrimage, some noble lady, some knight, who will give her protection, in the name of Christ. Alas, no! Suddenly a gleam. The shields and sword have flashed in the last rays of the sun, she recognizes her husband and king.

Her bruised feet cannot resume the weary journey, and yet, death—rather than the outrage of being dragged home again by those drunken troopers! "O Mary, holy Mother of God, may earth engulf me or lightning crush them!" Mary

listens to the desperate voice of her child, but neither does earth open her fearful depths, nor does fire consume the approaching gang, no, for the miracles wrought by the sweet Mother of God bear the stamp of her gentleness:

Lo! of a sudden, the ripe crops rustle where, not a moment ago, the first oats hardly began to peep! The red poppy bursts out and the sweet corn flower. Summer succeeds to spring in the twinkle of an eye. No more can be seen Rade-gonde, buried as she is in the high and thick ears of the miraculous crops.

And presently rush in the fierce riders, who, anger mad and blinded by the eddying dust, have not yet noticed the change. But, out of breath, their exhausted horses reeling under their weight, they stop short, a bow shot from the queen. Gazing upon the plain, they suddenly stand aghast.

Lion-hearted in the battle, but as helpless as children before the supernatural, are those warriors, those proud Franks!

The terror stricken king walks his beast and talks in a low voice: "Long has the queen found shelter in some monastery! Lo! it was early spring when we left, it is summer now . . . For many a week have we been raging over the country in an enchanted ride." And, terror mad, in a desperate rout, they turn their horses and ride away.

So did Mary save Rade-gond, Queen of France. She came to Poitiers, where the saint, Bishop Hilary, consecrated her to the Lord, and where she founded the monastery of Holy Cross. There she died, and there you can see her tomb and the tokens of many a miracle which happened by her intercession.

S'LONG

ESTHER CARRICO, '20

GOOD Bye, Old Year!

New Year waits at the door.
With us you've been
Three hundred days and more.
New Year enters,
To you we give release,
Good Bye, Old Year!
And may you rest in peace!

JUST YOU AND I.

ANN KELLEHER, '20.

TONIGHT I fondly treasure
The year that is now gone by
With its pleasant memories we keep—
Just you and I.

O, if I could but tell you
All that I want to say,
My heart would sing forever, dear,
Songs sweet and gay.

A MAN IN THE HOUSE.

BERENICE O'MELIA, '20.

IN view of the fact that I shall soon have completed my seventeenth year, (to be exact, three and one-half months have elapsed since my last birthday), I consider it the greatest unkindness on Henrietta's part to speak to me as she does. Henrietta is my sister,—my younger sister, I should say. I delight in calling her this, for it irritates her greatly. She is really nineteen, but as Edith, my married sister with whom we both live, is considerably beyond that, why shouldn't I think of Henrietta as my younger sister?

To be sure, here is the point. Henrietta remarks with most unsisterly feeling,

"Homer St. John, you may *think* what you like, but I won't have you airing your thoughts before my guests. My age is immaterial to you!"

Henrietta speaks in hyperbole during excited moments, and this was undoubtedly one. I knew of course, that her "guests" referred only to Mr. Allyn Porter, who has this summer reserved for himself our porch swing and my two Cornell pillows every weekday evening and all of Sunday.

Really Henrietta should not be so sensitive when no harm is meant. Ye gods, aren't girls the limit? On the occasion of Mr. Porter's most recent call, last evening to-wit, he and I were enjoying a little chat on the veranda, as man to man, before Henrietta appeared. (I was spend-

ing the evening at home, owing to the fact that the lady with whom I am at present in love, has been stricken with the mumps. Her name is Elinor and we are very devoted). Mr. Porter is twenty-seven, tall and handsome, and an experienced man of the world, so we were having a friendly discussion such as only men can.

Mr. Porter was smoking one of my brother-in-law's cigars with which I had provided him, in accordance with my duties as host. As for myself, I gave up the noxious weed some years ago, since it seems to affect my heart, and also, Edith was opposed to my contracting the habit.

As I recall it now, Mr. Porter was describing to me an exciting moment at Chateau Thierry and both of us were living in the thrilling horror of the battle, when—Sis chose to arrive. Of course Mr. Porter arose, trying to act as if he didn't mind her interruption, and placed a chair for her. Sis' glance toward me was a cordial invitation to depart, but though usually I try to oblige my sisters as the man of the house should, I felt this an exceptional occasion.

Besides, Henrietta has a whole bundle of letters that Mr. Porter sent her from France, and she never would let me read about his experiences. I resented this for I am one of my country's most ardent patriots!

"Humph!" thought I. "I'll pay Henrietta for being so stingy with her old letters!"

I seated myself again, turning to Mr. Porter, "And just as the Hun fired on you?"

He looked distressed. Henrietta's manner was rather discouraging for a story, I admit, but I rejoiced in the situation. Mr. Porter was plainly not willing to offend Henrietta, but, like all men, I knew he enjoyed a man's society better than a girl's.

Therefore it was a disagreeable surprise to me when he answered,

"See you some other time, St. John. I'd have to explain too much now!"

This blow to my intelligence was in no way lessened by Henrietta's sugared remarks,

"Yes, Homer dear, Mr. Porter will tell you tomorrow. Please close the door behind you, will you?" Oh! had she only left those fatal words unsaid.

My outraged manhood could bear no more.

Haughtily I departed. Into the house, and up the stairs to my own room I strode. Edith and Fred were away for the evening, so I had no one to vent my wrath upon. I grabbed fiercely at the first object I saw, which chanced to be my dictionary. In saner moments I often improve my mind by studying it systematically. Now throwing it open at random, I began to read furiously. I was far down the column before I realized what I was doing. Then the first words I perceived were: "Nemesis: goddess of justice and equity who punishes pride and arrogance." I am no pagan, but the idea of a chastened pair of offenders was as oil to my wounds. I threw myself on the bed, caressing the thought more and more.

It must have been some time later that I awakened, to find myself doubled upon the bed, and hugging the dictionary tightly. Somewhere out in the hall a bell was ringing incessantly. "Why doesn't someone shut it off?" I wondered sleepily. Finally I aroused myself, only to detect another sound: it was raining! Not a gentle shower either; September rains aren't usually that kind!

Just then the bell stopped and "Homer! Homer!" came in Henrietta's unmistakable voice.

"Ha!" thought I, "they're locked out!"

I could picture Mr. Porter, immaculate in his white flannels, and Sis in her organdie, being caught in an unexpected rainstorm. The fact that my unwelcome presence had undoubtedly driven them "out into the night" did not increase my contrition in the least. You may hardly believe me capable of doing what I am about to relate, but when you read it, please remember how my dignity had been offended. Even Elinor had never hurt me so cruelly, as had my own sister. If then, I was unduly sensitive, I may now seem brutal, but I plead this much: I would never have done it, had I suspected that Mr. Porter really cared at all for Henrietta. What a man won't do for a woman he loves—well, it just ain't! I know how it is with Elinor and me.

What did I do? Why, I just turned back into my room and went to bed!

And the doorbell rang and the rain came down in torrents! I lay listening to these disturbances of man and nature, estimating how long it would

be before Edith and Fred would return to the rescue. And again I recked not on the insanity of a man in love!

The cessation of the door bell's clamor failed to alarm my guilty conscience, but a moment later I was forced to attention. Into the quiet of my reverie came the most inharmonious combination of sounds, I ever imagined. A rattling, scraping, grating rush of falling bodies, travelling a distance of miles I was sure, smote my ear. Neither was I reassured to hear Henrietta wailing somewhere out in the rain.

"Oh, Allyn, are you hurt? Allyn, answer me!"

What had happened? What had my foolish joke caused? I confess my heart was working double time as I tore down stairs. The Yale lock on the front door was securely fastened, and I could hardly tear it open.

The porch was empty—so out I ran into the rain. Sis was again calling to Allyn somewhere in back of the house. Then I finally located her, alone. When she saw me, she started crying afresh, so there I was: no more enlightened than before.

"Homer, get him out, quick! I know he's dead, and it's all my fault!"

Since she saw it that way I didn't argue, though you may guess I had different notions myself. Being a detective by avocation, I soon gathered from Henrietta's wild sobs that Mr.

Porter had sought ingress to our house via the cellar window. Also that at the moment he was supposedly reposing beneath our winter's supply of coal, several feet down in the earth.

This was cheerful news to an avowed murderer, but what could I do? The cellar, as Mr. Porter had demonstrated satisfactorily was too deep to be entered from without, so I gathered my weeping sister into my arms, literally dragging her into the house, then down to the place of the avalanche.

"Oh, Allyn," she shrieked, as soon as she reached the scene of action. "Let me go, Homer, I must get to Allyn."

Such faith is beautiful in a woman. Indeed, I never saw a more unrecognizable being than the wrecked individual, seated on a lump of coal, trying with both hands to hold his head on. Where white once was, now all was black. Rainstorm and coal plunge had juggled the victim about until he was a thing of wierd beauty. When he finally resolved himself into an approximate caricature of the once spotless Mr. Porter, the weight of the world rolled off my shoulders! Maybe I didn't leave the pair to their mutual consolation this time! No more chaperoning acts for me!

Sis was cooing and crooning like a happy mother, and the way he looked at her—! I can't ever tell you how, but maybe some day I'll do it to Elinor,—when she gets over the mumps.

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

RUTH FOSTER, '21.

WHEN troubles, like mountains, loom up in your way
And there's work to be done, without more delay,
Don't worry.

Just take off your coat and start in today,
For "when the sun shines, its time to make hay,"
The first thing you know, you've begun it!
If doubts should assail you, when first you begin,
The outlook is dark, and you fear you'll not win,
Don't worry.

Just tackle the job with a song and a grin,
Just roll up your sleeves, just buckle right in,—
The first thing you know, you have done it!

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THE NEW CALENDAR

With the approach of the New Year new calendars are in order, and there has been organized in Minneapolis an Association whose object is to improve upon the present awkward method of dividing the year. Just as the metric system of measurements is very much simpler and easier than our system, so is this method of keeping time. This association would reform our old calendar of twelve unequal months by substituting a calendar of thirteen months of twenty-eight days each. It is true that the calendar in vogue has done satisfactory service since the time of Gregory the Great, but still there is no reason why it should not give way to a better if the advantages will justify the inconvenience of the change. We must admit that in our present method it takes a fairly clever mathematician to compute in months and days the time in a loan for example. The details of the new plan explained by the association are: first, New Year's Day becomes an independent legal holiday, not included in any week or month; another independent legal holiday, called "Correction Day" is provided for leap years. It also is not counted in any week or month. The thirteen months are to be January, February, Liberty, March, and the others as at present. The plan provides that Good Friday and Easter shall always be observed on certain fixed dates, and in this arrangement all holidays and anniversaries would always fall on the same day of the week.

As to convenience this new calendar would doubtless prove itself a great improvement over the old. It certainly is much simpler and more systematic. The only inconvenience incurred in the new method would be met with during the first years after its adoption in reverting to

time under the old order and reckoning that time in terms of the new. Even here the fault will be due to the old calendar, not to the new. The superstitious will doubtless object to the thirteen months as very unlucky. But they will be in the minority, and perhaps the proposed name of the new month will compensate for any fears on that score. The American Equal Month Calendar Association urges that this calendar be adopted to take effect on Sunday the first day of the year 1922, and that the change would cause scarcely any difficulty. A bill to this effect has already been introduced in Congress.

If accepted by the United States this plan will likely become of world-wide acceptance. It is well worth our while to consider the proposal.

WILL THAT TIME EVER COME?

Not least among the "joys" attached to vacationing, is that of coming back again. In this, as in everything else, there are degrees of enjoyment. All stages of emotion from tears to smiles, are registered on the countenance of the returning voyagers. It is not essential to the proper appreciation of this return to the fold, to have experienced it before. Any one can do full justice to the occasion. In fact, those who have been hardened to the discomforts of home-leaving, cannot always see all the disadvantages, as can the uninitiated. A return to studies to them means another prolonged sojourn at that tiresome school. In some cases it even resembles a veritable descent into Avernus.

The months following the Christmas holidays ought not to be such a bugbear to school girls. While they undoubtedly mean the most important period of concentrated labor in the whole year, they yield other results, if one only cares to look for them. The short home-visit has shown that one is still attentively regarded by her family, and that the sensation of being a stranger in the strange land of home, is not so bad after all; while on the other hand, at school, hasty acquaintances of the first few weeks have become readjusted, and true friendships are now beginning to take root.

They say that coming back to school ought not to be a bad penance, so perhaps some day, a hundred years from now, it will not be!

RESOLUTION DAY.

Even though one may regard the old practice of making January 1 a "Resolution Day," to be a custom as worn-out as the "Mother-in-law Joke," still there is something vaguely wrong with the individual who does not have a sense of renewed opportunity for improvement when New Year's Day arrives. Just to write "1920" has a tendency to make one a little more thoughtful as to the passage of time and the use that is made of it. There seems to be a fundamental basis in human nature for the much-used but ever-forceful metaphor of the bright, new page of the New Year. A glance at the old pages, headed with praiseworthy resolves but covered over too often with blameworthy deeds, fills one with misgivings. But hope has a happy way of shining brightly when the New Year begins and the old resolutions are taken anew and somehow, despite so many failings, the prospect of keeping them *this time* seems surer than before.

So January 1 is a day of optimism. This is in the very atmosphere. It is an encouraging day. How much the cordial wish for a "Happy New Year" is cause or effect of the pervading optimism is debatable. But it is well to have such a day in our calendar, whether we are given to taking formal "resolutions" or whether we are merely thoughtful within ourselves; we are bound to bolster up our courage; and it is better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all.

FRIENDS.

At this time of the year, when resolutions are in order, it is well to think about the friends we have made. If we have made new friends this last year are they the sort of whom we should be proud, or, now that we have taken the time to think about them, do we wish that we had chosen differently? For the student this is a question of supreme importance. Most of what has been learned in the class room will probably be forgotten, but if real true friendships have been formed the time has been well spent. However, insincere, toadying satellites are worse than no companions at all for they serve only to develop the trivial, baser side of our characters and are instrumental in the wasting of much valuable

time. Let us decide that, in the year to come, we will choose friends who will be an inspiration and a joy in the after-years when we shall be separated; and that we will devote the time and energy necessary for the right development of such friendships.

SELF DEFENSE.

A well known speaker recently noted a marked contrast in American and European colleges, stating that Americans have a tendency to confine their search for knowledge to the class room, while students on the continent gain as much from one another during recreation hours as from the professor's lectures.

Observation proves this statement too sweeping, for our American colleges are known to vary in this respect.

It is natural that where social life is the center of college activity it will fill the majority of free hours, only a few dull moments being allowed for study. Then it is that studying is considered tedious and boresome, a subject not to be discussed when considering the pleasure of others. This reduces the allotted study-hour to the minimum time required.

Saint Mary's has a way of arousing a spirit of good fellowship in study as well as in play. This creates a lasting interest in the progress of other students and promotes a friendly rivalry in scholastic achievement.

However, this most desirable college spirit is not as prevalent in the United States as it probably will be when our institutions of learning are as old as those in the old country.

MY HOBBY.

LORETTA GRADY, '22.

I don't suppose that it would ever occur to the average stranger's mind to even consider that such a plain, straight-haired miss as myself would dare to say right out loud that she had a hobby! But, then, still waters run deep, and in this progressive day when women are coming into their own, I'm gathering courage enough to walk around saying calmly, O very calmly, "Indeed, yes, I have a hobby," and in such a tone as

to indicate that she who is hobbyless is to be delegated to the background.

And since I've realized that I have a main hobby, I have become quite presumptuous and assumed several minor ones. But, though they're not connected directly with the major one in your mind, they very often are closely connected in mine. You see they are such things as walking, skating, driving, and dancing. They're exceedingly lively, too, compared to the major one, which is reading. Are you surprised that my chief delight is to get snugly settled in a big, soft chair, with a very fine book, and that I can remain there for hours and hours in the highest state of contentment? If so, you are not an ardent lover of the Story Book World yourself and you don't know what you've missed. If not, then you understand me perfectly from the beginning and that is lovely, isn't it?

Ever since I can remember, I've been a book worm. I used to hide in corners and read, read, read until my fond parent would drag me forth and dispose of the book, to my constant dismay. Such a thing as meals, things to be done, places to be reached on time, etc., are bubbles when I've once begun a good book.

The characters seem to open a door and I step right into their world and live in it; for they completely fascinate me and master all my faculties, as regards doing anything else. It's like tearing out my heart to leave a book and I've sat into the wee hours of the cold morning finishing one—but I never knew it was cold.

They've fostered my imagination to the degree of being put into action by the slightest occurrences; and when I refer you to my other hobbies, you can see the relations instantly, can you not? I do not know where it will lead me but as I told an elderly gentleman to amuse him—"I'm going to write a book myself some day, maybe." And he believed me. God Bless Him.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

The December *Century* deviates from the usual form and general make-up of that periodical. Perhaps because of the Christmas season, the Editors decided to make it a bit more festive in

appearance, and whimsically bedecked its former sober pages with illustrations.

Speaking of illustrations, "The Seasons" four autochromes by Henry O. Reck, deserve particular mention.

The stories, too, are unusual in plot and in treatment and those factors make the magazine doubly welcome. "An Enemy of Santa Claus" is a Christmas story with many differences from the standard patented variety. It is a tale centering around a twelve-year-old Scotch boy, who constitutes himself British Plenipotentiary when he visits his American cousins.

Margaret Busbee Shipp's "Closed Gentians" is a thoughtful view of the old triangle through distinctly modern eyes.

"Our Erratic Idealism," "The Future of the Hapsburg Dominions," "Life and Letters of Wilfred Laurier," tend to supply the demand for more serious articles; while the reader's thirst for poetry is quenched by "The Star" by William Rose Benet, "The Retrospect" by Louis Untermeyer, and "The Celt" by Walter Adolphe Roberts.

GLEANINGS

OUR plans in faith and hope are made:
We wait for New Year's day to come
To rearrange our lives,
Alas, what plan survives!
So let our aims be not in vain—
We'll fight and we'll hold fast,
And when another year has come,
We'll reach our goal at last.

GLADYS REMPEL

—Report from the Academic Department gives numerous trips to town, victrola, fudge, card parties and social evenings as prominent numbers on their Holiday Program.

—The crowning feature of the Christmas Celebration,—Midnight Mass, brought the fulness of the Yuletide to all at St. Mary's, as it must also have done to the many outsiders who availed themselves of the privilege of attending it. The Mass was celebrated by the Rev. W. R. Connor, C.S.C., chaplain, who was assisted at the Altar by the Revs. G. Gallagher, Deacon and J. Farley, Subdeacon. The sermon was delivered by Father Connor, and special music was furnished by St. Mary's choir.

—Doubly blessed with the season's graces were Mary Ethel and Helen Holiday, who at Midnight Mass received, for the first time, Holy Communion.

—Gorgeous poinsettias of "Joe's" own fostering, so rare in the vicinity, in such great demand, made up the elaborate decorations for Christmas and the Religious ceremonies on Jan. 6.

—It is with pride the CHIMES prints the following extract from the Christmas greeting of Mrs. Mary Cochran-Ryan, former secretary and now on the Board of Directors of the St. Mary's Notre Dame College Club of Chicago: "The St. Mary's Notre Dame Club of Chicago gave a most enjoyable and successful 'Thanksgiving Dancing Party' in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel, Tuesday evening, Nov. 25, which was largely attended. It was like a St. Mary's 'Home Coming,' an occasion where the students revived old friendships and formed new ones. The student of the early 60's met those of 1920 in a comradeship that comes from mutual interest. 'St. Mary's rich-blue and white' pennants blended most effectively with the elaborate decoration of the Gold Room. The membership of the club is increasing. A very superior and enticing program is offered for the next meeting." Mrs. Ryan has ever been as faithful a reporter of the various events which have taken place within the circle of the St. Mary's N. D. Club as she is a loyal and devoted alumna of St. Mary's itself. Announcement by Mrs. J. R. Murphy, corresponding secretary of the next meeting sets the date as Tuesday, Jan. 20, with Professor Richard Seidel of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Miss Kathleen Fleming, reader, on the program for its session. Officers of the Club for 1919-20:

Miss Anna Hunt.....President
Miss Catherine Rempe.....1st Vice-President
Mrs. Alma Royce-Sunderland2d Vice-President
Mrs. J. Parnell-Egan.....Recording Secretary
Mrs. Catherine Healy-Murphy.....Cor. Secretary
Mrs. Ella Legner-Wolterding.....Treasurer

DIRECTORS—Mrs. Mary Cochran-Ryan, Mary Smyth-Nelson, Pauline Murfey-Sauter, Henrietta O'Brien-Crowley, Miss Sarah Gleason, Miss Mary Bransfield.

—On Dec. 28, St. Mary's was favored in having the Holy Cross Seminary choir of Notre Dame for Benediction.

—To the "Season's Undeclared Champs" as well as to those in charge of the "1919 Review," St. Mary's offers sincere congratulations. We are greatly pleased with the "modest, respectfully dedicated" Booklet.

—As the CHIMES goes to press holidays are of the past and the students by the earnest work begun are putting into practice the good resolutions made on Jan. 1.

—Christmas CHIMES were preceded by wedding bells that rang on Dec. 8, to announce the nuptials of Ramona Slattery and Mr. George C. Blohm of Culver, Indiana.

—After three months' absence, the Misses Helen Mills and Josephine McCarthy are again enrolled on St. Mary's student list.

—Many interested schoolmates will be pleased to learn that May Agnes Hilleke, Claudia Redmond and Elizabeth Williams are domiciled in the north wing of the Convent.

—Since the last issue of the CHIMES St. Mary's has united in the sorrow that has come to the family of Mr. George Rempe, to Doris Whelan, Dorothy Hayes, Josephine Wasmer and Mr. William N. Young in the death of a beloved one.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

"We have seen His star in the East, and are come to adore Him. * * * And they offered Him gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh." St. Matt. II.

In his sermon on the above text, the Rev. Francis Kemper, S. J., made striking application to the ceremonies of the Religious Reception which took place in the Community Church at St. Mary's on Jan. 6:

The Feast of the Epiphany, God's manifesta-

tion to the gentiles in the persons of the Wise Men who, "felt the call, and turning a deaf ear to kindred and friends, journeyed into a distant, unknown land, the star before, guiding them," was re-enacted by the eighteen young ladies who had voluntarily responded, not forced by a noon-day splendor, to the call of a gentle star which led them on a far different journey, beset too, with

difficulties, but into a well explored land. Here they also opened the treasure of their hearts and offered freely the gill of poverty, the frankincense of obedience (the sacrifice of the will), and the myrrh of chastity—preservative of virginal purity.

Father Kemper illustrated the close connection between the sacrifice by the candidate herself and that of her parents, "who gave what was dearer than gold—their daughter, the frankincense of their obedience in the recognition of God's higher claim, and myrrh—flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone, wherein they too, partake in her chasteness." He further emphasized the world's great need of consecrated, Christian women, especially now when it seems mad with its greed for money and when all modesty has gone from it.

After congratulating the young ladies on their choice, the Community on the acquisition of new members and the Church on the manifested preference for the evangelical councils by which more glory is given to God, Father Kemper concluded with the words of the Epistle for the day which he addressed directly to the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross:

"Ave, be enlightened, O Jerusalem: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold, darkness shall cover the earth and a thick darkness the people; but upon thee shall the Lord arise, and upon thee shall His glory be seen. And the gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all these things are gathered together: they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound; thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, when the strength of the gentiles shall come upon thee. A multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Madian and Ephraim; all from Saba shall come, bringing gold and frankincense, and showing the praise of the Lord." (Isaias LX, 1-6).

The names of the young ladies who received the Habit, and those by which they will be known in the future are:

Miss Catherine Runft, Sheffield, Illinois, Sister M. Anna Raphael; Miss Anne Roche, Constablesville, N. Y., Sister M. Generosa; Miss Margaret Sheahan, Co. Limerick, Ireland, Sister M. Mansueta; Miss Mary Conlon, Co. Roscommon, Ireland, Sister M. Augusta; Miss Alice McDermott, Co. Roscommon, Ireland, Sister M. Guardian Angels; Miss Cecelia Teders, Kendallville, Ind., Sister M. Agnes Cecile; Miss Margaret Worden, Yale, Mich., Sister M. Franciana; Miss Mary Ruby Rogers, Hot Springs, South Dakota, Sister M. Antonita;

Miss Genevieve Hagerty, South Bend, Indiana, Sister M. Benedict; Miss Agnes Ryan, Danville, Ill., Sister M. Teresa Joseph; Miss Elizabeth Miller, Nebraska City, Nebr., Sister M. Columbiere; Miss Helen Kehoe, Chicago, Ill., Sister M. Georgetta; Miss Cecilia Kelley, Valparaiso, Indiana, Sister M. Canice; Miss Margaret Spear, Chicago, Ill., Sister M. Gregoria; Miss Lillias Goertz, Baltimore, Md., Sister M. Regina Clare; Miss Rose Mary Fitzpatrick, Stratford, Calif., Sister M. Rose Virginia; Miss Dorothy Ackerman, Fresno, Calif., Sister M. Monessa; Miss Mary Baxter, Boise, Idaho, Sister M. Teresa Clare.

The Novices admitted to First or Temporary vows are:

Sister M. Matilda, Sister M. Anna Therese, Sister M. Columcill, Sister M. Laurita, Sister M. Magdalen, Sister M. Rose Elizabeth, Sister M. Cecilia Patrice, Sister M. Leo Maria, Sister M. Helen Frances, Sister M. De Pazzi, Sister M. Inez, Sister M. Angela, Sister M. Agnes Marie, Sister Maria Benedicta.

Those Novices who having completed the time of Temporary Vows (3 years) pronounced Final, or Perpetual vows are:

Sister M. Bertha, Sister M. Lydia, Sister M. Elaine, Sister M. Benedictus, Sister M. Athanasius, Sister M. Oswald, Sister M. Magdalena, Sister M. Agnes, Sister M. Monique.

The ceremonies of Reception and Profession were presided over by the Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D.D., Bishop of the diocese, who also celebrated the Mass which followed.

Assisting the Celebrant at the Mass were: The Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., Assistant Priest; the Revs. Joseph Boyle, C.S.C., and William Lennartz, C.S.C., Deacons of Honor; the Rev. John Delaunay, C. S. C., Deacon; the Rev. Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C., Subdeacon; the Rev. William R. Connor, C. S. C., Master of Ceremonies, and Seminarists from Holy Cross Seminary, Notre Dame.

In the Sanctuary were:

The Revs. Francis Kemper, S. J., of Florissant, Mo.; F. J. Jansen, of Elkhart, Ind.; John E. Wickham, of New York; W. M. Murtaugh, Sheffield, Ill.; E. J. Mungovan, Valparaiso, Ind.; W. Sullivan, Wabash, Ind.; F. Halpin, Kendallville, Ind.; P. J. Crosson, Logansport, Ind.; the Very Rev. J. J. French, and Revs. Kirsch, A. B. O'Neill, J. F. DeGroote, L. J. Heiser, W. A. Bolger, C. L. Doremus, W. F. Carey, J. W. Donahue, W. P. Concoran, G. Marr, J. Farley J. Maguire and C. Marshall of the University of Notre Dame.

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My dear Mr. Secretary:

I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,

Secretary of the Interior.

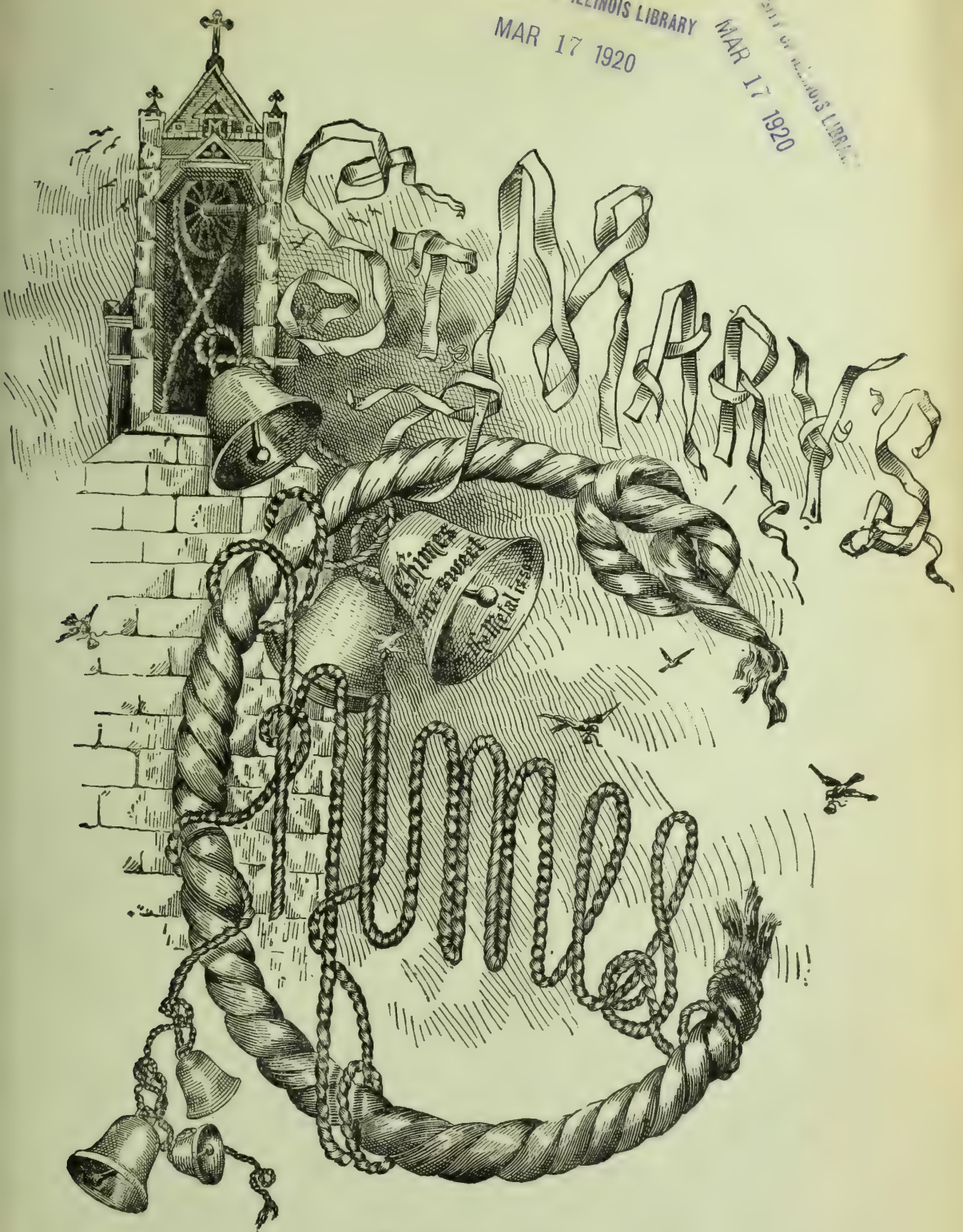
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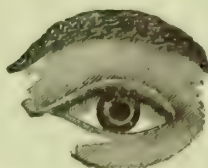
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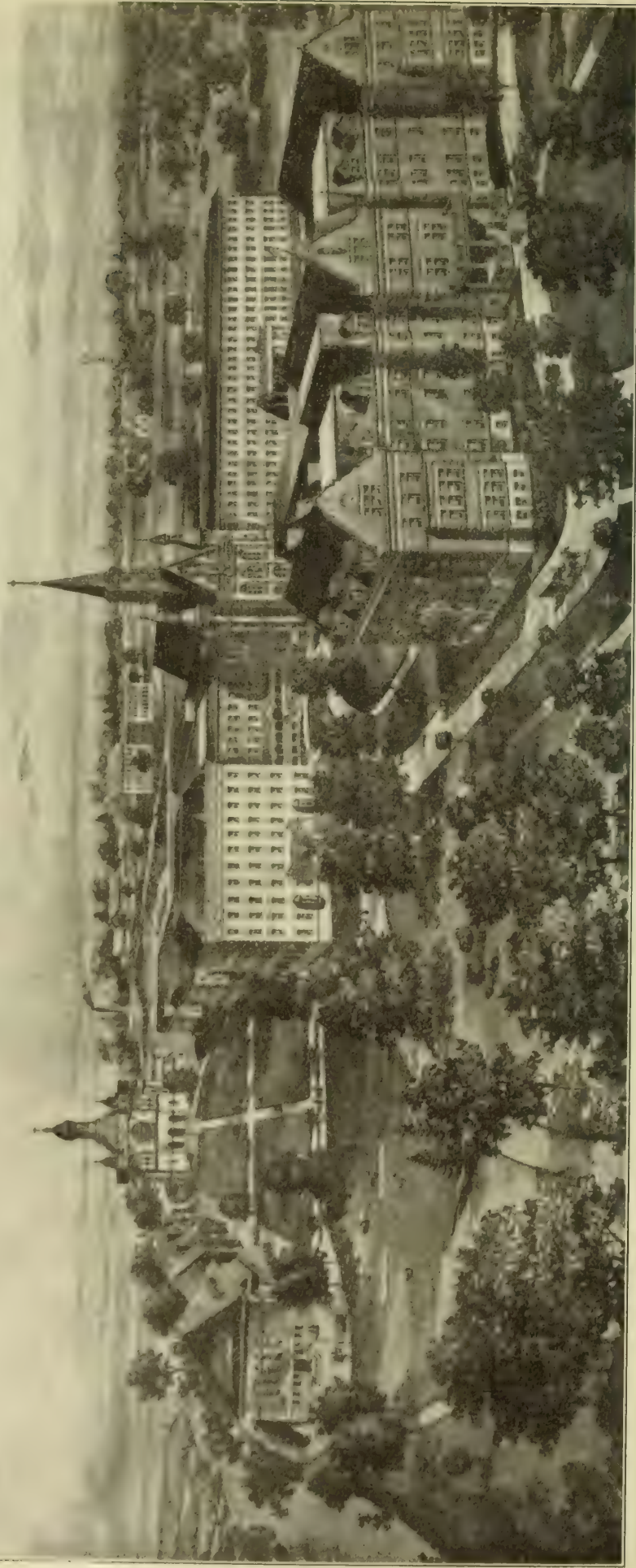
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ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., February, 1920

No. 6

A PRAYER FOR CANDLEMAS.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

A CANDLE on Thy altar, God, I burn,
The flame that is my spirit, fed by Thee,
Oh grant that when my frail humanity
In ashes lies, the flame may be undimmed,
And rise to burn throughout eternity.

"THREE NOVELS OF CANON SHEEHAN."

LORETTA MCGUIRE, B.A., '19.

ON October 5, 1913, there passed away one of the most widely known and loved of Catholic priests, Canon Sheehan of Doneraile, Ireland. Although he deserves to be known and loved for himself, for the simple sincerity and beauty of his life, and for the perfection of his priesthood, it is rather through his ability as a novelist that he has become a public figure. And next to being a great and good priest, Canon Sheehan was a great and good novelist. Perhaps the best way to know him as the former is through his novels, for they are his life. Whatever else he wrote, he wrote himself. Of his ten novels, "My New Curate," "Blindness of Dr. Gray," and "Miriam Lucas" are the most autobiographical. With a brief sketch of his boyhood for preface we will examine these three novels as reflections of the man himself.

Canon Sheehan was born in March, 1852, at Mallow, Ireland. When he was old enough he was sent to the local National School. There we see him a fair haired, delicate boy with large, wistful eyes that seemed to see something behind, and beyond you. When the other boys were at play, he went to some thicket with a book. More often without one he would sit and think.

In 1869 he went to Maynooth where he was graduated with honors in 1874. Here he became acquainted with the writings of Milton, Shelley, Keats, and Browning. Later on he studied Italian and became a lover of Dante's "Divina Comedia." All these influences were of immense service to him in later years in the performance of his pastoral duties and in the apostolate of his writings.

His surroundings furnished ample material for

the contemplative, and poetic mind of the boy, and he meditated a great deal on the significance of nature and its relation to actual life. The first sign of a vocation to the priesthood manifested itself in his admiration for a great tall student from Maynooth. This excerpt taken from "A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories" gives one a glimpse at the sweetness of the friendship.—
"One summer night the seminarist took the sleepy boy on his shoulders and wrapped him round with the folds of his great Maynooth cloak that clasped with brass chains running through lions' heads, carrying him out under the stars, as the warm air played around them."

The next three years he spent in studying theology in preparation for his ordination which took place in Cork, on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, April 18, 1875.

Father Sheehan, in his young priestly career, spent two years in England on mission, was recalled to Ireland and served as curate at Mallow and Queenstown. From 1895 till his death in 1913 he was pastor of Doneraile, Ireland. He has during the years of his curacy at Queenstown and Mallow, found a special delight in urging the youth of the parish to higher inspirations and ambitions. That he was determined in his purpose is evident from the fact that he carried out this idea of Catholic growth and education by means of his pen. His first book, "Geoffrey Austin," was dedicated to the Catholic youth of Ireland and an edition of it, which was unnoticed for some time, finally was published in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. After he had established his merit as a priest and writer he was encouraged and laid aside his anonymity and became a wide influence. His reputation grew rapidly and presently he was made a canon of the cathedral.

The priest as a writer is not so unusual as a priest as a hero of novels. Canon Sheehan gives us both in his studies in Clerical life—"My New Curate" and "The Blindness of Dr. Gray." In each the priest is the central figure, and in spite of his apparent ineligibility to the role, is the great, human, lovable, leading character throughout.

When "My New Curate" appeared in 1900 it was to a large audience that "Daddy Dan" was in-

troduced. The creator of this lovable character could not have been anything but a parish priest, nor in any place but Ireland. It was out of the precious years at Doneraile that Canon Sheehan drew his material. "Daddy Dan" promptly won the hearts of all. After Pius X read it in Italian, he conferred on the author the doctorate of divinity. From the title of the book one would be inclined to suppose that it is the proper and progressive young Fr. Letheby who is to be exalted, but that is before one has found out "Daddy Dan," the gentle old priest who loved to study Horace and Virgil and had a great dislike for coffee-drinking. What an irresistible person he is with his old-fashioned ideas, his sympathies for children and his boundless and reciprocal love for all.

Canon Sheehan's biographer tells us that it was no task for him to write. He had the eye that saw and the soul that understood and what he wrote was exactly what he saw. Father Phelan expresses it "He had a mind that absorbed facts, stories, and impressions like a blotting pad." His plots developed spontaneously. He did not write for the sake of the art itself, but he wished to raise the ideals of his people. His was the art of story telling, scarcely ever the revision of his manuscript. His characters are real and human, and they are dramatic enough. Most of them are figures copied from the life around him. From this fact it was assumed that he was a realist, but he never made it possible for his readers to point their finger to an individual and say: this is the man. One sees in his picture of Daddy Dan out of what a full heart he wrote. To Fr. Sheehan, the priest was literally what he was called, "Father," and his offices of pastor were as imperative as those more dignified ones of priest and teacher. He made "Daddy Dan" embody this Christ-like idea of his, and in the light of it one can better understand the implied contrast in the picture of the new curate and one can appreciate this passage characterizing him. "I went out and welcomed with what warmth I could, my new cooperator. It was too dark for me to see what manner of man he was, but I came to some rapid conclusions from the way he spoke. He bit off his words, as riflemen bite their cartridges, he chiselled every consonant, and gave full, free scope to every vowel. This was the accent he had, an accent of precision and determination, and formalism that struck like a knell, clear and piercing on my heart."

The curate was very ambitious (as all new curates are) and the parish, went through a great reformation. "Daddy Dan," though he liked to keep to the old rule, tried his best to conform. When he drew on his stiff white amice instead of his old wrinkled one, he went through a veritable agony, only to be exceeded by his dismay at finding that his alb could stand on the floor, it had so much starch in it.

Fr. Sheehan never forgot the faults of his people either and if he told about Ireland's brave deeds, he did not excuse the people in present dangers. He tells in an interesting and humorous way how his curate, coming home late one night from a sick call heard a "Shun! 'verse arms" with the tramp of armed men echoing down the darkness. The interested young curate followed the sounds and found a troop of agitators who resembled very much our modern socialists. He heard them plan a meeting for the following Sunday and, with Daddy Dan's approval was present. The village tailor, lame in one leg, known as "Hop-and-Go-One" was the orator. He had just reached the climax of his speech when Fr. Letheby caught him. These gatherings had been going on for some time and the seeds these young fanatics had propagated were none too good. A series of heated discussions followed and it was only the tender persuasion of Daddy Dan with the determination of Fr. Letheby which brought them to an end.

Daddy Dan loves every one else so much, that he himself is lovable. And if he is ever a father to his people, it is as their confessor. One sees him thus hearing confessions for the first Friday. He sits in his own arm chair under the statue of the Blessed Mother, and the little children pick their way across the floor to "Daddy Dan," put their dirty, clasped fingers on his cassock, toss their hair from their eyes, and then looking at him, tell their little stories to him and God. The little girls say, "Thank you, Father," and the boys, "All right," when they receive their penance. Daddy Dan says he sometimes expects to hear "old fellow" added.

Here one finds all the elements of great fiction. The simplicity and purity of heart so dominant in the above picture is seen throughout the whole book. By no more simple character and in no other setting than Ireland could such a perfect atmosphere be created. Father Dan's was a mission from Christ and he felt its full dignity. Since he was the shepherd of the flock he re-

ceived countless joys from the docility of his people, their affection, and their reverence. He is the mediator between the temporal and spiritual life of the people, partaker in their joys and sorrows; hopes and fears; wealth and poverty. The truth derived from a study of this hero is, that he embodies the essence of the high, ideal, and the noble Christian life. Daddy Dan was all this and more. He is the pattern after which true followers mold their lives.

"The Blindness of Dr. Gray," with its solitary figures, its dramatic situations, its humor and pathos is in many respects a counterpart of "My New Curate." The plot and character development in the latter is very slight, compared to Dr. Gray. In fact, the character growth in Dr. Gray, and his curate is the plot. The former is trained in the Jansenistic rigor of theology and views all things in the light of law, but in the end he sees how love dominates as the sole law of the moral world.

Dr. Gray is very different from the cherished "Daddy Dan." On first meeting him we think that he is a hard, proud, and domineering man, but when we see him saying Mass in the home of one of his sick parishioners he is all tenderness. The little grandchild had been told to give him a half sovereign for his trouble, but his heart was too big to accept the humble offering. However, he is stern and exacting; and this severity makes his people afraid of him. The old priest then comes to the conclusion that the people dislike as well as fear him.

The incidents leading up to his farewell in the parish were very trying to him. A murder had been committed in his vicinity, an innocent person had been accused, and a terrible chain of circumstantial evidence had been drawn around the unhappy criminal. The day of trial arrived and the case against him was overpowering. Dr. Gray felt the responsibility of determining the innocence of the prisoner and he testified in his behalf. He was released but the occurrence of the murder increased the sadness of the old priest.

Dr. Gray's niece, Anne O'Farrell from America, was living with him and she did not hesitate in telling her uncle (whom she is not the least afraid of) just what she thought about the old Irish customs.

"In America," she said, "We're above such little things. Seems to me that you here in Ireland are going to keep up the Kilkenny cats programme to the end."

It was difficult for him to understand her independence. Anne was young and was filled with all the insatiable desires and ambitions of youth. She wanted to go to a new field of adventure and attained her desires when she went abroad as professional nurse to an invalid boy ordered south to save his life.

The girl's choice in the eyes of the aged priest was contrary to the old ideas of modesty and prudence. But with all his peculiar eccentricities we love him sincerely.

His people really admired his untainted life, but stood in awe of him because his principles were too high for them to reach. To all this he was intellectually blind, as the months passed by, he became physically blind and decided to give up his position as pastor.

His last sermon is full of pathos and intense feeling.

"I can say with St. Paul, that I did not covet your gold or silver. Probably you thought I was often exacting about dues; but it wasn't for myself, but because I thought it was a duty I had to discharge. In other things, too, you thought me hard but it was the kindness of the father that seeks the welfare of his child, and puts his eternal salvation before everything else. Hence I know that I was neither loved nor liked in this parish."

His people had grown to love and esteem him all these years on account of his fidelity to the law of God, but his manner forbade their showing it. Now he was interrupted by an old woman who cried:

"You were, you were, your Reverence, but you didn't know the people, you kep' away from 'em but they loved you in their heart of hearts."

Thus, the picture of Dr. Gray left in the mind, is the "lovely old priest whose devotion through life is to law rather than to love, cherishing in his heart a passionate sympathy for the fenians of his youth."

The simplicity, humor, manners and life of the Celtic people are more distinctly portrayed in the minor characters. There is, for instance, "Dick" Duggan, a high-tempered, jealous, and unambitious rogue; he is shown his faults by the stern but kind old priest who brings out all the qualities of the man that had been latent within him so long. How simple and frank is Dick's mother with her deep respect for the "priesht" and her "God save ye". Then, there is Delane, the would-be artist, who converses with Fr. Lis-

ton, the curate, on the school of Tintoretto and is indignant that he, a student of Titian and Raffaele, should have to paint in red and ochre the cupboards of a farmer's house.

Here again the priest is the hero and as usual Canon Sheehan takes the main features of Dr. Gray from the definite original but develops it without reference to the first model. Within the story many scenes are reminiscences which harmonize with his own feelings. It contains numerous noteworthy passages and as one of his critics puts it: "they are so true and delicate in their analysis as to suggest unconscious biography." There is a marked resemblance between Canon Sheehan and Dr. Gray. Dr. Gray's devotion to law rather than to love portrays the life of Fr. Sheehan during his early pastoral years at Doneraile, just as through Fr. Letheby, in "My New Curate" he interprets many of his own personal experiences, ambitions and mistakes.

Dr. Gray had to be known before he was liked, but when at length his people found him to be their truest friend, they revealed their love for him beneath timid devotion. Just as "Daddy Dan" equals the priestly position given him so also does Dr. Gray fulfill his Christ-like mission. Thus he speaks of his work: "To do God's work, however imperfectly; to serve Ireland, however unworthily".

In "Miriam Lucas" the canon has used the novel to depict the stirring events from the ideal Irish life. It is a story of Irish life with all its superstitions. One superstition which is entwined in the whole story is the curse of Glendarragh placed on it by a mother whose son had been hanged. She kneels and prays to the Most High God that every owner of Glendarragh may die a violent death until the day of judgment. Miriam, about whom the plot centers, is a young girl and is despised by society because of some mysterious fault of her mother. In solving the problem of her own life, she also lifts the curse from Glendarragh.

Miriam says when questioned on her attitude in life:

"It is because I have reason and what is more, experience, on my side, that I have taken this strange part for a woman. Can you believe me when I tell you, that I never lay my head on my pillow but with a hope and a prayer to the Invisible that I might never wake again. Yet, what have I done? One fearful shadow is over all my

life. What it is, I know not. Men shun me for it, women treat me as a leper. If I go into a drawing room, the people gather into a corner, and leave me alone, I am an outcast. What is it all? Some secret connected with my mother that I cannot understand. The poor have never shunned me. Hence I have proclaimed with my feeble girl-voice, war against that evil thing—society and the righteous doctrine that no soul should suffer, or be made to suffer, except for its own sins."

The material from which "Miriam Lucas" is drawn is very familiar to him, from the local conditions and scenes, and at the same it affords him a chance to give his people a moral. The underlying purpose of the book is to show how Ireland is an oppressed nation, and serves as a warning against political uprisings without order and competent leadership.

These three novels are representative of Canon Sheehan's ability and his subject matter. "My New Curate" and "The Blindness of Dr. Gray" will always remain ecclesiastical classics,—the field for the priest in each is a ministry of labor and sacrifice, while "Miriam Lucas" will be the Irish life idealized. Besides these novels he has written a volume of short stories, another of poems, four of essays, one of sermons, and a drama.

In the answer to the question: is Canon Sheehan's literary work of permanent value, it suffices to say that his work draws men of every nationality. It is his broad toleration in matters of opinions and tastes, that pervades them, together with his exquisite humor so original and exclusively Celtic. No matter what judgment is formed of Canon Sheehan's writings, one can easily see from his life at Doneraile what he achieved in the betterment of home conditions. As a true shepherd of his flock, he not only labored conscientiously as a spiritual guide and pastor of souls, but he looked after their temporal interests, relieved the poor and contributed to the good of the public community.

Dr. Gray and Daddy Dan embody and reflect in one form or another the deeds of the good shepherd under all the difficulties that beset life with all their virtues, and failings in their work. Canon Sheehan through his own ministry may be said to have striven to carry out, as far as he was capable, the aims which he has drawn for us in his writings. Truly, it is said he loves best the Irish Catholic life, and of this he wrote best.

A STAR.

HELEN JOHNSON, '22.

WHEN first I saw a candle flame,
 I thought I'd like to be the same;
 It burns for God, one breath of love,—
 So, I would send my heart above.

But now my mind has changed,—by far
 Rather than candle, I would be a star
 And send to Him all night, all day,
 Light that beams love in every ray.

THE CHARM OF BEOWULF.

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

MOST of us moderns regard the typical after-dinner speech a most refined sort of persecution, to be borne only when it is unescapable. Few there are who will not pass severe sentence upon that "much-sinning one"—the long-winded speaker. Yet this was not always so. When the ancient Anglo-Saxons, for example, fought and feasted in the early centuries the post-prandial speaker was held in the very highest esteem. Not least among the possessions of those primitive people was their love for a story, and the lengthier the story the better it pleased them. Especially did they enjoy a story after a proud conquest, when the folk-king with his band of earls and his battle-famed warriors celebrated the event in the mead-hall with eating, drinking, and division of spoils. After they had done all justice to the banquet the songs of the gleeman and the lays of the minstrels were in order. Perhaps the fact that the folk of that time had nothing to read had a great deal to do with their keen interest in the ballads of the spokesmen. Yet that fact does not account for the whole difference between them and us. We should no doubt be much more tolerant of the present-day entertainer if his toasts only savored somewhat of the sanity and art which characterized the intellectual entertainment at the banquet of olden times.

We shall take for brief consideration the most national and the most important of the literary productions of the early Anglo-Saxons, the epic poem *Beowulf*, which was the favorite recitation on all occasions, and shall observe some of the intrinsic worth of matter and expression. The Geats have just erected a hall house and there

is a banquet given for the king and his host of young warriors. In keeping with invariable custom on such occasions a story is told after the banquet. It is very like the Bible story of the creation of the world. Note the simple elemental but dignified poetry of the one that "knew how to tell of man's first making of old." He said, "that the Almighty framed the world, the plain bright in beauty which the waters encircle, and, glorying in His handiwork, set the sun and moon to lighten the earth dwellers, and decked the corners of the earth with boughs and leaves, and gave life to every kind of creature that walks alone. So the warriors lived in joy and plenty, till one, a friend of hell, began to do evil. The grim demon, the fell prowler about the borders of the homes of men, who held the moors, the fens, and the fastnesses, was called Grendel. In the domain of the giant-race, Cain, the man reft of joy, dwelt for a time, after the Creator had doomed him. On his posterity the Eternal Lord took vengeance for the murder, in that he slew Abel. God took no joy in that feud, but banished him, for his deed, far from mankind. By him were the wanton ones all begotten, the eotens and elves and monsters of the deep, the giants also who strove long against God—for that He repaid them in due requital."

By the end of this story the king and the "companions of his hearth" had drunk so much they were doughty with wine and fell asleep. "Sorrow they knew not nor the evil haps of men. The baneful wight, grim and greedy, fierce and pitiless was soon alert, and took, where they rested thirty thanes." Grendel, the monster, had come and gone, exulting in this "glut of slaughter." Henceforth the war is on and the rest of the poem is concerned with the ambush made for this grisly and loathed one and of the relentless strife between him and the hero, Beowulf,

whom the poet characterizes as "strongest in might of manhood in his life's day, noble and powerful." Beowulf, who had in his hand-grip the strength of thirty, was indeed the bulwark of his people against all unfriendly folk.

The art with which the author, whoever he may have been, depicts the onset of Beowulf against Grendel is most effective in gripping the sympathetic interest of the reader. The variety and vividness of the description, the storm of emotion and the intensity of tragic feeling make it one of the finest passages in literature. There is no wasting of words. The ease and economy with which the effect is achieved is proof of how genuine is the art. The well-ordered speech with which the narrator concludes the account is well worthy of the rest of the story.

"In the morning, then, as I have heard tell, was there many a warrior about the mead-hall; from far and near the leaders of the people fared through the wide ways to see the marvel, the tragic of the foe. Grendel's life-ending seemed no matter for sorrow to any of those that scanned the way he trod after his undoing, how in the weariness of heart, worsted in the fight, hunted forth and nigh unto death, he bare himself away then in flight to the mere of the nickers. Its flood there was seething with gore, its dread coil of waters all mingled with hot blood; the deep welled with the blood of slaughter, after that, bereft of joys he laid down his life, his heathen soul, doomed to death, in his fen-shelter, where hell took him."

In words no less fitting and effective he relates the second exploit of Beowulf, with Grendel's mother, "the she-wolf of the sea-bottom, the mighty water-wife," who has come to avenge the death of her son. Herein occurs the graphic description of the home of these monsters, the gloom of which is terrifying:

"They take as theirs a country hidden away, the wolf-fells and windy nesses, perilous fen-ways, where the flood of the mountain stream goeth downward under the earth beneath the mists of the forlands. It is not far hence, measured in miles, where the mere standeth. Rime-covered thickets hang over it; a wood fast-rooted shadoweth the waters. There may a fearful marvel be seen each night, a fire in the flood. None liveth ever so wise of the children of men that knoweth the bottom. Though the rover of the heath, the stag, strong with his antlers, may seek, hunted from afar, that thick wood, he will

yield up his spirit first, his life on its brink, ere he will hide away his head within it. The place is not goodly. Thence riseth a coil of water to the clouds, when the wind stirreth up foul weather till the air groweth thick and the heavens make out-cry."

As Beowulf returns from this battle he meets the old warrior, Hrothgar, from whom he received most valuable advice as to his conduct after such a victory. Beowulf thanks the old veteran, and his words reveal his manliness. Upon his return there is merry making and great gladness throughout the kingdom in the celebration of Beowulf's exploits, his peerless courage and craft in battle. This jubilee is accounted by the author with the easiest and most unconscious art.

Beowulf lives and reigns the champion of his people for fifty years and he is duly appreciated and idolized by the people he has served so long and so valiantly. His career is concluded with another great fight, with a marauding fire-drake who has been hoarding treasures in his mountain lair. One day a wanderer happens by the enchanted cave and takes away with him a gold cup. This boldness enrages the dragon, and there follows a night of terror, revenge, and slaughter in the villages thereabouts. In a fierce encounter Beowulf slays the dragon. The big chief is overcome, afterwards by the fire and smoke in the den of the monster, and in his battered armor he falls. His last hours are spent there on the sands beside the corpse of the dragon. Word is sent to the people concerning the plight of Beowulf. He bequeathes to them the treasures which he has just wrested from the dragon. He orders his body to be buried, and a lighthouse to be built on the spot, overlooking the sea. The Spear Danes lament in deepest grief the death of their lord and most fondly celebrate the fame of their mighty warrior in highest praise.

"They praised his earlship," says the poem, "and did honor to his prowess as best they knew. It is meet that a man thus praise his leigebord in words, hold him dear in his heart, when he must forth from the body to become as a thing that is naught."

"So the Geat-folk, his hearth-comrades, grieved for their lord, said that he was a king like to none other in the world, of men the mildest and most gracious to men, the most friendly to his people and most eager to win praises."

In this concluding tribute to the dead hero we

have the characteristic qualities of this primitive poem at their best. Few heroes have been honored with a finer or more sincere obituary than that accorded this chief of the Danes in these last few lines of the epic which bears his name. It is the magnificent ending of a poem that is great in many ways. One is struck most, perhaps, by the realistic descriptions done in a manner so simple that for the moment we advert not to the consummate art of them. It is in the rare quality of artistic simplicity and directness that the literature of the Anglo-Saxons excels. From

beginning to end *Beowulf* illustrates well the completely natural, harmonious, and effective language in which they speak of life's greatness and grandeur. They had that highest power of setting even the most familiar things of life in words that delight the mind, of giving a charm to the commonplace. They give to every thought its most apt expression and to every feeling a force that cannot fail to affect the reader. Well might we moderns, with our artificiality, borrow of them some of their elemental thought and vital naturalness.

FROST FRESCOES.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

BREATH of the night,
Silver and white
On my window-pane at dawn,
Born while the earth dreams,
Fretted by moonbeams:—
At a glance of the sun you are gone!

THE GAELIC FAIRY-STORY.

CLARA SE LEGUE, '21.

THE short story as it arises from the imagination of a primitive people is interesting as a study. When it derives its origin from a race which, even in its infancy, excelled in richness of fancy and beauty of thought, the short story has a charm of its own. The old Irish fairy and folk tales are unspoiled by interpolation; though they are primitive in form, they display an inventiveness and a power of sustained narrative which are surprising.

There are a few stories, obtained in the original Gaelic from the peasants of Connach by Dr. Douglas Hyde, which compare in antiquity with the earliest French contes. Dr. Hyde has translated these as literally as possible, though he says, no two languages could be more unlike than Gaelic and English.

The story of "The King of the Black Desert," one of this group, was narrated to him by one Lawrence O'Flynn, a native of Connacht. It is merely a good fairy tale, neither above nor below the average, and truly typical of its class. The beginning is traditional. "When O'Conar was king over Ireland, he was living in Rath-

scraghan in Connacht." It is the adventures of the King's son with a little wizard man, the King of the Black Desert, that occupy the narrative. The little wizard, it seems, was not averse to a game of chance, being truly Irish; nor was the King's son, being of the same race. So the two played at cards. The King's son won continually at first, and the little man, according to the bargain, did whatsoever he asked. But alas! the day came when the King's son lost and the enchantment would be upon him unless he could find the King's fairy dwelling in the Black Desert. This was a thing no man had ever yet done, but with his native luck, and the assistance of weird friends, the King's son not only found the place, but fell in love with the little wizard's youngest daughter, Finmeala. This beautiful maiden guided him through all trials and then they lived happy, presumably, ever after.

"Cairnin of the Furze," with appropriate details, ushers in that little man so sought in the hills of Ireland—the leprechaun. Belief in dreams is also emphasized; the little Cairnin must dream the same thing three nights in succession to bring it to realization. The story abounds in comedy, and has a happy ending, in that Cairnin finds a pot of gold left by the little wizard man.

The legend of Paudyeen O'Keerahun, the giant, son of Patrick and Nuala, is the most characteristic of the group. Paudyeen, named after his father, "little Patrick," did not live up to his name; for he was the tallest and strongest man in many counties. He is a delightful Irish character, delighting by his innocent boast of prowess as by his undeserved generosity. He took service with the king of a neighboring province, and performed for him all manner of arduous tasks. The Dall Glic, a cunning blind man who was the king's adviser, plotted against Paudyeen's life, but the giant always got the better of him. Once the king told him to bring up from hell his brother, who was to be distinguished by having a very long front tooth. Paudyeen serenely descended to the accursed regions, and brought back with him forty men answering to the description of the king's brother. Eventually Paudyeen, joyous as ever, returned to his native county, bearing in his pockets most of the king's treasury as wages, and lived in great state thereafter.

There are many more of these tales, some in old Gaelic, some in modern, all of them bear one thing in common—the stamp of the unmistakable Irish fancy and wit. They are not complete, but convincing in their simplicity. Through the medium of these errant myths we have the life of the whole people brought before us; we see the crowds throng the market place on fair-day; we see the mystic abodes of the Little People in the forests, we hear the chime of fairy bells about the most unpretentious cottages of peasants; and best of all, we see how rich they may be in the treasures of fancy who are accounted by the world to be poor.

A SNOWFLAKE.

ELIZABETH MAHONEY, '21.

A SNOWFLAKE, I,
To curl, low, tossed high,
To set land and sky,
To float and fly
To earth.

To point, white,
A wind-winged flight
I've made from height
Of heaven bright,
To earth.

MY NEPHEW ELMER.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

HANK Roberts, being a simple minded man, had cast on his son the plebian name of Elmer. Elmer's mother, however, was not to be daunted in the high hopes she had for him and, so that his name should befit his future greatness had added Wellington. Thus, we have E. Wellington Robert, fat, fussy, and fifty, dozing before the wide hearth of his comfortable library. The bright rays from it showed the room to be unusually large and luxuriantly furnished, well suited to prosperous Mr. Roberts whose shiny bald crown could just be seen over the back of his lounging chair, almost lost from view in clouds of fragrant smoke.

Suddenly the peaceful quiet was marred by the loud jangle of the door bell. E. Wellington was on his feet with a startled jerk and hurried to the door as fast as his two hundred and fifty avoirdupois would let him.

"Telegram, sign here, Mister," announced a carrotty headed messenger boy. A few minutes later we find poor Mr. Roberts staring blankly at the message in his hand—"Am sending your nephew as ordered—can expect him on N. Y. Central at 11:10—M. Abblen," he read slowly aloud. "Now wouldn't that stagger a person! A nephew—why that couldn't be for I've neither seen nor heard of the family in thirty years. At any rate it says 'as ordered' and goodness knows I've ordered no nephew, so it's not my affair," he mused as he subsided again into his chair. Ten minutes later he suddenly jerked out his watch. "Wonder who'll be there to meet the young chap—it'll be rough on him to be adrift this time of night alone. Maybe I'd best go and meet him—feel like a little excitement anyway and tomorrow we can find his relatives." So saying he rang for Ling Foo and then remembering that his slant-eyed man of all work was out for the evening hurriedly called for a taxi and donning his overcoat and hat set forth in quest of his nephew.

The station was rather deserted and the people occupying the rows of benches looked pale and fagged out. However, E. Wellington as he chose to be called, did not have long to wait and as he stood watching the crowd hurry in, his mild blue eyes searched attentively for a long-legged youth that might be in search of an uncle. As the crowd thinned out, he was about to turn

away; when a tired wrathful-eyed individual wearing a wide "willow" plumed hat and carrying a rather dirty little boy about one year old while a little girl not so much older tagged behind, accosted him thus, "Are you lookin' fur yer nephew? Well, here he is!"

"Why, why," stammered E. Wellington aghast as she all but threw the baby into his unwilling arms, "not this kind."

"I thought 'twould be a woman, but you seem to be the only person waitin' fur anything. Yer name's Roberts, ain't it—his't is too—Elmer Roberts—he's a chore, too. I'd never do a thing like this again fur any money—nuthin' could persuade me to, even if I did feel sorry fur the kid—well, goo'-by—hope your wife's a strong woman, she'll need to be." With this explosive speech she grabbed what must have been her own child by the arm and fairly hurdled her way through the remaining passengers.

If E. Wellington had not been quite so fat or his "nephew" quite so wiggly an infant he most certainly would have run right after her. As it was, he took a few hurried steps in that direction and then stopped dead in his tracks with amazement as little Elmer let forth a lusty howl, beating a tattoo against his would-be-uncle's breast in accompaniment. E. Wellington looked wild about in search of help but almost everyone had left. The howls increased in volume! and in desperation he seized the shrieking infant violently and rushed out in search of a taxi. Once within its dark confines he breathed a sigh of relief and deposited the now somewhat subsided infant on the seat beside him.

"Gosh, what'll I do now?" exclaimed "Uncle" Elmer, mopping his brow. "Guess I'll have to keep you till morning at any rate. Too late to put you anywhere tonight. Named Elmer! Such a name—no wonder you yell—you should be ashamed of yourself." With this the one-sided conversation was brought to a close by the abrupt halt of the taxi, and then the wailing began once more. Hurriedly he paid the driver, clambered on the elevator and was soon fumbling for a latch key when Ling Foo opened the door.

"Here, do something with this," exclaimed E. Wellington as he thrust the protesting infant into Ling's astonished face.

Now E. Wellington Roberts was inclined to be fussy and there were limits to his good nature so when a half hour later little Elmer yelled as lustily as ever, he grew desperate. Ling Foo's yellow face was shiny with exertion. He had offered

everything in the room including a few of the "bosses" best cigars to the child without avail. Elmer simply sat on the fur rug before the fireplace, opened his mouth and gave forth the most nerve-racking sounds that reverberated throughout the whole childless apartment, or so it seemed to the two horror-stricken men.

"Do you suppose he'd stop if we'd go taxi riding?" questioned the newly made uncle of the newly elected nurse.

Just then a knock sounded at the door and Ling Foo sprang to open it. "Can I do anything to help you?" inquired a pleasant feminine voice. "You see I heard you come in so, though it seems an intrusion, why I couldn't resist offering to help," she finished lamely.

"Madam, clome light in," encouraged Ling, bowing his lowest.

Shortly afterward Elmer cuddled in the arms of a pretty woman whose hair shone in the firelight, and now and then chuckled knowingly to himself. E. Wellington and Ling Foo stood back and marveled at this wonder-worker.

"You know I am expecting a nephew myself one of these days—my brother died in Colorado a few weeks ago and they are sending his little son to me. He must be about this kiddie's age," explained the wonder.

"Say," exclaimed E. Wellington, a great light breaking over his countenance. "Maybe it's you he belongs to—would you mind telling your name?"

"Why, no; my name is Elvira Roberts and I live next door," she answered.

"Then he must be yours—there was a mistake in the telegram and my initials are E. W. He's your nephew, he was just wished on me at the depot."

"My nephew! Mistake in telegram," exclaimed Miss Roberts. "Let me see it. Why, sure enough; Mr. Abblin directed my brother's affairs. I certainly am glad he is safe and I'll relieve you of him this instant." So saying she gathered up her nephew and prepared to depart.

"Thank you so much," exclaimed Aunt Elvira, gazing at E. Wellington. "Tell the gentleman nighty-night, Elmer, dear," she continued and so hurried from the apartment.

Ling Foo and his "boss" exchanged relieved glances but crafty old Ling, standing in the shadows observed that E. Wellington gazed long and soulfully at the dying fire and rubbing his hands together, the Chinaman murmured to himself, "Mebbe *he* be Uncle Elmer slum day!"

THE PRESENTATION.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

THE sunlight plays on marble floor,
 The temple glows in radiant light;
 She kneels, in silent ecstasy,
 With parted lips, eyes, sweetly bright.

Her arms a burden, loved, enfold,
 A child, in offering, she brings;
 Her downcast eyes grow sorrowful,
 And, far above, an angel sings.

OUR AUDIENCES.

AMELIA SCHLECHT, '22.

THE hope of ever reviving the drama to something of worth again was almost despaired of in the eighteenth century. It had reached its climax in Shakespeare and had gradually dwindled down in the beginning of the century until it retained only a semblance of itself. During the last years of the century the drama was almost entirely supplanted by the new form of amusement, the novel. With the success of Sir Walter Scott came the fever of the literary world to abandon the stage and to write the ever increasing popular fiction. The English mind had tired of the frivolous unreal stage and wanted something to hold its interest. To read a drama became a thing of the past; it required a little effort to transport oneself from the mere reading to actually visualizing the play as it was acted, whereas the novel expanded the situations and instances so vividly and in such detail that it required only the attention. So the busy money makers gave their support to the novel and actors were afraid to start something new, keeping to the plays that had gained favor and trying no new forms.

In studying the drama one fundamental influence stands out very prominently, namely, that of the theater itself. The primitive Greek plays were acted in the market place, and the spectators sat on temporary benches; later a space was leveled at the foot of the Acropolis and the spectators grouped themselves in tiers above the flat space of the orchestra rising high on the mountain. There was no scenery and no elevated stage. The Romans took the model Greek stage for their own but modified it to suit their taste. The benches were put in the orchestra itself and the stage elevated so that actors could be seen by

all. Later came the pageants with their stage on a float; the acting was not done on the float all the time but in the street itself. The platform had no scenery and represented any needed place—one side of the stage representing France, the other England, if need be. Then under the Tudors came a group of actors whose purpose was to amuse the great nobles. After they were forbidden the right of playing in London, undaunted they left the city and planned to build a theater of their own. As they had no plan by which to go, knowing little of the stages of other countries, but in view of the advantages of the courtyard inn, they erected an open rectangle with galleries rising upon all sides; hence, the playhouse was built after the model of the English Inn. The French had invented rude scene painting and a drop curtain and had the entire building enclosed and lighted by candle light. The courtyard stage, the stage Shakespeare wrote for had no drop curtain, was uncovered, and the only light was sunlight.

All this had its effect on the playwright. The situation of his plot and its development unaided by scenery had to be strong enough to make the audience perceive its worth. Brander Matthews says in his "Study of the Drama," "Hamlet would move the majority of the spectators if it should be acted before inmates of a deaf and dumb asylum." Haigh says of the closing of Shakespeare's scenes, "The calm and tranquil manner in which the scenes were brought to a close originated in the casual circumstances that the old English stage had no drop scene; the successive portions of a play were terminated not by a curtain but by the actor's walking off the stage; and for this reason it was impossible to finish up with a climax, as is now the invariable custom." Later the stage was lighted with candles and lamps and the drop curtain intro-

duced; though the result was a great improvement the lighting was most inadequate. This gave rise to the stage's curving out into the audience,—the space between the bow of footlights and the curtain being known as the "apron." All the best acting was done on a portion of the "apron" where the light could best play upon the features of the actor. This nearness to the audience gave rise to long soliloquies. Finally with the coming of the gas, limelight and electric light, the "apron" was taken off and today we have the twentieth century picture frame stage. The reform has spread rapidly into all the countries and the playwright of today the world over writes for the picture frame stage.

The revival of the drama also depends to a great extent upon the actor. The real actor wants action and character; the making of the play depends upon the actor as he makes or un-makes the character he is impersonating. All the great playwrights have written their dramas for one special actor,—even Socrates is recorded as writing for the great actors of his time. As is also the case with Shakespeare. And Ros-tand's great "*Cyrano de Bergarac*" with its many sided aspects, was composed for the great Co-quelin, who had played in every form of drama and whose range of impersonation was so extraordinary.

The last great influence is the audience. The play because it appeals to the crowd must appeal to it as a whole and also to the commonplace things that interest as a whole. M. Le Bons says, "The dramatist, because he writes for a crowd writes for an uncivilized and uncultivated mind,—a mind richly human, vehement in approbation, violent in disapproval, easily credulous, largely enthusiastic, boyishly heroic, carelessly thinking."

But the effect of the play depends upon the individual self; one spectator wants action, another emotion and another will be looking for character development. At the present the success of a play may even depend upon the stage decorations. The effect of the lighting system has brought a vividness that stays with one for years. A case in point is the sand storm in the "*Garden of Allah*," a most real storm by the use of electric lights. The great stride in perspective scene painting transports us to the scene of action, and with its coming the purely descriptive parts of the drama have taken their leave with the old stage.

Generally the individual goes to the play

to relax from the day's strenuous duties. The author is impressing his personality upon this spectator who is not generally directly conscious of the principles that he is imbibing. In this lies the great power of the stage that must be reckoned with.

With the Industrial Revolution came Individualism. Whatever way the individual saw that he could best better himself and be true to himself, that was the right way for him and he should be allowed to pursue his way, regardless of his duties to others. The playwrights, catching the trend of thought, skillfully made their plots, and the "careless thinking" audience scarcely knew that it was calmly witnessing attacks upon principles that it held or should hold most high. The marriage vow, the family, religion, all were attacked. Wealth getting and wealth using was the great predominate passion.

The playwrights are true to life, yes, but to unadorned realism that has taken the worst in life and made it scorn or laugh lightly at the foggy idea of obeying other than self. We come away excusing the bad and with the important idea that we are masters of our destiny, without being really conscious that we are so doing.

It was in the latter part of the nineteenth century that the drama began to revive and with the waning of the novel has come the great rush of so-called dramatic writers. As every writer wanted a little in the field of the novel in the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century so later each was trying his pen at the drama.

The changes are wakening the audiences and now they are demanding better plays in every way. The people are demanding to go below the surface and bring up the noble, clean, uplifting life that will show the value of sacrifice for an ideal, that will help the growing nation to see the right and follow the highest ideals. The actors are helping in this great movement: "fewer and better plays" is the resolution they have adopted for the new year. However, the greatest influence will be the audience itself. If it insists on the best, the authors will have to give the best or go out of business. It needs be that the people shall be on their guard, because the great danger is that we do not know we are poisoned until too late. Therefore, with the co-operation of our audiences we will, we must have improved plays which, contrary to the wrong philosophy shall radiate right standards and principles.

TO ST. VALENTINE.

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

ST. VALENTINE of Fernie, patron saint,
Today, I come with my petition, true,
I never sought your aid before, Saints Jude
And Rita hear my urging prayers to sue

For quick release from troublous fears. And now
I pray, Saint Valentine, when you are kneeling there
Before our Mother's throne, you say, "A maid
Is truly glad that you have red-brown hair."

FOR -----

MARGUERITE CUMMINS, '22.

CURTAIN the west with a burning gold,
Scarlet and blue with its flames combine,
Draping the path of the winter sun,
Building a throne for my Valentine.

FOR GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

DEAR Grandma, for your birthday wish,
I cannot dress my thoughts in verses fine,
So please just take my loving heart
And let me be your Valentine.

TO MY VALENTINE.

KATHLEEN SULLIVAN, '21.

A LITTLE valentine, I send,
A greeting fond and true,
To say that in my steadfast heart,
I never have forgotten you.

A MESSAGE OF LOVE.

BURDINE TOBIN, '21.

I SEND my love to you,
It's on this valentine,
And may you think of me
In this small gift of mine.

There is so much for you
If it were sent by weight,
I know without a doubt
That it would go by freight.

TO MY VALENTINE.

FLORENCE DOLAN, '22.

I SEND this tiny verse
In hopes that you will see
I love you just an awful lot
And wish that you'd love me.

I'm just a little boy, but still
That is no reason why
You can't love me like I love you—
But, anyway, just try.

A PRAYER.

HELEN DELANEY, '22.

JUST like the candles glowing night and day,
 Giving their lives to Thee, their King,
 Dear God, let love so fill my heart,
 That of Thy praises it may sing.

THE FABLE.

MARIE GUEDELHOEFER, '21.

THE fable idea was predominant before Chaucer's time and survived it. A fable may be defined as a "narrative of fictitious events concerning beasts or animals told expressly for the purpose of conveying a moral lesson." In earliest times the name was synonymous with "myth," but this confusion ceased with deeper literary insight into the mental conditions of primitive man. The fable is perhaps both the least and the greatest among didactic stories. It is a narrative so great and so useful in its narrow range that it necessarily was invented early in the history of literature. It may be considered a reflective spirit united to and working upon the stories of beasts common to nearly all savages. The fable differs from the apologue in this, that the animals take the parts assigned to men and thus the humor and strength of the moral is much increased. The fable is sometimes considered as the argument among the literary types of exemplary stories. It has a very limited range with but a few real plots and an enormous repetition of the best ones.

The best fables were handed down to us chiefly from three sources. One was through the many version of the so-called Romulus, a prose rendering in Latin of the verse fables written in the first century by Phœdrus. Another is by the famous Avian who put into prose, the fables of the

Greek Babrios of the third century. The third was the collection of the Eastern stories which later reached the West. Nearly all these seemed to have a common origin. The English fables were very poor literature and need only to be mentioned, in order to make clear an intermediary step the development of the short story. Before the Norman Conquest, we have no record of any fable manuscripts in English literature. But after the Conquest, England succeeded in cultivating the fable. Some of the very best were written by Marie of France, who took most of her stories from an English translation made by "Alurez le Roi." Besides these special collections of the fable, the best and most original examples are to be found in the works of the preacher, the moralist, and also the historian. Sometimes, they were used in sermons as examples, sometimes they were independent stories edifying in themselves, and often they had the character of parables.

Among the most recent fables are those of Hans Christian Anderson and the examples of the Russian Krilof. Save for the work of Lowell in America and of Twaine in France the fable would seem to be lost to modern literature. Rostand and Maeterlink have made some attempt to revise the fable, with a view merely to the artistic morals embodied in it.

MEMORIES.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

THE day is a book,
 Dawn and sunset the covers,
 On each hourly page
 Some dear memory hovers.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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FEBRUARY, 1920

ST. MARY'S AND THE CENSUS.

Since that far-off time when Moses originated the fashion by the numbering of the tribes, we have followed the example of our Bible ancestors, and have continued to take census at various intervals. As 1920 marks another reckoning-up time, it is only natural that the spirit of "censusing" should spread to other fields of activity. Certainly it has reached St. Mary's.

While Uncle Sam is busy numbering the heads of his children, others none the less diligent although less conspicuous are following his example elsewhere. From the troubled graduate, worriedly consulting her "hours" necessary for a diploma in June, to the carefree freshman doing impossible calculations in hours and minutes which must elapse before the next vacation, the tendency to count up something is ever present. No sooner are examinations painstakingly added up and laid away than fresh activities commence. The new semester brings forth in the classroom lists of required work for the coming months, whose sum total threatens nervous debilitation for any conscience-burdened student. According to some, an expert accountant would be busily occupied if he tried to determine the number of theme arrangements in the official notebook.

Apparently the fever is raging here as elsewhere, but as all afflictions must end, perhaps St. Mary's epidemic of census-taking will also cease when it has been sufficiently doctored.

FEBRUARY 14—THE DAY OF LOVE.

St. Valentine is the saint of kindness, of good will, and of love; and his feast, February 14, is by long custom, the occasion of sending love messages to friends and dear ones. It is a day to observe in an especial manner that sweet command, "Love one another."

Is there not a peculiar significance, then, in the fact that the first draft of the League of Nations covenant was read to the Paris conference and given to the world by President Wilson, on the 14th of February, a year ago? We wonder if it was merely a chance coincidence!

Though there is much disputing going on now as to whether the League, if entered into, would promote peace or war, it is certain that it avows itself to be the beginning of a new and blessed order in which love and brotherhood and goodwill among the nations are to take the place of war. And it surely ought not to be alleged that the men of responsibility who conceived, constructed and now recommend the League of Nations as an instrument to promote love and cooperation, as they profess have, in reality, secretly, subtly, and knowingly planned entanglements to engender hate. So, although all do not agree as to the wisdom of its provisions or its potentiality for practical success, it ought to be cause for rejoicing that the principle of love itself has received this much recognition, and that a great effort is being made to apply it, in the large, as between nations as well as individuals, and we ought to pray on St. Valentine's day that the God of Love will direct us the way to universal love, according to His will.

ON HOLDING YOUR TONGUE.

In these days of freedom of speech, the old maxim, hold your tongue, is buried in the attic under the cut-glass wine service, the sofa-doilies and the wooly bear-skin rugs. It is out of fashion. To be modern we must talk incessantly and excitedly about pet "peave" whether it be the high cost of eggs, the telephone service, the ability of our home senator, profiteers, or the League of Nations.

We are becoming a nation of scolds. Poor old Xantippe had a terrible reputation that made her infamous the world over. Yet, such is the rate of progress in this world, that had Xantippe lived today instead of yesterday, she would have passed unnoticed in the atmosphere charged with the rancorous scolding and trouble making of the inimitable Emma Goldman and her friends.

But now, our sage old Congress, harrassed and goaded beyond endurance, has rallied around the standard of true Liberty and declared that there are limits to freedom of speech as well as action. The favorite national indoor sport is to be cen-

sored. Congress isn't afraid of being old-fashioned when national honor is at stake. It has frowned through its spectacles and snapped, "You querulous, fussy children, hold your tongues!"

WORRY.

Worry has spoiled more digestions than doughnuts and ruined more dispositions than nagging. It is the black sheep of the thought family and like all ne'er-do-wells needs most of all to be under strict discipline. Examination time is a good

season at which to preach this doctrine to students, for it is then that most of them have the greatest need of it. When work piles up until there seems to be no end of it it is a good plan to make the pile very neat and orderly, take a little off the top and then run away from the rest of it until that bit is finished. Worry never helped get any work done because by it more time and energy are wasted than would be needed to eliminate the cause of our worry. To show that we have well-trained, well-balanced minds we should exclude worry from its activities.

OUT OF MANY MINDS.

SOME CURRENT MAGAZINE POEMS.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

When we consider current poetry we must also consider its new forms. In doing so, we cannot overlook expositions of free verse. One conspicuous example is Amy Lowell's "Confession of A Cuckoo to a Passion Flower," which appeared in the *Bookman* for December. It is odd. Its theme is unusual, tiresome, and not especially poetic. Nothing but the weird jangle of free verse could let it pass for poetry, at all. What its object is, I cannot understand; nor can I attempt analysis. It is not successful in establishing any impression, in either leaving a weird effect or its opposite. It merely rambles on, endlessly. Yet the *Bookman* gave it a space of seven pages!

In the same magazine is an eight-line poem in a time-proven meter. Technically perfect, poetically complete, "Transformation," by Charles L. O'Donnell, reaches the height of intense dramatic concentration, and stands contradictory to whatever of art there may be in Cuckoo "Confession." Its expression is delicacy, almost fragility, crystalized. The thought is resonant with a pealing tone of deep, religious,—Christian meditation. Yet, it is simply in a spirit of the Greater Love which makes every word linger in the reader's mind until it becomes a part of him.

Another illustration of the strength in thought compression is a real poem in four lines, "Inviolate," by Ruth Lambert Jones, in *Bookman* for January. It is thoughtful, but not exactly serious. The idea is so wholesome, so cheering, and glad, that we welcome it, because it did not

need to go into the underground path of pessimism to attract attention. It is one new poem that dares to cherish "The hope of shining hours to be." If there were more poems like "Inviolate" ours would be less often called an age of materialism. Poets would then teach the joys of living, not the tediousness, the monotony of existence.

As current poetry is not complete without occasional free verse, so it must have a lyric. In the *Literary Digest* of January 17th was given the poem "Song" by the young English poet, Charlotte Mew. It is a lyric in style, thought, and of course, tone. Its buoyant spirit sings this "Song" and makes its music laugh with the sheer joy of love and loving, youth and romance, but because of its Epicurean carelessness, and in spite of it, the music moderates into a minor key with "Love is not always here."

It is a new poem of a new poet, but, of itself, it is as old as poetry, and people.

One of the recent poems which I like especially, is "Archibald's Example," by Edwin Arlington Robinson in *Atlantic Monthly* for January. Few poets would attempt to use such a unique subject as Archibald; still fewer could use it as successfully as Mr. Robinson did. His special gift, that of dramatic intensity has served him well. He who is a philanthropist and a naturalist in combination may disagree with Archibald, and condemn him as a Darwinian advocate for the "suicide of the weakest." But he cannot deny that the poem is an achievement, one of the achievements in current poetry. Archibald lives. We hope he will talk to us again.

VERONICA McCABE, '22.

The following poems, all of which have appeared recently in the *Literary Digest*, paint for us varied pictures of the out-of-doors.

In "After War," by Nina Murdock, the charming sights and sounds which come with early spring, are represented as displeasing to the one who waits in vain for the creak of the gate and the cheery whistling which used to mark these days.

But in "The Old Road," by John Jerome Rooney, an author who is in a more cheerful mood, sings the praises of the narrow old road which passed by his mother's home. Though bordered only by "zigzag fences" and "chestnut trees" and disagreeable because it is dusty in Summer and muddy in Spring, he loves it more than any other.

Passing from the daytime scenes, we have "Montana Night," by Elliott C. Lincoln. Below the black, star-studded sky, there is heard from the world of shadows the gentle call of the night birds, the soft rush of the breezes and the occasional bark of a dog. By the light from an isolated cabin, we may see the shadowy forms of cattle in the pasture. The effect of it all is quite soothing.

Looking up into the sky, we see the "Stars," which W. J. Turner describes for us. From dusk till dawn, they seem to him to sing. Their strange gaze communicates their melody to him also. They are the gems of the rivers until dawn puts them to flight.

Changing to another season, we have "Woolton Hill in Winter," by Sylvia Lyn. The powerful North winds bend the trees low with their weight of snow. As the fury of the gale subsides, they straighten again. But the winds come on again like an "old song" or "like my thoughts when I'm alone."

Since each author has chosen a different subject, we have before us quite a panorama of Nature. Their pictures have been painted vividly and the effect is pleasing.

* * * *

ELLEN LOUISE LEESSON, '21

The current poetry for the month of January is characterized by being reflective and individual. Edwin Arlington Robinson is a favored poet as he is recognized by *The Literary Digest* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. He has distinctive poetic gift, his poems are of varied subjects, and are all

marked by his strong individuality of thought and expression.

In *The Digest*, his "Twilight Song" is a merry lyrical verse, made very musical by the repetition of words and the rhyme scheme. The first and third and the tenth and twelfth verse endings of each of the four stanzas have the same rhyme.

"Benwick Finzer," also in *The Digest*, has always been known to us as type, but through the medium of Mr. Robinson's excellent vision we get to know Benwick Finzer as an individual.

Mr. Robinson's poem, "Archibald's Example," in *The Atlantic Monthly* is most reflective and typifies certain men of today. Old Archibald's vision of the beautiful sunset was spoiled by trees, so he ordered the trees cut down.

"Trees, yes; but not a service or a joy

To God or man, for they are thieves of light."

Then the old philosopher added:

"Trees are like men, sometimes; and that being so,
So much for that."

A poem called "Stafford's Cabin" in *The Digest* is a story of an old deserted house, and it seems a co-incidence that Mr. Robinson should use a character such as Old Archibald again.

From *The Atlantic Monthly*, there is a poem called "The Unconquered," by Amory Hale. It is a reflective and serious poem; and leaves with us the idea that no matter what we do, that earthly action must be reflected, and we must think of death and the great joy or punishment of the eternity to follow our life. It emphasizes the truth that we are responsible for each earthly action.

* * * *

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

The majority of the poems in the current magazines of the month fittingly express the spirit of the season. They are all exquisite in theme with a tone of underlying hope, and are worth more than a casual reading.

In the *Century* I found a delightful little poem by Robert Nichols, entitled "Song and Soul." Its charming simplicity is the result of Mr. Nichols' quiet, contemplative moods. The poet compares the eager flight of the lark, that,

"Singing, takes the steep,
Nor to sing need halt."

to the wayward stubborn flight of a soul, even though

"Thine be the miracle,
Both to climb and sing."

Another poem, in the *Bookman*, "Inviolable,"

by Ruth Lambert Jones, though only four lines, is prettily optimistic in the remembrance of shining hours gone by and the hope of their revival.

"Transformation," written by Reverend O'Donnell, also from the *Bookman* is, perhaps, the most sincere poem of my selection. It touches a joyous note in the heart of its readers. I think that the "spirit of Love, whose bare feet bled with cold," will sometime find admittance at everyone's "sullen door."

"The Mystery," published in *Scribners*, depicts genuine feeling and pathos remarkably well. The poet, Tertius Van Dyke, has chosen the old story of ambition, failure and the loss of youth and hope in the struggle, but has made it original in the rediscovery of innocence.

There is a poem in *Harpers* that, though outside of the ranks of the poems mentioned above, I selected because of its dashing vigor. It is, "A Villanelle of Life and Death," by Hesper Le Gallien. There is an air of haste and impatience throughout. The first stanza,

"Come! taste of life before it is too late
And twilight shadows creep across the skies,
For Death is waiting at the western gate."

suggests the remaining lines. It is, perhaps, too worldly, too epicurean, yet it presents the prevailing philosophy of modern life.

* * * *

BEATRICE REA, '21.

This month of sleet and snow brings with it a wealth of strong, hopeful verse, and some that blossoms into real poetry.

Symbolic of the embryo life of spring; and appreciative of the eternal beauty of youth, is "The Florist Shop," by Charles Brookett, which appeared in *The Century*. Robert Nichol's, "Song and Soul" is a comparison of the soaring lark to the infinitely greater flights of the soul, that "despite weak wing," may fly far, far beyond the heights of the singing-bird.

The latest copy of *The Bookman* includes several delightful verses. Richard La Gallienne's poem, "On Rereading La Motre D'Arthur" contains some fine lines; and also, it expresses his deep love for those beautiful old English legends in poetry and prose—for the ballads and early tales; and for the greater works in English Literature that have their foundations in these earlier forms.

In the perfect little four-line stanza "Inviolat" by Ruth Lambert Jones are enclosed the eternal

magnitudes of treasure, memory and hope; even as the tiniest blade of grass manifests the wonder of God in "His Nature."

A lovely, fanciful poem, is William Rose Benet's dedication to Henry J. Ford. It seems as if this little verse echoes all the loving voices of the children whose dreams led through wonderful fairylands, at the stroke of this wizard, "artist and artisan of miracles."

The customary Recital given by the Ensemble Class is an honor eagerly anticipated by the students of St. Mary's Conservatory of Music. On that occasion Professor Richard Seidel, Critic of the department, assists, shall we say "plays second fiddle," and it means something to a would-be artist to play with, or even more to accompany, such a master. On Jan. 22 the class presented the following program:

Trio in G Major.....	Haydn
Violin—	Professor Seidel.
Cello—	A. Schlecht.
Piano—	M. Purman.
Warum	Schumann
	R. Kramer.
The Virgin's Last Slumber	Massenet
Violins—	C. Blanco, G. Broussard, C. Burke, L. Gleason, M. B. VanHeuvel, H. Campbell, M. Keown, W. Hart, M. Kahl, Z. Nutter, M. Ward, H. Brazzill, Professor Seidel.
Pianos—	H. Weinrich, G. Hamelius.
Rondo	Schubert
Violin—	Professor Seidel.
Piano—	N. L. Holt.
Kamennoi Ostrow	Rubinstein
	B. O'Melia.
Landler	Langer
The Mill	Gillet
	String Orchestra.
	Piano—M. Purman.
Allegretto poco mosso	Franck
Violin—	Professor Seidel.
Piano—	E. Broussard.

GLEANINGS.

—Semester examinations were held during the week of Jan. 24-31, which accounts for the expression of great relief visible on many a countenance.

—A "Fashionable Old Maids'" party, given by the college department on the evening of Jan. 20, was the occasion of much laughter and gaiety. As

hostesses, the Juniors led the grand march, with senior companions. A prize for the best costume was awarded to Noreen Riley of Iowa. Artists' orchestra furnished the music.

—On the morning of Jan. 30, the films of "Evangeline" were shown in St. Angela's Hall, and on Feb. 11, the students enjoyed Marguerite Clark in "A Girl Named Mary."

—A Vocal Recital on Jan. 24, by Mrs. Sybil Comer, Soprano, was enthusiastically enjoyed. The numbers on the charming program were enhanced by the singer's delightful personality.

In a few "Scenes of Reel Life," Jan. 17, the Third Acs gave the solution of many mysteries that have been puzzling the students of late. Talent and inventiveness were evidenced on the occasion.

—The Junior class entertained on Feb. 1 in honor of the four members,—Nellie Lee Holt, Mary Louise Lennon, Ruth Foster and Dorothy Hackett, who celebrated their 18th (?) birthday on that date.

—Dr. Maurice DeWulf of Louvain University spoke to the students on Feb. 2. His lecture, on "Manuscripts of the 13th Century," was very enlightening. Dr. DeWulf has written several books on Scholastic Philosophy.

—During the month, St. Mary's sent blessing and congratulations in response to the marriage announcements of Mary Ann Whalen to Mr. Thomas Hugh Hearn, Los Angeles, Cal.; Frances Geraldine Fleming to Mr. William S. O'Rourke, jr., Fort Wayne, Ind., and Helen Armstrong to Mr. John J. Mahony, jr., Ensley, Alabama.

On Feb. 5 the students of St. Mary's enjoyed a musical treat,—a Harp Recital by Edythe Marmion Brosius. The program, varied as it was interesting, showed great musical intelligence, depth of feeling in the soft and melodious numbers, as well as contrasting strength, technique and precision in the more brilliant compositions. The artist's charming stage-presence together with her genius as a musician have made Washington proud of her and the entire musical world very glad of her.

"Is it a miracle?" The noon hour seems to have been lengthened into two. "No, only, the Post Office equipment has been installed on the second floor of the college which adds the luxury of a Private Mail Box."

—St. Mary's Glee Club is doing excellent practice-work, and will begin its regular stage performances in the near future. Former members and new ones as well, are happy to have Estelle Broussard as accompanist. Officers of the Glee Club are: President, Florence Guthrie; Vice-President, Dorothy Ryno; Librarian, Ethel Burkhartsmeier.

—On Jan. 21, the Academics entertained at a "Children's Party" in St. Angela's Hall. A variety of costumes from "Topsy" with her numerous pigtailed, to the famous bicycle girls commended the artistic ability of the participants.

—Several Academic and Collegiate classes have organized Basketball teams. Much excitement! The season opened with an inter-department game played by the Fourth Acs and the Freshmen, with a score of 13 to 9 in favor of the collegiates.

—A novena of Holy Hours which closed on the First Friday, was made in thanksgiving for preservation from any grave illness during the recent epidemic.

—Among the guest-list for the month are the names of Mrs. Marie Butler-Faulkner, the Misses Marguerite Cowan and Eileen Sullivan.

—At the "Week End Party," including an inimitable Minstrel performance, on Feb. 10, the Sophomores netted a neat sum for the Bengal Missionary Fund.

—A basketball game is scheduled for Feb. 20, to be played by the Junior and Freshman classes. Enthusiastic fans are busy with conjectures as to the victors, to say nothing of a "walk-over" score. (?) On the same date, the Preparatories and First Academics will contest for athletic honors.

—"The Desire of Nations," a reading by Robert Benson Hewetson, Dec. 7, was omitted, unintentionally, from the announcements in the January issue of the CHIMES. The play was Mr. Hewetson's poetic composition, and it proved a fitting prelude to the religious celebration of the season.

—St. Mary's offers sincere sympathy to the bereaved relatives of Mr. Edwin P. Hammond, Mrs. Augusta Hogan-Murphy, Mr. E. J. Kelly, Mrs. John Gibbons, Mrs. Mary Ryan-Rigney, Mary Gonzales, and Edward W. Madden.

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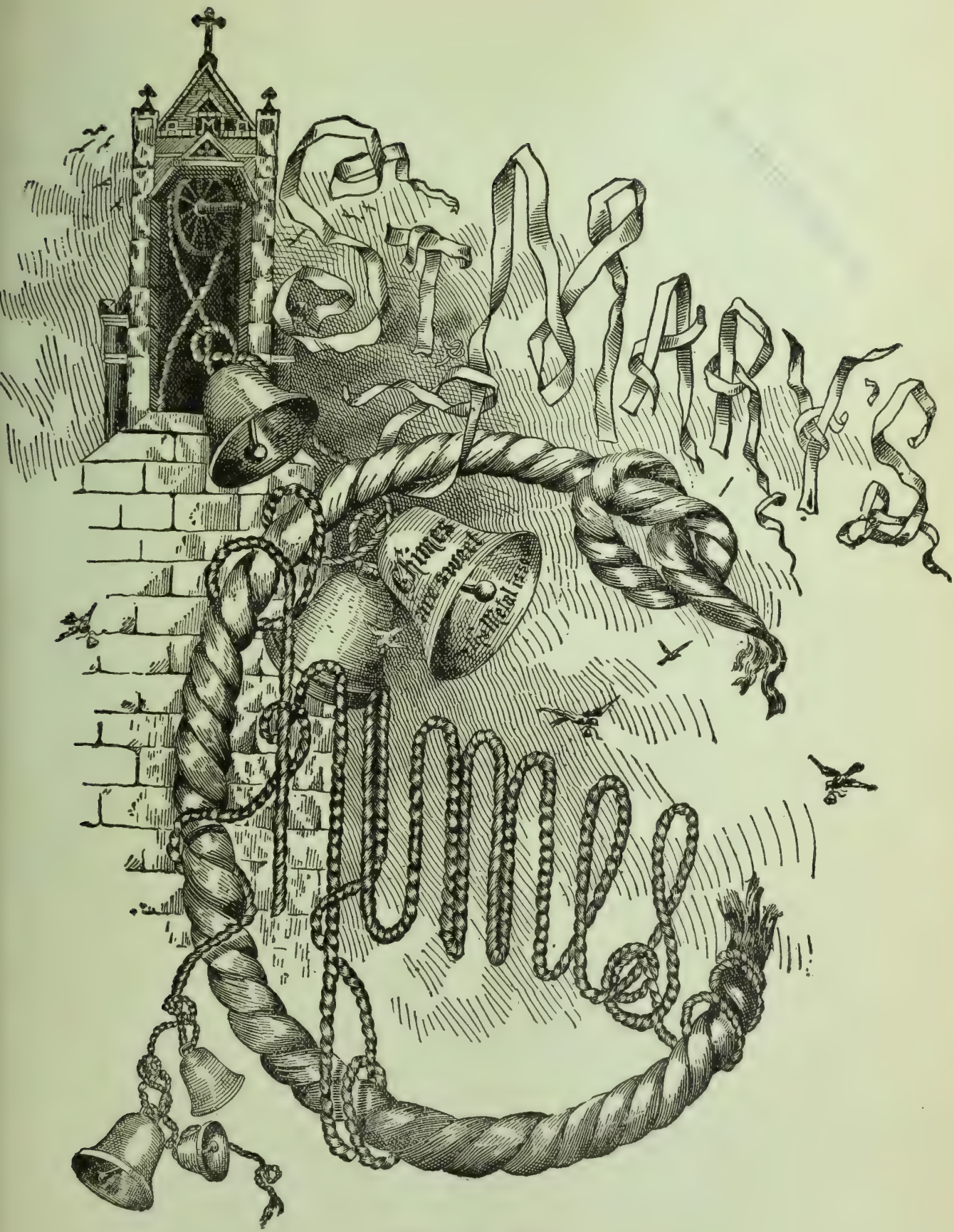
I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

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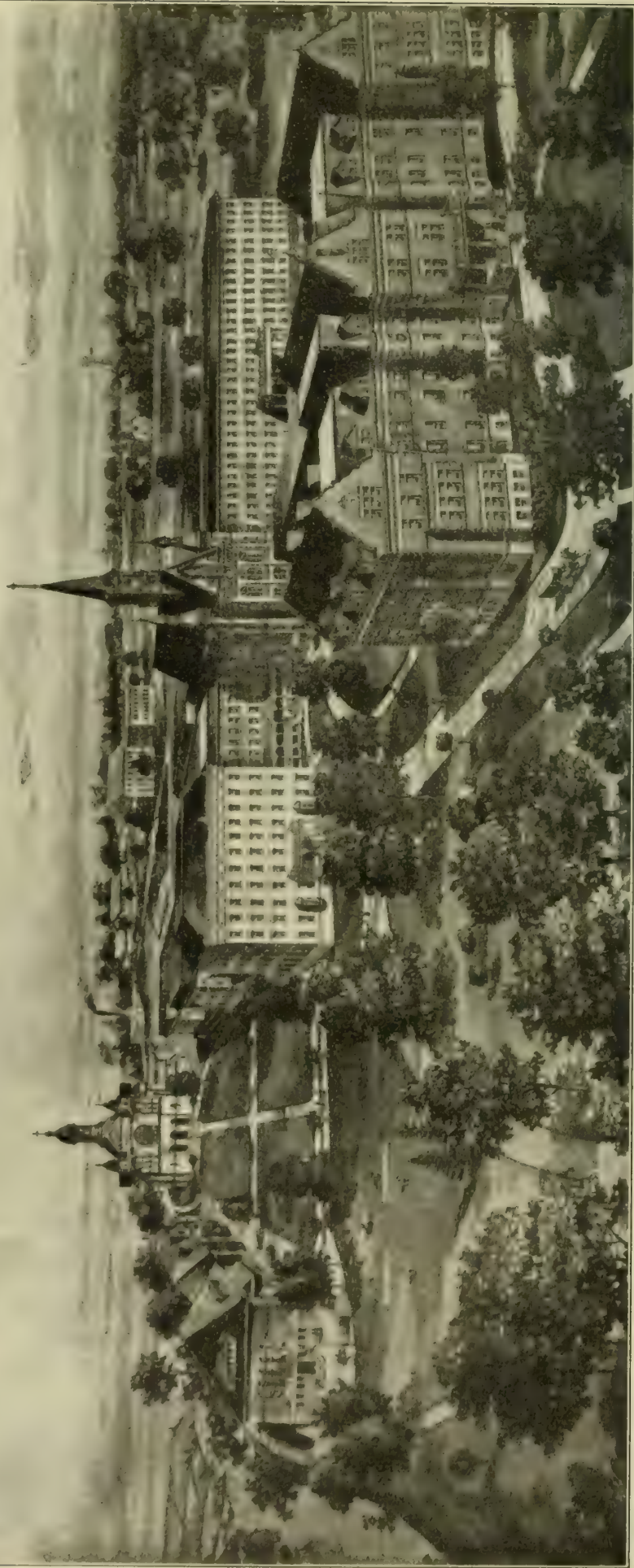
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THE DAWN-FLOWER.

CLARA SeLEGUE, '21.

THE night-winds, dying, sigh; the dawn-winds make reply,
With a wealth of love and sorrow in their meaning;
And a light is slow unfurled o'er the ramparts of the world
That stains the mountain-peaks with wondrous sheening.
For the Day will come at last through the tempest and the blast,
The Day, that calls a Flower into living
For which the dawn-wind sighed ere the bitter night-wind died,
And men gave life and gloried in the giving.

O, Flower of dawn and dream, for thee the lance-points gleam,
Where the rising sun falls on them, past the counting;
For thee, from altars gray, from the thorn-emblossomed way,
The incense-laden prayers are ever mounting.
From Donegal march forth the legions of the north;
From south and east the clash of arms is ringing;
Through the land of Inisfail breathes the courage of the Gael
To guard the Flower that the dawn is bringing.

O! Erin's sons, arise: ere the night-wind's echo dies
The torch of battle through the dark is gleaming.
What though the dawn be red when the Flower lifts its head
Whose fragrance holds the essence of your dreaming?
Its petals shall unfold like flame-tongues tipped with gold,
And flash a mystic portent to your nation;
While the night-winds far recede, and the winds of dawning, freed,
Caress it with a song of exultation.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., March, 1920

No. 7

"MARCH TWENTY-FIRST."

BEATRICE REA, '21.

SHE passed me on her solitary way,
A maiden fair, from youth's eternal realms
She came. Like jonquils after April rain,
Her sunny hair shone with the early dew;
Like violets were her eyes, and soft her cheek
As apple blossoms blowing in May-time.
Now over barren, broken meadow-lands,
Stripped of their snowy robes, her white feet sped,
And on her path wee points of green appeared.
A flowing garment, emerald-jeweled, carressed
The lilac's bow,—and budding love was there
For her. So through the lanes, she happy danced,
And soon she paused beside a leaping brook
That, as Endymion, dreams, and sees with joy
A nymph-like face reflected on its heart,
And melting at her glance then ripples sweet
Its praises jubilant! And then I heard
Her liquid tones soar high in trills of joy,
And her song, it was free as singing birds!
Her voice, it was the music of young Spring!

THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING IN THE BOOK OF JOB.

ADELAIDE HOPFINGER, '19.

THE existence of suffering and evil in the world is and always has been one of the supremely difficult facts to reconcile with the existence of an omnipotent God. The apparent incompatibility resolves itself in to some such dilemma as this: If God is good, He must hate evil, and the suffering consequent upon it, and if He is all powerful He need not endure them, but since evil and suffering exist, He cannot be all good and all powerful. The great war has so multiplied the aspects of suffering that this question has become more than usually acute. Whatever questions vex humanity today have always vexed it; and whatever solutions are to be given, have been found in the very early history of mankind. The Book of Job written almost within the memory of the sons of Adam furnishes us with one of the best solutions of our problem of suffering.

Let us preface our study of the Book of Job by a few philosophical observations on free will, evil and suffering, for upon a proper understanding of these terms the solution of the apparent dilemma depends. God created man physically perfect, but left him to work out his own spiritual perfection, and for this very reason gave him free will. God might have created man without this gift, but had He done so man would have remained merely His slave. Man's salvation, therefore, would have been in no way due to his own efforts but he would have been a bound creature. In no sense could he merit any gifts from God and that ineffable dignity of human nature earned by avoiding sin would be entirely absent. Free will is the most perfect gift of the Creator and by it man is able to choose freely between the greater and lesser goods which his intellect presents to him. However, in this very attribute of free will by which we are able to earn God's gifts, we are also able to spurn them and in this freedom of choice lies the solution of the question of evil upon which suffering depends.

The first man did not use his free will to choose the greater good but fell into sin and by this disorder in God's creation, evil and suffering entered the world. With the first sin God cursed the world and from thence we receive the heritage of woe. In considering the nature of this evil which resulted from the misuse of free will under temptation, we find that it was a subtraction of man's perfection, that it was the loss or lessening of goods that man had before possessed, that it was not an actual, positive thing but a negation. "Evil is the deprivation of that which a thing was born to have and ought to have." Since evil is a lack or absence of some part of a good nature, it did not require a creator and hence God could not be its author. Many things commonly regarded as evils may not be really so, as loss of wealth, power, or position. God made us "to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next." If we fulfill these conditions nothing else is essential to our nature,

and, therefore, the only essential evil is separation from God, since "to be happy with Him" is what we were "born to have" and absolutely "ought to have".

Evil is the cause of suffering. Loss or deprivation gives rise to suffering. "Pain is the natural and inevitable effect of evil in consciousness." But since pain is a positive conscious state, it is a good and not an evil, for unlike evil it is not a negation, but something real and inherent in our nature because we are imperfect. Pain is a good because it is useful, and among its uses we find three chief in importance: first, it serves to avenge violations of law; second, it serves as a warning against evil; and third, it serves as an aid to perfection.

With these considerations in mind, we may proceed to investigate the problem of suffering as presented in the Book of Job, that sublime epic of suffering which illustrates the purifying use of pain. The Scriptural narration opens, "There was a man in the land of Hus, whose name was Job, and that man was simple and upright, and fearing God and avoiding evil." It unrolls to us a mighty epic and a sublime drama. The story tells of his blessings of wealth and power and the favor of God. In the court of heaven, God praises Job, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a simple and upright man, and fearing God, and avoiding evil?" Satan, however, accosts the Lord with the question, "Doth Job fear God in vain?" And to prove Job's constancy, God permits all of his prosperity to be swallowed up and his children killed. This suffering was in no sense a punishment deserved by Job, for by God's own testimony Job fulfilled his whole duty. But it was inflicted upon him in order to prove to Satan the loyalty of a true human heart, to serve as an example for us, for God's own glory and to increase the merits of Job. This is the first of the trials of Job, a loss of property and family, a cause of regret and sorrow it is true, but not really the great evil. Job recognizes this, for in the midst of his tribulations, he remains constant and utters that act of complete abnegation and dependence, "Naked, came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord so is it done: blessed be the name of the Lord." Family, prop-

erty and wealth are not essential to the nature of man nor are they the necessary things which "Man was born to have and absolutely ought to have." Still Satan scoffs at this trial and demands a further proof and God permits Job's body to be touched. He is stricken with black leprosy, regarded in those days as the most terrible visitation of God's wrath. This is the beginning of his greatest trial of soul, when in his anguish no friend remains true to him. As before God tried him outwardly, now the test takes the form of the supremest inward confusion and agony. Job's wife is all that is left to him, but she proves to be his tempter rather than his comforter; for she bids him curse God and die. And even in the extremity of his suffering his patience answers her, "Thou hast spoken like one of the foolish women: if we have received good things at the hand of God why should we not receive evil?" Even here Job does not regard his bodily suffering as the real evil. The agony of his soul results when he seems to be deserted by God. God is the one essential and sustaining need of man. This separation is what causes him to curse the day of his birth and to regard life itself as an unbearable burden.

Because of his disease, Job takes up his abode on a dung hill at the outskirts of the city and when his misfortune is noised abroad, his three friends, Eliphaz, the Themanite, Baldad, the Suhite, and Sophar, the Namathite come to visit and comfort him. "And they sat with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and no man spoke to him a word; for they saw that his grief was very great." If ever a man's soul was tested it was during those seven days and nights in which no word was spoken, but minds were searched, philosophies formed, and questions asked of God. Job knew no human reason for his sufferings, for all of the days of his life he had served God as a most faithful servant. His was a history of prosperity "mounting even to the heavens" and then of this adversity "descending even to the abyss". Earthly reward for his service to God was a body racked by the most loathsome disease, his mind deprived of every consolation and his soul desolate.

In considering Job it must be remembered that he lived outside of the Law of Moses and was a Gentile, and not one of the chosen people. He inherited, however, the traditions of Adam and

Noe and knew of creation and of God's Providence. However, in this night of adversity God seems to have deserted him, but a great fidelity and patience support him. With the sense of God's presence withdrawn from him Job feels the weakness and misery of human nature. In the bitterness of his heart he searches the depths of his soul and discovers its nothingness. With his whole spirit humbled he finds trust in self a mockery; nothing remains but God, and hope, and patience. Finally, from the depths of his horror and desolation Job bursts forth and curses the day of his birth, mourning the miseries of man's life. In this we see that Job's inferior nature is manifesting itself in resentment to suffering and disgrace. But Eliphaz accuses Job of guilt and impatience; for, having given counsel to others, he himself now falters under God's hand; that if sin was found even in the angels, how can man hope to justify himself. Job, however, maintains his innocence and charges his friend, "Why have you detracted the words of truth, whereas there is none of you that can reprove me." Even in his friends he finds only reproach and so is forced to address himself to God. Baldad, too, thinks it necessary to accuse Job of sin and unrepentance, in order to maintain the justice of God. He attempts to prove that the innocent always prosper and the sinful are always punished, but Job refutes him. In Sophar's words no further comfort is found; for he reiterates the advice already given, that suffering is caused only by some sin of the individual. He is not able to recognize the right of God to test men's souls in order to prove the purity of their love for Him. The total of their philosophy is that suffering is always punishment, given either for obstinacy, unrepentance, or pride in sin. If the victim does not see the reason, then there is some hidden sin for which God sends suffering as a warning. In all of the words of his friends Job finds no consolation but mere sophistries. He detects the weakness of their arguments and the falsity of their opinions, and reproves them, "Hath God any need of your lie that you should speak deceitfully for Him?" His friends will not admit that they can not know the mysteries of Divine Providence. Job alone is humble in his faith in God. He knows that he is not perfect in the sight of the awful Goodness of God, but he also knows that he is guilty of no

great crime. In chapter XXXI, he vindicates himself from the sins of the flesh and of the mind and none of his friends can gainsay him. He longs for the judgment of God in the midst of the injustice of his friends, "Who can make him clean that is conceived of unclean seed? Is it not thou who only art?" He realizes here that through original sin suffering entered the world, and only through God can man be purified. He confesses his strength and faith in God by an act of illimitable trust, "although he should kill me, I will trust in Him; but yet I will approve my ways in His sight." He longs for the sympathy of his friends, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

The friends of Job illustrate the accepted pagan view of suffering. With them one does not serve God for naught, but because it is a paying proposition. If one led a good life, God blessed him, if one led a bad life, God punished him. Therefore, in this crisis of their friend's life they could offer no comfort. Job's sufferings became for him the path to a firmer faith and a more perfect understanding of God. Perhaps before in his life of wealth and ease he had never profoundly considered God but took many things for granted. When his sufferings came upon him unawares and without any foundation in personal sin he was forced to ponder the mysteries of life and Providence. He saw that in all men there is a desire for perfect and lasting happiness and since this desire is never fulfilled in this world another life is necessary to satisfy it. He began to see that without this desire suffering would not be great or intense, and in this he saw a hope for eternal life. He realized from his own personal experience that in this world the innocent were often punished with the guilty, that the powerful oppressed the weak and poor, and lived upon the fat of the land until the end of their lives. He knew that a Creator who was all powerful guided our destinies and that Creator to be all-powerful must also be all-just. But how could an all-just Being tolerate the injustice of this world? The hope of the life after death became imperative. His faith in the eternal life to come became fuller and more perfect, for in it he saw a place where all would be made right. He began to know himself and God. Recognizing the effect of suffering in himself, he

realized its purifying and perfecting power. Were there no life after death it would be useless to strive for purification and Job knew that the Creator did nothing in vain. A hope dim and vague at first grew stronger and stronger—that somehow God was aiding him in working out his purification. Although he knew that he could never understand the ways of God he could say with faith, "But he knoweth my way, and has tried me as gold that passeth through the fire." Had he turned his face westward he could have been comforted by the words of the Wise Man, "whom the Lord loveth, he chastiseth."

With strength of faith came peace, and Job was willing to rest his case with God. Then Elihu, a young man who has been a listener, becomes indignant that no one is able to give Job a satisfactory answer for the reason of his sufferings. Inspired by God he bursts forth. Job receives condemnation for asserting his innocence too strongly for even the just man is not without fault. His sufferings are the means by which God is purifying him and leading him to perfection. "Behold all these things God worketh, that he may withdraw their souls from corruption, and enlighten them with the light of the living." "For He will render to man his work and according to the ways of everyone He will render them." "Can he be healed that loveth no judgment?" "Who can search out God's ways? or who can say to Him: Thou hast wrought iniquity?"

Out of the whirlwind God answers them, upholding the words of Elihu and censuring Job for speaking inconsiderately. However, God vindicated him and rewarded his faith, while he condemned his friends for "He said to Eliphaz the Themanite; my wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends because you have not spoken the thing that is right before me, as my servant Job hath." "And the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before."

Today, still, the problem of suffering is as perplexing to our minds as it was to those Patriarchs four thousand years ago. But today, we have greater reason to believe, since we have the examples of Jesus and Mary to follow. They, too, were sinless. But no one has ever suffered in comparison to them. Those men of old cannot be held wholly culpable for their misconception of suffering for it was only with the coming of Christ that the idea of love predominated over

fear, and vicarious suffering shown to be a means of purification for the world to come. We can understand with greater significance the sufferings and sorrows of innocent Job, if we see in him the figure of Christ; for only through Christ does suffering receive its purifying effect. The "judgment passed upon Job, on his dunghill, was passed upon Christ on his cross." Like Christ "Job has to contend in the fight of patience with invisible as well as visible adversaries, and at the same time to endure his grievous suffering and utter desolation." As Christ exclaims, "My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?" Job pleads with God "Why hidest Thou thy face and thinkest me thy enemy?" As Christ commended his spirit into God's hands, so Job leaves to God his justification. As Christ's sacrifice was accepted for others so Job's prayers for the expiation of his friends. In ourselves as in Job by suffering we may come to the realization of God's holiness and our own want of sancity, and to the knowledge of the utter helplessness and nothingness of our natures without God's help and grace.

The lesson of Job reveals to us the purpose of suffering. Job represents the natural man knowing God through reason rather than faith,—later by revelation but only as a reward after his terrible trials. First we noted that loss of property is only a relative evil—Job regarded it as such. Neither did he consider bodily affliction though a cause of great pain to be absolutely evil. The evil which drove him to curse the day of his birth and the miseries of man's life, was the loss of the sense of God's presence. That is the highest good of the soul and its deprivation is the greatest of evils; hence a tragedy of suffering results. Out of all this Job's faith after having been proved is purified and raised to the height of vision which comprehended all the articles of faith that could be known before the Incarnation. The purpose of suffering then is to "enlighten men with the light of the living." And since our existence in this world is a period of probation by which we win or lose heaven, suffering is a good which drives us on to perfection and understanding.

Job represents one of the chosen ones of God, whom He deemed worthy to lead along this path of perfection. He was so righteous that God was able to test him in order to prove the quality of his love for Him. As a lover might wish to

prove whether his Beloved best loves him or his gifts, so God wished to prove that Job loved Him for His personality alone. It was such a love as God asks from great souls. This was the discrimination which Job was trying to make for his friends but they would not see. Suffering then is not an evil since it does not lessen our being. It is rather a moral necessity for those working toward purification and salvation, for it keeps ever present the consciousness of our imperfection. Sin alone, in this world is evil for it only will separate us from God. The question should not be why does God allow suffering, but rather why does He tolerate us in our iniquity at all. Man is the only creature in the universe who wantonly insults his creator. We may ask with Job, "What is man that Thou shouldst magnify him? Or why shouldst Thou set Thy heart upon him?" There is no need of questioning God's ways and should we suffer without knowing the immediate cause, we can be sure that somehow He is aiding us in working out our salvation. Even the Wise Man was forced to say, "Only this have I found that God made man right and He hath entangled himself with an infinity of questions." Job's supreme act of faith was the result of his sufferings; "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God. Whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold and not another. This is my hope laid up in my bosom." His trial was great, but how glorious his victory!

In his afflictions we can trace out his gradual spiritual development until it embraces almost all of the articles of our creed: belief in God, the Father, Almighty Creator, in the Redeemer to come, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. These are the eternal realities and if suffering reveals them, its mission is that of Christ, its work that of redemption, its reward eternal union with the God of the Cross.

WANDERLUST.

CHARLOTTE VOSS, '20.

OVER the melting snow
Comes the eternal call of Spring,
Drawing us ever on,
Promising gypsy joys to bring.

FOR A MARCH BIRTHDAY.

MARY JONES, '21.

I'M wishing joy for you
And skies of blue.
May sorrow ne'er molest you.
And may your way
Be ever gay
And May, dear heart, God bless you.

THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY.

HELEN DELANEY, '22.

THE short story, a vital force in the modern world but more especially in the life of the American people, is a brief, imaginative narrative, unfolding a single predominating instance and a chief character. It contains a plot, the details of which are so compressed and the whole treatment so original, as to produce a single impression. It is the one type of literature which America can claim as her own and it is her most significant contribution to general literature.

The terms "short story" and "tale" are often used interchangeably; but the tale does not conform to the important law of the short story,—that it should march in all its parts directly and swiftly towards a single impression. The tale admits of digressions, moral or amusing reflections, and loosely connected narratives. The current magazines are printing many charming tales which conform in a number of points to the peculiar nature of the short story, and in proportion as they do this they become more fully less a tale and more a short story until sometimes the wall of partition becomes "like hair, too thin to split." Irving says that he considers a story merely a frame upon which to stretch his materials. It is the play of thought and sentiment and language; the weaving in of characters, lightly, yet expressly delineated; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life; and the half-concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole; these are among his aims. In that exposition of his art, Irving erected the first critical half-way house between the tale and the short story.

Whatever honor is due to us on account of the short story should be offered to Irving and Poe. Some critics allege that Poe is the actual discoverer of the modern short story. If he is not, he

at least brought it by his own effort to a high state of development; he is professionally the first writer of the short story considered as a type in itself. Unlike Irving, whose subjects were mostly attractive, destined to entertain, Poe's matter is generally abnormal and repulsive. It is in technique that Poe excels; he combined wonderful mastery and artistic treatment and laid the most critical and important stress on the form of the short story. Up to this time the short story had been lacking a certain amount of specific gravity, a certain balancing of worth and weight. All this Poe attained and thus brought the short story to its highest development.

The short story of today draws its rich life blood also directly from the sacred writings of the Orient. Many of these narratives have, in varying forms, been current for centuries, their original source remaining by most of us unsuspected. The rich color, the fascinating movement, the mystical beliefs of the East, permeate these more or less religious tales and invest them with a charm often quite the equal of that which we feel in the familiar *Arabian Nights*. The Bible contains some of the best stories to be found anywhere, whether ancient or modern. Modern art is powerless to approach the simple beauty and effectiveness of "The Prodigal Son" and the idyllic tale of "Ruth." It is a source of constant marvel that such venerable stories should have contained in large part the forecast of what writers are today striving after as standards. Undisputed they take their place at the head of that small group of stories of all languages which, though they are the product of earlier centuries, remain today the best examples of their art.

As the ordinary novel cannot be read at one sitting it deprives itself of the charm and force of unity. Outside interests between the pauses

of perusal change, modify, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impression of the book. In the short story, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour or so of reading the soul of the reader is at the writer's disposal. There are no disturbing outside influences to detract from the interest of the story.

In the short story no word should be written which does not contribute to the one pre-established purpose, thus a picture is painted which leaves in the mind of the one who contemplates it a sense of complete satisfaction. The idea of this tale has been presented unblemished because undisturbed, and this is an end unattainable in the novel. Undue brevity is to be just as much avoided as undue length, one should try to strike the happy medium of writing a story that requires not less than a half-hour and not more than two hours' reading.

De Maupassant made himself the foremost master of the art of short story writing in a group of writers who seemed to know instinctively the limitations and resources of a literary form which exacts the nicest perceptions and surest skill. He almost unerringly selected a single situation, related one or more characters vitally to it, suppressed all details that did not contribute to portraiture, sketched a background, situation and denouement strongly together to secure unity of plot.

One of the most important reasons for the remarkable popularity of the short story is the spirit of play which abounds in a world as devoted to work as is ours. In the humor of the short story, as in its puzzles, its breathless adventures, and its love appeals, millions take daily recreation—and thus turn aside to a life of fantasy that softens the hard life of fact.

TRANSEFIGURATION.

VERA KAYS, '22.

FROM the clear, cold sky,
The sun's resplendent glow
Touched the frozen earth
And made white glory of the snow.

And swift a vision came to me,
As I gazed from the window below,
"His Face did shine as the sun,
His garments became white as snow."

TO WALK WITH THEE.

GERTRUDE GREEN, 21.

TO walk with thee is sweet to me,
 When spring's soft breath is winging
 Along the breast of earth and sea,
 And robins gay are singing.

To walk with thee is sweet to me,
 When May's pure smile is beaming,
 In tender rays on bluff and tree,
 Through dove-clouds brightly gleaming.

To walk with thee is sweet to me,
 When woodland nooks beguiling,
 Dark violets hold; and o'er the lea
 The tender hills are smiling.

To walk with thee is sweet to me,
 My bliss 'till life's last even,'
 And when no more earth's spring we see,
 I'll walk with thee in Heaven.

A TRIBUTE TO SAINT PATRICK

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

A SHEPHERD Boy, a captive, whose fervent prayers made a golden path to heaven, God ordained should one day lead his captors to the fold of Catholicism after freeing them from the ensnaring brambles of Druidism. The boy was St. Patrick. Many years after his captivity, the memory of the days spent among the Irish hills was so fresh, and the desire to return and christianize the people so strong, that he worked and prayed incessantly for an opportunity to help them. It was, therefore, with great joy that he received his commission in 423 from Pope St. Celestine I, to bring the christian truths to the Irish people, to be their Apostle.

The Providence of God had singularly equipped St. Patrick for his mission, and with the same providential care, He prepared the people to whom he was sent. The Irish people are highly spiritual. The mysterious and profound holds great fascination for them. Learning has always been held in high esteem among them. In a word, they are a nation of irrepressible idealists. It is to these people that St. Patrick came, bringing the story of the Incarnation and Redemption, and the teaching of Jesus Christ. He gave them an inexhaustible ideal. The clerity that marked the conversions of St. Patrick recall the earliest days of the Church. But what is more remarkable, there were no martyrs to baptize with their blood the beginnings of Christianity in Ireland. It was

a peaceful victory. His struggle with the Druids was brief and decided. The unquenchable fire kindled by Patrick on Tara's Hill, Easter Saturday, March 26, 433, is the symbol of the flaming spirit of Faith that has never been extinguished in the Island from that moment.

St. Patrick, while he encouraged them to attain great sanctity, also urged the cultivation of the intellect. In 450, he established a monastery and school at Armaugh. It soon became famous, attracting many pupils from afar. In all parts of Ireland, there were groups of men who had withdrawn from the world to meditate on God in solitude. At the urging of St. Patrick, they formed monasteries and schools. The monastic character of the early Church in Ireland is its outstanding feature. Their natural predilection for study and admiration for learning propelled by their religious zeal, soon brought forth many men of exceptional ability and genius. From these Irish monasteries came Colgan, St. Vergilius, Alcuin, Erigena, Duns Scotus, the illustrious O'Niell and many other.

To the Irish, their faith became such a vital part of their lives that they were filled with zeal to communicate their knowledge to others. They set out in hide-covered wicker curachs to the nearby islands and then continued to Wales, Brittany, Gaul, Belgium, Germany, Bulgaria, Spain and Italy. Among these missionaries, the names

of St. Columban, St. Columbkil, St. Aiden, St. Brendan, St. Boniface, and St. Homold are pre-eminent. Wherever the Irish monks planted the cross, they established schools.

The schools of Ireland were suppressed in the fifteenth century, but they persevered in their search for learning at the "hedge" schools at home and in foreign Universities. They were forbidden to profess their Faith, but they continued to do so in caves and on lonely mountains. Their Faith withstood the many years of ceaseless effort to overthrow it by means of stringent laws, poverty, ignorance, and bloodshed.

But what has enabled the Irish people to retain so uncompromisingly their Faith? It is the prayers of St. Patrick. The love of this Saint for his people was so great that he prayed always and fervently that they might have the grace to persevere in the Faith he had taught them. While he was with them on earth, like the great Hebrew leader, Moses, he would frequently withdraw from everyone and going up the Holy Hill, spend days and nights in prayer. Here he gained the great victory over the evil powers, driving them from the island for seven years. Prophetic visions were permitted him, and in one he saw the Catholic Faith in Ireland under the symbol of a light. It grew smaller and dimmer and was almost extinguished, but at the anguished cry of the Saint, it became stronger and brighter until it filled the whole island.

One time after untiring days of prayer, God sent an angel to St. Patrick with these five promises:

1. Whoever in a spirit of penance recites your hymn before death will attain the heavenly reward.
2. Many souls will be saved from Purgatory through your intercession.
3. Barbarian hordes will never attain sway in the Irish Church.
4. Seven years before Judgment Day, the sea will spread over Ireland to save its people from the temptations and terrors of the anti-Christ.
5. St. Patrick will be deputed to judge the Irish race on the Day of Judgment.

There is no doubt that the prayers of St. Patrick have been efficacious. There has never been heresy or schism in the Catholic Church in Ireland. To the world, "Irish" has become synonymous with "Catholic." As a race, they are the most practical Catholics in the world. St. Patrick's labors have born fruit a hundredfold and so complete and efficient has been his accomplishment that there was never need of a second apostle.

This is the greatest tribute, both to his sanctity and his genius. Today, when the Irish renaissance is in the ascendancy as when she was laboring under her greatest afflictions, the pure flame of Irish Faith is burning on God's Altar, paying the supreme tribute to their beloved apostle, St. Patrick.

TO IRELAND.

GLADYS REMPE, '20.

O F all the nations in the land,
The fairest and most brave,
Is Erin with her Irish hand
And smile for which we crave.

Is it not true, Ye men so wise,
That such a land divine—
This bit of earth from out the skies—
Should rule without confine?

So let her not endure cruel fate,
But by St. Patrick's grace,
We'll loose the chains, then build a throne
And re-create her place.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

'T IS the break of a golden March Morning,
A bird is singing the while;
The earth is astir with new murmurs
Greeting the dawn with a smile,
Men laugh with joy of the Springtide
Now gilding the winter's gray;
Why is the whole world so happy?
Of course—'tis St. Patrick's Day.

TO ST. PATRICK.

IRENE MATTHEWS, '22.

O ERIN'S Saint, so brave and true
To Ireland, in the days of yore,
When you recall the pain and strife,
Your children through the ages bore.

Oh, help the Irish cause today,
Oh, pray that they may fight the fight,
More brave and true to Ireland's need,
And God's will be done aright!

ST. PATRICK.

PATRICIA SULLIVAN, '22.

I N days of old,
So I've been told,
On Ireland's sunny shore;
In every brake,
There lived a snake
Who was an awful bore.

St. Patrick came
And won his fame,
By chasing out the bore;
Dear Irish Saint,
Who saved complaint,
For snakes there are no more.

NATURE GREET'S ST. PATRICK

VERONICA McCABE, '22.

I HEAR a tinkle in the brook,
The ice is floating by.
It tinkles out the joyous news,
"St. Patrick's Day is nigh."

I hear a whisper in the trees,
The branches softly sigh,
'Tis time to waken from our dreams,
"St. Patrick's Day is nigh."

I hear a merry little song.
There's witchery in the sky.
Pours forth the happy little bird,
"St. Patrick's Day is nigh."

SPRING HAS COME.

MARGARET AUBREY, '22.

SPRING has come with streamlets flowing,
 From the hilltops warm winds blowing
 Whisper softly of the flowers,
 Which will bloom with springtime showers.
 On the hillsides, grasses growing,
 Spring from Mother Nature's sowing,
 In the distance, heads are lowing;
 Birdlings call from leafy bowers,
 Spring has come.

Hearts beat high with joy o'erflowing,
 Footsteps free and spirits glowing;
 What though storm clouds dark may lower,
 We are kings with such a dower.
 List the song on south winds blowing,
 Spring has come.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE HASTINGS.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

THE petted and sole male member of the Hastings family was seated on the edge of the side-porch ingloriously burrowing holes in the flower-bed with his bare toes. A black scowl sat heavily upon his regal countenance, and his dimpled chin rested on two clinched fists. At times he ceased his mutilation of nature to thump the porch with his heel. Clearly the royal disposition was at variance with the world.

"Haro-o-o-ld!" came a feminine voice from within. Harold hated the way his relatives had of ascending a whole octave when calling his name, Aunt Jane especially! Her voice was the neighborhood dinner bell. Wasn't it bad enough that a fellow had to have such a name, without all his women folks shrieking it out to the world?

He stirred uneasily, "Huh?"

"Harold dear, come here a minute."

"I'm busy." It is the privilege of ill-humored monarchs to be cross and impolite.

"But Harold, here is some fresh bread and jam. Don't you want Auntie to give you some?"

"I ain't hungry!"

In disgust he picked up the bundle at his side and slid to the ground, then stalked grumpily to the apple tree some yards away. There he spied the garden hose which evidently called up distasteful recollections.

"Humph! Hose-bath! Don't they think I'm

ever goin' to grow up? How do they 'spect I'll ever get to be a man when I don't know how to swim? Hose-bath!"

He climbed into the first crotch of the apple tree, still clutching the package, which now gave indications of being a swimming suit.

"I guess Bill Duffy is as good as anybody, an' he said he'd teach me to swim. She don't need to act jus' like she's scared to death! All the fellows do it!"

In the house Aunt Jane and Aunt Mabel were discussing the youthful Harold's irritability. Aunt Jane was speaking.

"Mabel, I'm so grieved that we had to refuse Harold anything, but he is bearing his disappointment beautifully, don't you think?"

"Yes, very calmly," agreed Aunt Mabel, glancing toward the porch whence the victim had just removed himself.

"When I think of what he means to us," Aunt Jane continued, "I tremble to think of letting him go to that awful swimming-hole. He's so young, and there's no telling what that rough William Duffy might do to him!"

"But, Jane, you must remember that our Harold will grow up sometime! And he's the only man in our family and the only Hastings left!" Aunt Mabel almost shed tears whenever she thought of the possible fall of the house of Hastings.

"Still, he is young yet, and we must shelter him, Mabel. I feel that the very inspiration of his noble name will surely influence his years!" "Harold' and 'Hastings'," she breathed, "what greater examples could we hold up to him? Harold, the last great hero of the Saxons, and our own Harold, the last of the Hastings! His mother was right—we must remind him continually of his great prototype, and nourish his young life with such thoughts."

The unhappy recipient of this legacy of antiquity would scarcely have been interested in this eulogy. He already knew it by heart. Instead, seated in the crotch of the friendly apple tree, he was thinking his own thoughts. But as all things must die, so Harold's fit of kingly temper was beginning to grow weak from malnutrition.

Suddenly a whistle at the gate aroused him. He peered through the leaves. From the vantage of the tree, he could see Bill Duffy, the notorious, with whom he, Harold Hastings, might

not associate, preparing to jump the wicket fence into the yard. Harold scented trouble if Aunt Jane discovered the disreputable Bill in the presence of the unsullied Harold.

"Hal!" shouted Bill.

He must meet the emergency.

"Don't stop for me, Bill!" he called back. "I ain't goin' today!"

"Bill, discovering the voice, was over the fence and making for the hiding place before Harold could interfere.

"What's the idea, Hal? Gettin' scared?"

"No, I jus' ain't goin'," insisted Harold.

"Aw, come on, I won't duck you! Honest, I won't!" urged the tempter.

"Huh, I ain't afraid o' you! My aunt wants me to—to—to help around here!"

"Oh, you scared-cat! Before I'd let a couple of women run me!"

"Say, Bill Duffy, don't you talk about my aunts, or I'll come down and I'll—I'll—"

"Ho! Ho!" mocked Bill, "your aunts can't scare me! They can take care of a baby like you—."

"You go out of my yard!"

The setting for a second battle of Hastings was complete; the rival armies drawn up on the disputed field, were only watching the moment to attack. It came.

Aunt Jane and Aunt Mabel were still working in the kitchen. Suddenly from somewhere below came the crash of a tumbling, sliding body. Scratching, rattling, crunching, crying followed in quick succession.

"Harold!" shrieked Aunt Jane. "Mabel, where is Harold?" They rushed out on the porch, following the growing commotion. Harold was not in sight; but the disturbance was surely in the cellar.

"Harold!" they cried again. Harold did not answer. Then they gasped.

"Mabel!"

"Jane, what is it?"

Out of an open cellar window was pouring a shower of black lumps. Faster and faster they came, until the yard was dotted. At this rate, Aunt Jane's coal supply would hardly last much longer.

The two ladies had firmly expected to see their helpless little Harold being stoned to death by the hidden marauder in the cellar. But to their increasing astonishment bold Bill Duffy was the

target, and vainly trying to escape the range of these missiles behind the apple tree.

"William Duffy!" shrieked Aunt Jane. "What have you done to Harold?"

Bill, the unconquered, the fearless, gave one look at the questioner,—and fled. Up the fence and down the street as fast as his retreating legs could carry him, he ran.

The happenings of the next few moments bade fair to unsettle the two aunts, for, out of the cellar, close on the heels of the cowardly William, climbed a grimy, black little animal, so besmeared with soot and coal-dust that he was unrecognizable. In unabated anger he pursued the enemy, hurling coal-lumps into the street.

"Now, Bill Duffy!" he taunted, "come on back an' call us names!"

Bill never heeded.

Now for the first time, the aunts perceived who the little mad animal really was.

"Harold!" they wailed.

He strutted toward them nonchalantly.

"Don't pay to talk about my folks!" he observed. "I'll fix 'em every time."

"Oh, oh, Harold! Are you hurt, darling?" cried Aunt Jane.

"Did that awful boy hurt our little Harold?" comforted Aunt Mabel.

Two pairs of arms embraced the grimy body of the warrior and two pairs of lips pressed upon his dirty face. After several unsuccessful attempts to extricate himself, the hero finally remarked, "Say, Aunties, there ain't enough water in the whole place to wash me up! Now you'll jus' have to let me go swimming!"

FROM MY WINDOW—EAST.

MARY MARILLA BROWN, '20.

THE cold March rain comes slanting down
To earth all sodden wet and brown.
The barren trees in lines so straight,
The damp, cold firs their branches weigh
Against a background dim and grey.
The gold dome hides its lustrous light
In fogs more dense than darkest night.
Within is home-sick want of cheer,
Without, a cardinal sings clear.
Disdainful of spring showers, he,
Singing of sun that is to be.
For rain his spirits cannot quench
Nor rain his little body drench.
Foretelling April, May, and June;
Forgetting March in his brave tune.

PRISONS AND PEARLS.

MARILJA GREENE, '20.

DADDY, Bob and I came down to the Chisholm's summer home a fortnight before Bob's wedding. It was rather hard on Daddy because Bob has been soldiering for two years and we were so glad to see him that it hurt to have him leave so soon. Bob was so moody and solemn-like that Dad and I pretended that we were just wild to see his beloved Katheryne and most anxious to have someone to help me fill mother's place. It took a good bit of courage to do this, but Daddy is very brave.

It was to be a June wedding and a hot spell had just begun. I had resolved to be very cool to Katheryne Chisholm because,—well hadn't she taken my brother from Dad and me? But when I saw her at the little country station looking so sweet, eager and happy, I forgot my resolve and gave her a big sisterly kiss. Daddy liked her, too. And Bob—well he looked just like the day he caught sight of Daddy at the pier in New York.

There wasn't much to do as there were no guests besides myself, and the Chisholm family was engrossed with Katheryne's trousseau. Katheryne and Bob went riding. When Mr. Chisholm and Daddy started out to visit a model prison in the next town, I begged them to take me along.

It was very hot and the roads were dusty. The men were talking about some new system that I could not understand so I began to pretend. I imagined myself a lady reformer sent by a big state board to investigate the prison and see that the inmates were being properly punished. I began to feel important and interested.

The prison was very large and there were so many queer-looking men. I thought that one of them looked like the chauffeur we had before the war began. Mr. Saxon showed us the office where a few of the best behaved prisoners work as clerks and accountants. He said that there was one man in there who was a fine fellow but he just could not resist pearls. I looked around the room and saw the handsomest young man standing over at the file case. He looked most refined. That must be the one, I thought. He looked so nice and so honest, I could not believe that he was a criminal.

We went through all the shops and corridors

until I was afraid I could go no further. It was warm and my head ached. When we returned to our car, a man hurried out to the warden.

"Mr. Saxon, number 10473 has escaped. He must have walked right past the guards and out of the main door."

"What? Chapman? Who would have thought it! That lad—why—get Jacksonville on the wire, Tom. I'll be there directly."

Mr. Chisholm and Daddy talked of nothing but the escape and kept a sharp look-out for the man. I suppose they expected to see a hard-looking man in a striped suit dragging a ball and chain because they took no notice of a man in a grey flannel shirt who was striding along. I shut my eyes when we passed him because—well, I did not want to recognize him.

My head ached and I felt so weak. Everything seemed to be moving around. I tried to think about the wedding. It was so hard to keep my head erect and the front seat was moving back and forth at such a rate that I wondered why Daddy did not speak of it. I must have talked to myself because Daddy turned around and said, "What did you say, Sheila?"

"Awful dumb to have wedding next door to a prison. They might steal the pearls and everything. Of course if they are good-looking it isn't so bad," I mumbled.

"What! Stop the car. Sheila, do you hear me?"

But that front seat was so unsteady that I just shut my eyes and stopped thinking.

* * * *

I was dressed in my beautiful bridesmaid gown and the little pearl necklace Daddy gave me on my sixteenth birthday. I was standing in the library looking at the gifts and most especially at the family pearls that Bob had given to Katheryne. The bride and groom had just left and I felt lonesome. Mr. Chisholm entered with a young man. I did not feel surprised when I recognized the escaped prisoner. I had been waiting for him. Mr. Chisholm innocently introduced Mr. Chapman and left him with me and those pearls. Why, he was not even trying to disguise his name. I liked him for that. He talked easily about the events of the morning and I almost forgot that he was a thief.

He glanced over the gifts and then picked up the necklace. I got cold all over. Should I call Mr. Chisholm or Dad? But he did not *look* like a thief. I decided that I would save him in spite of himself. I would not let him out of my

sight. I told him the beautiful legend and history of the pearls. He seemed deeply interested. Now, he could never take such a personal thing.

The room began to fill up and I suggested that we leave. Mr. Chapman carelessly put the necklace in his pocket and smiled his assent. I stopped, horrified. I pretended to laugh.

"You are so absent minded," I chided. "Do you know what you did? You put the necklace in your pocket."

"Did I? Well, don't be surprised at anything that I do because I don't seem to be conscious of anything but—but—you."

He blushed confusedly and returned the necklace to its case. He was not a bad criminal anyway. I looked around to see if anyone had seen him and if the other gifts were untouched. I felt greatly relieved and led the way to the door.

Mr. Stone met us and insisted that we join his group at the far end of the piazza.

"This is Mr. Chapman, Grace," he said to his wife. "You remember I spoke of meeting him at Jacksonville a fortnight ago. He is a friend of Harry Norton."

Mrs. Stone, having three unhandsome, unmarried daughters, immediately monopolized my charge. I was trying to listen to the pompous Mr. Godwin's discourse on the virtues of my brother when I noticed that Mrs. Stone was wearing a beautiful pearl necklace. Mr. Chapman was leaning over her chair in a listening attitude. I had that same frozen feeling. How could I get him away from those pearls!

Billy Clemens joined us and I had my plan. Billy is very romantic looking and loves to play "Romeo." I always imagined him a gallant knight. Of all the boys that Bob brought home, I liked him best because he paid attention to me and taught me how to dance. Of course, he began his usual nonsense and soon Mrs. Stone summoned us. She likes Billy.

I managed to get between Mrs. Stone and my prison man. The necklace was still safe. At the first opportunity, he suggested that we leave. I was anxious to comply and suggested the summer house.

To me, it seemed that everyone was wearing pearls that day. The warden had told us that jewel thieves were very deft at removing necklaces and I had difficulty watching Mr. Chapman.

When we reached the summer-house, I determined to gain his confidence. I spoke of my

visit to the prison and sympathized with the men who were trying to begin life over again. I maintained that I would be most anxious to help. I looked straight ahead during this talk, because I did not want to embarrass him. I was just getting up courage to face him when our old chauffeur, dressed like a footman, appeared in the entrance and said that my father wished to see me. He must have escaped, too, I thought.

We returned to the house and I went up stairs to Dad, but I could not find him. I heard a commotion down stairs and hurried out into the hall. I met Mr. Chisholm and asked him what had happened.

"The necklace—it is stolen," he shouted and ran down stairs.

I felt very dizzy and cold, but I tried to follow him. My handsome prisoner was just a common thief after all. He would always be a criminal and be locked up in a prison. Someone was rushing up the stairs, two steps at a time. I managed to stop him. It was Mr. Chapman. He looked anxiously at me.

"Why?—Why—did you do it? Now you will have to go to prison again," I said. But, my voice sounded far away and shaky. My head hurt abominably and—oh—it was all bandaged up.

"Never mind, no one will take me to prison," said my prisoner beginning to smile.

"Then you did not take those pearls?" I demanded more firmly.

"Eh? What?—Er—no. Of course I didn't."

"Oh! All right. I'm glad."

"Are you feeling better, Sheila?" Daddy asked.

I was so glad to see him. I felt much better. He kissed me and I promised to go to sleep. I did not look at the prisoner again because I was too tired to ask him how he changed his clothes so quickly and looked so professional-like.

He was there when I waked the next morning and asked me if I had located the pearls. His name is not Chapman. It is Dr. Gerald B. Hanna. He is sometimes summoned to attend the patients at the prison. He comes to see me every day. I like him. Yesterday afternoon, when we were in the summer-house, I told him about the dream-pearls. He laughed but then looked very serious and promised me that there would be no escaped prisoners to mar the wedding tomorrow. Katheryne has promised to toss her veil to me and I feel so excited.

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MARCH, 1920

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Who wears green on the seventeenth of March; man, woman, and child! Jew and Gentile! French, Irish, and Italian! Everybody! All display then a bit of Irish ribbon or a verdant silken shamrock. One no longer has to be from Hibernian stock to be entitled by custom to the privileges of St. Patrick's Day.

Why the popularity of this Saint's feast? Even Lent, sombre and ash-covered, gives way momentarily before the charms of this "green-littered" day. We celebrate—everybody does. It seems St. Patrick, with true Irish spirit, can't resist a bit of humor—consistent with historical reports of him: he must needs continue to banish disagreeable invaders of man's peace and joy, a bit at least, from his realm. So no fasting, no long faces, no minor music on his feast, e'en though it ever falls within the season of penance.

Does everyone wear green on St. Patrick's Day just to entitle himself to a share in the immunity from strict fast on that day? Or is it true that the world at large appreciates the humanitarian service of this world-renowned saint, who through his zeal and sanctity, made "this world a better place in which to live," by implanting in the sincere and generous hearts of the sons of Ireland the seed of that beautiful faith that converted the Emerald Isle into the Isle of Saints. For many, indeed, this is the case; it is a laudable admiration and to all, who love the world as a beautiful gift of God, who wish to see it purified by faith and enriched with the blessing and intercession of one of His greatest saints, and who love the Irish hearts that through the greatest difficulties and hardships have fought to keep out of their garden-spot the vermin of infidelity—to all these belongs justly the privilege of "The Wearing of the Green."

EXIT INDUSTRIA; ENTER WHAT?

When winter reluctantly bids farewell to the last remaining patches of snow, and sets off for a sojourn of many months among northern climates, he takes along as travelling companions all desires for study that schoolgirls ever possessed. Those who were formerly most exemplary students, without the slightest regret apparent, fall from grace and backslide to the ranks of horrible examples. With careless consciousness they hope (if indeed, they even consider at all) that a previous reputation for studiousness will somehow survive the classroom debauch and escort them through to June.

It is characteristic that this mental laxity should go side by side with the most violent form of physical exercise. Noise seems the one kind of proficiency everyone desires. Housecleaning is the occupation of the day, both inside and out. Harmless articles of furniture which have reposed quietly in one spot for months past, now demand to be moved to the opposite end of the room, into the hall, or any other free space. Apparently, the more completely one succeeds in upsetting the established order of the winter, the more fittingly is she welcoming spring. If by standing at her window and dropping to the yard below, sections of orange peelings, banana skins, ice cream cartons, waste papers, et cetera ad infinitum, she can add to the general spring-like atmosphere, that is what she wishes most to do.

Is it then surprising that more conscientious souls long for the bygone days when order was recognized as Heaven's first law?

A KEY TO HAPPINESS.

A most efficacious means to happiness, and one that every one can resort to, is the spirit of yielding acceptance.

We see joy and peace of mind and lightness of heart among the poor and those afflicted with hardships and trials, whose lives are toilsome and strenuous; we find it among the sick and enfeebled, the old and the wearied. While others, amid riches and ease, are restless and discontented, and they sometimes wonder what is the secret key to happiness, which they observe others to possess, but which they seem to desire in vain.

Now happiness is a condition of mind or soul. It is satisfaction and contentment to which joy is added. It cannot abide where there is constant resistance against the circumstances and conditions that surround us, or restless desire and pursuit of things that cannot be attained. On the other hand, a generous yielding and acceptance of trials and difficulties, of burdens and infirmities, and of every condition of life; in short, an effort to "make the most" of everything, will conquer the most formidable difficulties and bring happiness to the mind. Thus, what appears to some as hard and distasteful, to others appears easy and delightful. Thus one seeks feverishly for satisfaction in a thousand places and finds it not; while the other finds it easily wherever he may be.

One girl in a boarding school may be very unhappy because she restlessly desires after certain liberties and privileges which are not allowed by the rules; she chafes under their restraint and obeys but with reluctance. Another accepts with a yielding spirit the order of things as they are; she seeks not the pleasures forbidden nor sighs after them, but avails herself of those that are within her reach. She herself is happy and makes others happy. She is forming a habit of yielding acceptance which will insure her contentment all through life, no matter if her way be hard or easy.

So also a girl who enters into a Retreat, not resisting the silence and restraints imposed, but gladly embracing them, derives therefrom much benefit and happiness. While another, who by the spirit of resistance causes the silence to become an oppressive burden, derives, little benefit, and makes of the Retreat an ordeal to be endured instead of a delightful rest and spiritual repast to be enjoyed.

A WONDERFUL HERITAGE.

One who recently attended a program by Galli-Curci found fault with only two circumstances; that it did not last longer, and that her voice could not be "canned" and carried home. But, upon second thought, she realized that Edison had made it possible to preserve the human voice; and, going home, she renewed her pleasure in hearing the great prima donna again and again.

Apart from the great benefit that the talking machines, now brought to a remarkable degree of perfection, are in developing the musical

sense of so great a number of the people who could never hear these great artists except through them, think what a legacy it will be to future generations to possess the best art of our age in music and song, along with their own. Great singers there have been in the past, but all that we can know of them is what has been written. But the children of coming generations may hear the voices of the present day songsters, may see them, as in life, moving about on the screen of the moving picture.

Edison has even combined the talking machine and pictures, though this invention has not been perfected, and Mayor Gaynor, long after his tragic death, can be seen and heard addressing the people. How wonderful it would have been if we could thus see and hear Lincoln delivering his Gettysburg address! Through these inventions the world, as it were, preserves the artist and his works after he is dead. No longer do painting, sculpture and literature alone possess the prerogative of permanency among the arts.

TURN ON THE SUNSHINE—SMILE.

Now that blue skies have paled to gray, some of us may be infected with the "blues." Truly "the melancholy days have come," nature frown's on us and we are deprived of the sunshine of God's smile. But here is a chance to radiate a little sunshine all our own. Glad hearts are dynamos of good cheer. Joy thrills through every vein and overflowing bursts into a beaming smile. No matter how dreary the day, or how difficult the duties of the day, still it is good to be alive. We must just remember that although the trees are bare, they will be green again; although winter's breath stings our cheeks, softer will seem the touch of spring; and even though we be burdened with care, sweeter will be the surcease from pain. There is joy in every living thing. We borrow joy from the sunbeams, the rippling brook, the stirring leaves. So too we should be generous and lend a bit of our happiness. It will all come back to us with the increased interest of loving gratitude. Did you ever meet a stranger who smiled at you? And didn't you smile back at him with a feeling of joyful comradeship in your heart? We are never so weary or depressed that we can not find a soul more needy and lonely than our own. So let us be happy, be generous, and turn on the sunshine—smile!

REVIEW OF CURRENT POETRY.

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

In the February magazines, the poets present goblets filled with water drawn from the springs of Reminiscence and Melancholy. But I found a few bejeweled goblets filled with the sparkling nectar, Loveliness.

In "Homesick by the Sea," appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Grace Fallow Norton has chosen whimsical, pleading, lonesome phrases to stimulate the feelings and create the right atmosphere for her poem. "The leaping ships" recall the tall hemlocks of her beloved mountains, the roaring surf, the winds through the branches. The hemlocks are picturesquely and vividly described. In the last stanza, there is an attempt to banish the memories.

"Fade and set me free,
For flower, to pluck, where a white prow dips,
The blue flower of the sea!"

In the same magazine, Fannie Stearns Gifford offers "Trysts," the reflections of a busy mother of her dead parents. The trysts with them are not spent at the graves or before their portraits, but while she is about the homely tasks that they taught her. It is a comforting poem. "Divination," by John Drinkwater in the *Century*, is a plea for confidences. I think that it is a father begging a favorite daughter, now married, to confide her sorrows and troubles to him, still, as she has for the past twenty years. It seems to come from a lonely, loving, anxious heart. I liked it.

There are two exquisite poems about loveliness, the one, in *Harper's*, "Catalogue of Lovely Things" by Richard Le Gallienne, and the other, "White Loveliness Goes By" by Anna Hempstead Branch, in *America*. This last poem is a sonnet that contains lines of pure lyric beauty. The sight of loveliness, of whatever kind, enkindles a glow of warmth that radiates to our surroundings, making them partake in the roseate light for the moment—then—

"Their flaming banners sink into a shade!
While this earth's sunshine seems the golden dust
Slow settling from the radiant cavalcade."

I think that these last two lines are beautiful and would make the poem worth while.

The "Catalogue of Lovely Things" is rich with fresh, gorgeous beauty. It intoxicates. Each beautiful thing is given a lovely setting. There is

"The water-lily in its sanctuary
Of reeded pools; and dew-drenched lilac sprays."
and

"The fireflies dancing in a netted maze
Woven by twilight and tranquillity."

These are but a few of the lines that appealed to the beauty sense, but the whole poem could be not unfittingly quoted. Each line adds to the charm of this exquisite lyric. It is the kind of poetry that makes one thank God for poets who make one thank God for Loveliness.

* * * *

MARY MARILLA BROWNE, '20.

A curious atmosphere of gloom hangs over and pervades the poetry of the month of February. It is decidedly meditative and somber with a slight inclination to preaching. Perhaps it is because February is the last month of the cyclic year of growth, that death and the things of death are treated so profusely just at this time.

The poem in the *Literary Digest* "Great and Small" by Edith Dart is nothing more than a soliloquy on the empty feeling that comes to one on the loss of a friend. This loss is not so much the big loss of the personal friend but the little things which they had in common and can have no more. She says:

"Strange! how the trilles sting
In the face of a greater thing."

The theme of "The Bereaved" is exactly the same as that of "Great and Small," but it gives a bit of timely advice in addition. It asks the one bereaved not to shut himself up in "Self-indulgent" sorrow but to be—"like one

Who finds, instead of death and life undone,
Only the promise of a thing begun."

"Blue Water," by Amelia Josephine Burr in *The Bookman* can not tell us of the sea which separates us from sunny Spain without recalling that:

"Although its waves are crystal clear
We know what dead they hold."

Robert Gordon Anderson in his poem, "Leader of Men," pays a worthy tribute to our great compatriot, the late Theodore Roosevelt, whose opinions will ever be remembered. Mr. Anderson infers that they are much more appreciated and

respected now than they ever were in the life time of their author. He characterizes them as:

"Judgments so filled with common sense
Fools did not realize their gold."

Even the musty smell of worm eaten volumes which permeates Archie Austin Coates' little poem, "Ballads of a Second-Hand Book Shop," has something of decay about it. This poem is very quaint and really delightful. It is written in the old French form of ballad with the lines of each verse rhyming with the corresponding lines of the other verses and the refrain at the end of each; then the Envoy at the end of the ballad proper.

Although the poetry of the month has a very poignant appeal it does not give joy. Rather it stimulates along lines quite serious.

—The Department of Expression, under the direction of Miss Alice Kernan, gave the following program the evening of February 19:

"My Rival" - - - - -	<i>Kipling</i>
LINDA MINAHAN	
Pianologue "Soap" - - - - -	
ZELLA YOUNG.	
"The Legend of Service" - - - - -	<i>Anon.</i>
MARY LOUISE CHRISTMAN.	
"The In Or In" - - - - -	<i>Tarkington</i>
EILEEN CUSACK.	
"Roses of Picardy" - - - - -	<i>Wood</i>
Violins—M. BLANCO, G. BROUSSARD, C. BURKE, H. BRAZZILL, H. CAMPBELL, L. GLEASON, M. KEOWN, M. KAHL, J. RYAN, Z. NUTTER, M. VAN HEUVEL, E. VOORHEIS. Cello—G. LOESCH, A. SCHLECHT. Cornet—HORTENSE HOLTON Piano—E. BROUSSARD.	
"Suburbanites" - - - - -	<i>Cooke</i>
LUCILLE TUJAGUE.	
"Mother O' Mine" - - - - -	<i>Anon.</i>
VIOLA AYLWARD.	
"Daisy's Music Practice Hour" - - - - -	<i>Anon.</i>
MADERAL McLEAN.	

* * * *

DANCING EXHIBITION.

Under the graceful direction of Miss Margaret Gavin the classes in Dancing gave the following program, February 12:

Humoresque - - - - -	<i>Torrey</i>
CLASS A.	
Waltz Caprice - - - - -	<i>Faulhaber</i>
JUNIORS.	
Blue Danube - - - - -	<i>Chalif</i>
CLASS B.	
French Minuette - - - - -	<i>Chalif</i>
JUNIORS.	
Russian Peasant Dance - - - - -	<i>Faulhaber</i>
CLASS B.	
Gathering Daisies - - - - -	<i>Faulhaber</i>
ELIZABETH OBERWINDER.	
Polka Fantastique - - - - -	<i>Chalif</i>
CLASS A.	
In Twilight - - - - -	<i>Faulhaber</i>
CLASS B.	

NOTES.

—The Devotion of Forty Hours was opened Sunday, February 15 with a procession and Solemn High Mass of which Rev. Joseph Maguire, C.S.C., was celebrant, and Revs. Chas. Miltner, C.S.C., and Cornelius Hagerty, C.S.C., as deacon and subdeacon.

—"In Old Kentucky," with Anita Stewart in the leading role, was thoroughly enjoyed by the St. Mary's movie fans, when it was presented on February 25.

—On the evening of February 29, the Second Academics gave their class play, "St. Mary's Echo." It received hearty applause from the entire student body.

—"France and Her Future" was the subject of the interesting talk given by Dr. Joseph Harrington of the University of Wisconsin on February 28th.

—The Song recital given by Miss Ethel Jones to the students and teachers of St. Mary's on February 14 was one of the most enjoyable we have been privileged to hear. Miss Jones possesses a true mezzo-soprano voice of sympathetic quality, and splendid interpretation. Her selections were chosen from the best songs of modern American composers.

—On February 18, students of the Vocal Department presented a pleasing program before Mother M. Pauline.

On the afternoon of February 17, Mr. Bentley Ball, baritone, delighted the audience of St. Mary's with an interesting and instructive recital. His program began with tribal melodies of the Indians and ended with the compositions of modern American composers. They may be classified as: the Indian, Mountain, Cowboy, Negro-American, and modern American songs. Mr. Ball is to be especially congratulated on his splendid diction and the characteristic style in which he portrayed the various songs.

—Sermons during the month have been given by the Revs. Joseph Gallagher, C.S.C., Francis Wenninger, C.S.C., and James Stack, C.S.C.

—The Idee Club of St. Mary's College, organized in January, has held some very successful meetings. The purpose of the Idee Club is to discuss current questions, particularly those of a political and economic nature. There have been very interesting talks on Social and Health Insurance and on various phases of the Suffrage Question. The Idee Club meets regularly on Monday evening.

—St. Mary's received announcement of the marriage on February 14 of Bertha Broussard to Mr. James Roane of Beaumont, Texas. Heartiest congratulation and good wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Roane.

—On the first Friday of February three members of the Preparatory Department were privileged to receive their first Holy Communion—Margaret Wellington, Margaret Crumpacker and Albina Granata.

—\$1000 has been added to the St. Mary's Building Fund, by the same faithful and highly esteemed benefactor, who last year contributed a like amount. Activities for the Fund were begun four years ago when a former student laid the foundation,—\$50,000. During the war attention was turned to the Country's need. Since then, the original project has been renewed and if present plans mature, work on the much needed new building will be begun in the near future.

—On the afternoon of March 7, Colonel Joseph Patrick O'Neil, U. S. R., of Camp Custer, was a welcome visitor at St. Mary's. When a mere boy in Salt Lake City, Col. O'Neil was a pupil of Sister M. Eugenia and the present cordial meeting proved that the mutual regard of teacher and

pupil had not diminished during the many years separation.

JUNIOR THOUGHTS AT 10:00 A. M. FEBRUARY 24.

—“What bell is that? Oh, I've slept through English and French and here goes to sleep through Psychology and then,—it's town for me! God bless the originator of ‘late sleeps’.”

—According to custom at St. Mary's, the day following the Prom was spent in town by the lucky Juniors.

—It was a “Senior privilege” to attend the Detroit Symphony orchestra at Notre Dame on February 23.

—The First Intermediate Music Recital was given February 25.

Our three departments celebrated Washington's birthday unanimously with a delectable dinner Sunday the 22. This was followed on Monday by the Junior Prom in the College, a patriotic dance in the Academy, and a Colonial Party in the Junior Department.

—We are looking forward to the momentous day when our Seniors will don for the first time their caps and gowns.

—The recent organization of State Clubs at Saint Mary's has been most successful in accomplishing its purpose—to better acquaint and unite the girls from different sections of the country. And in a social way the club meetings afford unique methods of entertainment. Rare opportunities, such as California entertaining France, are offered. And the limit has not yet been reached in the desirable results the clubs are producing.

In the large colleges of the country, similar clubs have long been established. Years of growth have made their places secure. At Saint Mary's, the need of such an organization was demonstrated by the hearty and unanimous response to its introduction.

Two great interests strengthened by these clubs are love for Alma Mater and the respective states. Furthermore, they mark the school as a splendid cosmopolitan center, a fact sometimes overlooked.

St. Mary's “400” has welcomed the State Clubs enthusiastically and looks forward to their continuation. May they soon become part of the tradition of the school.

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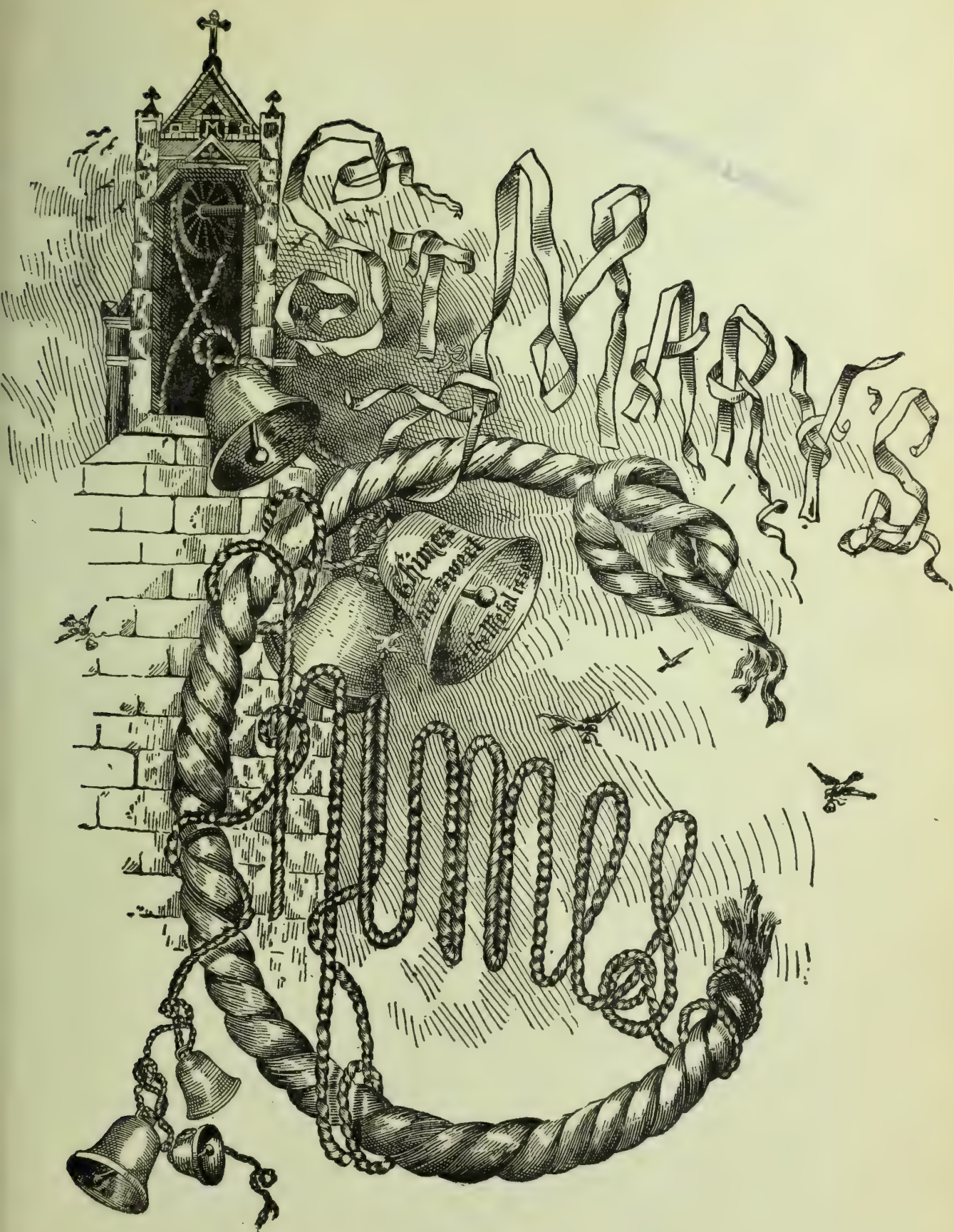
I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

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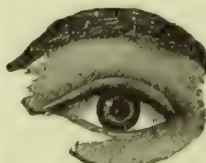
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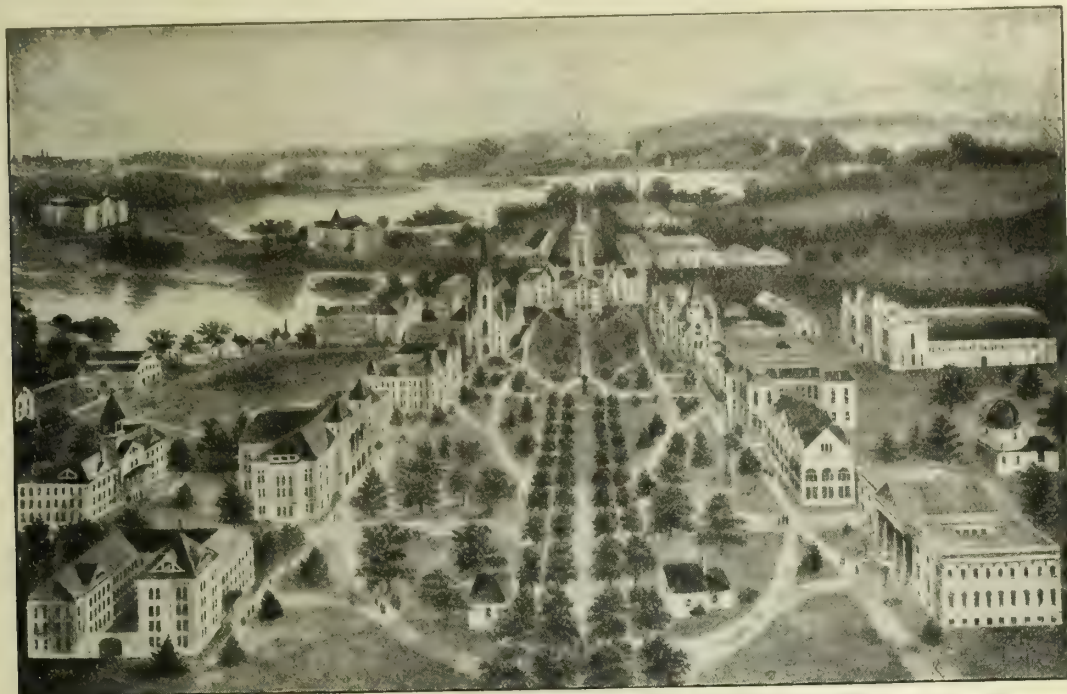
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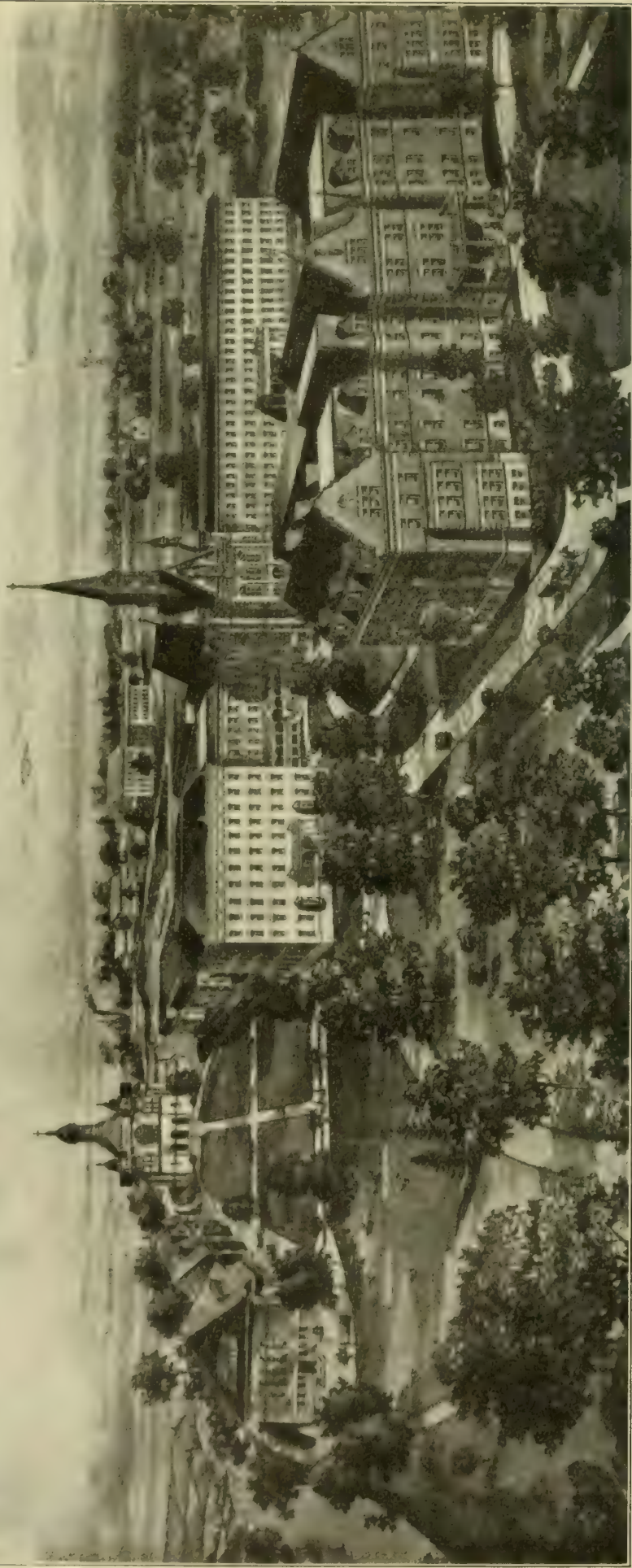
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ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., April, 1920

No. 8

AN EASTER DAWN.

BERNICE O'MELIA, '20.

THE crimson blush of morning
Colors the clouds' wide way,
While a bird alit in the tree top,
Sings the promise of Easter Day;

A message full-throated and clear:
"He is risen: He is not here!"

THE POWER OF SAVONAROLA.

BEATRICE REA, '21.

THE tracing of Savonarola's life in Florence as depicted by George Eliot in her great historical novel, "Romola", is like the eager following of a mighty torch that beckons and impels us to follow wherever it leads. It flames through the sin laden and depraved political life of beautiful Florence, only to pause at the end of its emblazoned course, shaken by the blast; and finally encompassed in a mighty flood of opposition and party jealousy, is snuffed out, and abandoned to its own darkness as one would throw aside a useless candle end.

When studying the ecstatic and spiritually impassioned life of Savonarola one feels the need of all authentic opinions possible, including the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, on the subject of this Dominican monk who swayed the destinies of all southern Catholic Europe during the latter part of the fifteenth century.

His early life throws much light on the cause of his later conduct. Savonarola came from a noble family of Ferrara. He was intellectually very talented and devoted himself with great zeal to studies, especially Philosophy and Medicine. Through the influence of an Augustinian's "Sermon on Repentance" he resolved to renounce the world, and entered the Dominican order of Bologna at the age of twenty-two, without the knowledge or consent of his parents. He was by nature a reformer, and feeling the moral depravity of the era of Renaissance, he devoted his time to prayer and ascetic practices with all

the ardor of his being. He was later made the instructor of novices which testifies to a sane and thorough interpretation of his obligations as a religious. During this time he wrote philosophical treatises based on the writings of Aristotle and Saint Thomas Aquin. In 1481-82 he was preaching in Florence and becoming "more and more absorbed in Apocalyptic ideas" concerning his own era. In 1490 he was sent to preach in the pulpit of San Marco, and the following year was made the prior of San Marco, which was then separated from the congregation of monks in Lombardy. He re-established the monasteries of Tuscany on a new basis of poverty and asceticism and greatly increased their membership. As Vicar General of the new congregation he failed to visit Lorenzo de Medici, the head of civil power in Florence at that time; and bitterly attacked the Medici family and Roman Curia for their patronizing "paganized" art and "free" living. By the people as a general class he was admired for his wonderful eloquence and "looked upon and venerated as a prophet." His avowed spiritual enemy, Lorenzo de Medici, has died and his son, Pietro de Medici, has been stoned from the city when George Eliot begins her wonderful story of *Romola*.

It is through her heroine that the author endeavors to give us a personal acquaintance with Savonarola. Romola, in anguish of mind and with every fibre of her noble nature in a violent revolt against her unhappy married life, has fled

in disguise from her city, and pausing to rest beyond the walls is greeted by a passing friar. In a voice whose tones vibrate through her very soul and shake her courage to the heart's depth he accuses her of fleeing under false impressions and of seeking only her own will. When Romola, indignant, demands his authority to address her, he answers that he speaks with "the right of a messenger," and that it is the truth only that commands her. This monk who stood before her had nothing transcendent in his face. "It was strong-featured, and owed all its refinement to habits of mind and the rigid discipline of the body." He made her feel that he had a strong, impersonal interest in her. She felt drawn towards him in reverent submission by his gaze in which "simple human fellowship expressed itself as a strongly felt bond." He brought before her with fearless accusation her debt to Florence, her debt to her state in life. His words suggested to her mind the "strength there might be in submission."

It is in this conversation that George Eliot has Savonarola express the aim, the very golden cross towards which the religious orders,—and of course his Dominican Order,—were laboring. "The servants of God are struggling after a law of justice, peace and charity that the hundred thousand citizens among whom you were born may be governed righteously." And of individual good he says: "It is not a thing of choice; it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience." In how sublime a manner does he declare that the perfect good for his people and his beloved Florence should proceed from perfect obedience! In judging his later life the author calls the problem of where the sacredness of obedience ends and where rebellion begins, "half the tragedy of his life." "His was the battle of a mind possessed by a never silent hunger after purity and simplicity yet caught in a tangle of aesthetic demands, false ideas, and difficult outward conditions, that made simplicity impossible," says the author of *Romola*.

Fanaticism showed itself in his denunciation of the vice and political corruption of Florence. The political influence he gained through his successful negotiations with the French king, through his personal magnetism, and his fearless, soul-stirring sermons to the masses of the people, gave him the power to set up the Dominican doc-

trines, political and social, as embodied in the new Theocratic Democracy,—in which Christ was made the "King of Florence." Although Savonarola did not take a direct position of control over civil and political affairs, still his word from the pulpit was law in the new order of things. The extreme manner in which his severe moral standards were carried throughout the practical life of the gay, pleasure-loving Florentines is told with some humour and a little underlying pathos in the scene of the "grey" carnival. The bargaining Bratti Fervavecchi complains: "I get no profit, but what with the famine and the new religion all other merchandise is gone down." The angelic and somewhat impish choir boys have much serious sport, for instead of throwing stones, they strip from morally defenseless victims, trinkets, jewels, and all instruments of luxury and vice, saying, "They (the jewels) are too heavy for you, they are heavier than a millstone, and are weighting you for perdition!" And when poor Madame Brigida is deprived of all her falsities, she is accosted by the guttural tones of Bratti, who is selling crucifixes, "Only four quattrini, Madonna, blessing and all! Buy it, you'll find a comfort in it, now your wig's gone," and the "Madonna" regarding her shorn head mournfully replies, "It doesn't matter about being old if one's a Piagnone."

Although the bonfire of the "vanities" emblazoned the skies, the position of Savonarola's government was far from secure. Foretelling the downfall of the Dominican power, the loquacious Macchiavelli says that Savonarola will have the hatred of the Church for exposing its interior corruption, the hatred of the nobility for opposing it, and finally, the encompassing hate of the common people for disappointing them. There were many citizens from all classes who said Florence should join the league and make common cause with the great Italian states. But the impassioned reformer saw only the crying need for universal moral regeneration, with Florence, his cherished city as a starting point, and with the French king, Italy's enemy, as the scourge of nations. He preached with increasing violence and recklessness against "the immortality of Alexander VII and the corruption of the Curia." Although commanded in holy obedience to keep silence until he should vindicate his prophecies and denunciations in Rome, he continued preaching "to infuse needed faith and patience." Romola

seeking spiritual peace is depressed by "wearisome visions" and vague allegories. The popular excitement was rapidly increasing and schism threatened. "He knew," says George Eliot, "that excommunication was imminent and he had reached the point of defying it. He held up the condition of the Church in the terrible mirroring of his unflinching speech, which called things by their right names and dealt in no polite paraphrases." With opposition his preaching took on the aspect of "personal exasperation" as well as "indignant zeal."

With Savonarola's excommunication came the plague of 1497 and the lessening of public veneration and trust in him. His lowering of ideals, or rather the making them the cause of his party is shown by the author in Savonarola's last conversation with Romola when he says: "The cause of my party is the cause of God's kingdom." Savonarola declared the excommunication invalid, saying: "A wicked, unbelieving Pope who has gained the pontifical chair by bribery is not Christ's Vicar." But the universal Catholic faith in the infallible authority of morals and dogma remained, and only hastened the downfall of Savonarola. In vain did his flaming spirit cry out in the Benediction given by his morally bound hands: "Lord, if I have not wrought in sincerity of soul, if my word cometh not from Thee, strike me in this moment with Thy thunder and with the fires of Thy wrath enclose me." The Church's stigma of disapproval was upon him and

his soul was weighed down by the manacles of excommunication. The thought of personal suffering and of self entered into the mind that had once existed only for God and His cause in Florence. His delicate, sensitive mind recoiled from the thought of trials by fire; and torture only made him sway to and fro from recantation to the avowing of the cause for which he died, "the furthering of God's kingdom on earth." George Eliot dwells on the disillusionment and shaking of those people's faith who had venerated, eagerly followed, and passionately loved him. However true this might have been, the facts of his ardent, self-sacrificing life remain; nothing can alter the sublime beauty of his original ideals and the nobility and grandeur of his true nature. Contu calls him "a man of faith,—superstition, of genius abounding in charity." "He was no apostle of reform as understood by Luther," says Mr. Symonds in his *History of the Renaissance*; and again: "It did not occur to him to doubt the institutions of his Church or to question her authority," declares Mrs. Oliphant in her *Making of Florence*.

Personal love and veneration for his memory are exemplified by George Eliot in the devoted commemorative exercises of the Romola to whom, as to many thousands of other Florentines, he had brought in the hour of greatest need the knowledge of that Divine Assistance for which her darkened soul had felt the insatiable need all the days of her "paganized" youth.

EVEN AS HE

(Christ was sad; for He loved the young man)

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

UNSEEING, he turned from Thee
To what hand could hold,
Thinking to find soul-ease,
In touch of gold.

My childlike love, so hurt
At pain in Thy sweet face,
Marvelled that one could count the cost,
To gain Thy love, Thy grace.

The dreams of crowding years
That youthful flames have dimmed somehow,
Until that story once so dear,
In me, no thrill awakens now.

But, dearest Lord, do not allow
That my poor heart be barred to Thee,
That Thou shouldst turn away in pain,
Thy thirst for love unquenched by me.

A SONG OF EASTER.

MARGARET AUBREY, '22.

AS the purple mists of morning
 Slowly fade like wraiths from sight,
 And the dawn with rosy fingers
 Draws the curtain of the night:
 Silent on their loving mission,
 The three Marys swiftly fare,
 All intent upon performing
 One last act of tender care,
 "Rejoice! Thy Lord is risen!"
 What means the joyful cry?
 "Rejoice! for Christ has conquered
 And sin and terror fly!"
 So spoke the shining messenger,
 "Rejoice! Again, I say!
 And fill the world with gladness
 On this first Easter Day!
 Go forth with these sweet tidings
 To cheer the sad of heart!"
 For Calvary and Easter Day—
 Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,—
 Were just one day apart!

DRAMATIC ART IN THE MERCHANT
OF VENICE.

FRANCES KENNEDY, '22.

BEFORE considering the dramatic art in "The Merchant of Venice," the primary requisite will be to find the real meaning of the term dramatic art. Some one has defined it as being the art and science of expressing thoughts artistically through voice and body actions. A work of art, to be deserving of the name, must be moral, proportionable and true to nature. "The Merchant of Venice" measures up to the true standard of art for the poet represented men as he had seen them, neither repealing nor ignoring the old law of human nature.

To see the real dramatic art in this play, nemesis in the case of the Jew must be considered,—nemesis being one of the simplest and most universal of dramatic motives. Nemesis is retribution as it appears in the world of art, and no dramatic effect is more influential in modern drama than that which emphasizes the principle that a man will be paid according to his due. In reality, a double nemesis occurs in the story of the Jew, that of Shylock himself and that of his victim, Antonio, each distinct in itself, yet dependent on the other. The supreme confidence of Antonio receives its nemesis in his supreme humiliation at the hands of the Jew and this humiliation is in return the crime which brings retribution to Shylock. The usurer's punishment

is felt to be preordained and his own policy of "an eye for eye" is the one by which justice is meted out to him. He would exact the bond to the letter of the law.

"The pound of flesh which I demand of him
 Is dearly bought 'tis mine and I will have it."

and to the letter is he punished, for when the wheels of fate turns again, he finds himself and all he possesses at the mercy of his enemy. Having rendered no mercy, his pitiable cry is "I am content." Nemesis in the case of Antonio is more unexpected since the Merchant is a generous, kindhearted man, large and liberal in spirit, loving freely and hating frankly. But Antonio is too self-sufficient, too secure in prosperity, hence his great humiliation is the more keenly felt.

In the casket story is an entirely different kind of dramatic ability. Here is afforded the opportunity of an idealization of the most common problem in daily experience, the problem of judgment by appearances. This method of practical life is satisfied in all conditions in the casket story, where the outcome of an all important question seems to rest on chance. The character of the three suitors is cleverly portrayed by their interpretation of the metal inscriptions. Bassanio alone shows enough love and honor "to give and hazard all he hath."

The avoidance of difficulties in a story is an element obvious in any artistic handling, but the weaving together of tales is a more important branch of art. The monstrosity of the Jew's character repels, but repulsiveness is partly forgotten when sympathy is engaged and pity moved at his being spurned by the Gentiles; and again when his spirit is broken and fate is against him. His absurd method of usury is explained by Antonio's not understanding the principle that "money makes money." In the trial scene Shylock and Antonio, Portia and Bassanio, Nerissa and Gratiano all meet, thus bringing the main characters together and making our varied interests blend into one. So are the stories connected, feeling for and against each actor expressed and difficulties made natural.

Another feature worthy of note is the union of the light and serious story, the combination of gloom and brightness. This mingling of the grand and gay lends human interest to the tale and works up to an effective happy climax, giving a sense of satisfaction which could not be accomplished if each story were taken individually.

THE LIFE-GIVER.

CLARA SELEGUE, '21.

LAST night, where the moonlight just lingers
 Above the old path to the wood,—
 I saw how the delicate fingers
 Of raindrops made all clean and good;
 When they touched the trees' grim twisted branches,
 The ground that was sodden and bare,
 When they poured down the gold avalanches
 Of moonbeams,—wee buds ventured there.

THE CONQUEROR: PRIDE OR PREJUDICE?

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

“IT is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.” A wise statement, made by one of the wisest of novelists! It is thus simply that Jane Austen begins her most spontaneously vivacious novel of manners. Behind the extremely delicate and whimsical irony of that introductory sentence lurks the keynote to “Pride and Prejudice.” It is one of shrewd seriousness revealed in high spirits by an exceptionally clear intellect. It also reflects the author's own nature, blending exhibitions of her refined wit and artistically true delineation of character with the definite self-portraiture of a richly charming temperament. It is original. It is imaginative.

While Jane Austen's predecessors were entertainingly wise and realistic, they lacked the imagination to see their novels as wholes, and to follow this conception. This gift of imagination was one of Miss Austen's superior qualities. She recognized a need for its development. She obeyed its demands, calling it a necessary step toward perfection. As a result, she sacrificed much of what was wandringly romantic. She became scrupulous, but not cowardly.

“Pride and Prejudice” illustrates this idea of artistic perfection, but it shows nothing of the sophistication which generally accompanies deliberate planning. It possesses all the merry spirit and humorous gusto that spring from the invention of curious amusement. For, above all else, Jane Austen amused herself, and consequently, her readers.

Her material is nothing more unusual than the

manners of her own English society. She clung to the traditions of realism in that she copied exactly, but simply. However, her simplicity arises from a powerful imagination guided by a powerful intellect. But “Pride and Prejudice” is merely simple on the surface. It reveals common sense, rich judgment, and profound, understanding insight. Its theme is, of course, manners; its structure hinges on the pride of Darcy and the prejudice of Elizabeth. In short, the story is entirely built on the inevitable contest between his pride and her prejudice. The building is natural.

Although Elizabeth says that her motive for acting through the whole weaving of the plot was prejudice—absurd “blind partial prejudice,” it must have been aroused by the very thing she found most abominable in Mr. Darcy. His neglect froze her tolerance of him to the limits of uncordiality. Throughout the development of the story, she is constantly mentioning his pride and his prejudice, while she believes herself free from both. She sees her own faults in Darcy and gives him advice she should have turned to herself—“It is particularly incumbent on those who never change their opinion to be secure of judging properly at first.”

Elizabeth had judged hastily, rashly. Her deep dislike for him had taken root uncautiously. With an immovable disapprobation, she coldly dissected his manners and exposed, not without satisfaction, his arrogance, conceit, and selfish disdain of the feelings of others.

Although her prejudice was unforgiving, and her resentment, unappeasable; neither was with-

cut reasonable impetus. Mr. Bingley, who had introduced Mr. Darcy to the society of Netherfield Park, gained by comparison with his guest, while the latter unmistakably lost. Their two depositions were positive contrasts. Mr. Bingley possessed a delightful easiness, an assuring openness, and docility of temper that made everyone satisfied with him. Furthermore, it made him quite satisfied with himself. On the other hand, Mr. Darcy gave the impression of dissatisfaction not only with himself, but with the world in general. Although his manners were faultlessly and truly well-bred, they were inviting in no respect. His appearance wholly lacked animation and a fastidious reserve bounded his clever, in fact, superior, intellect with haughtiness. Nevertheless, justice demanded this from Mr. Wickham. "Mr. Darcy can please when he chooses. He does not want abilities * * * Among those who are at all his equals in consequence, he is a very different man from what he is to the less prosperous. His pride never deserts him; but with the rich he is liberal minded, just, sincere, rational, honorable, and, perhaps, agreeable, allowing something for fortune and figure."

The very personalities of Mr. Darcy and Elizabeth established the plot of their story. Against his fastidious reserve was opposed her daring impertinence; against his dignity, her animation; against his proud manner, her irresistible brilliancy. He was unsocial; she tried to be so toward him. Yet, unaware of it, she had attracted Darcy, had charmed him, and had made him love her desperately even against his own will and reason.

So were their relations when Darcy suddenly asked Elizabeth to be his bride. He knew that she had never solicited even his good opinion, much less his love. But although he spoke of his apprehension and anxiety, he addressed her with a countenance of real security. Then, with a haughtiness that was all insolence and pride, he minutely explained his own condescension in making the offer. At first Elizabeth could only have been astonished. "She stared, colored, doubted, and was silent." But his eloquence on the subject of his pride and condescension was equal to his eloquence on the subject of his tenderness. Her utter dislike for him made impossible any compassion civility demanded. After a dreadful pause she made little endeavor to re-

strain her anger. It found Mr. Darcy more surprised than resentful.

In that instant, Elizabeth's prejudice humbled Mr. Darcy's pride, although he did not recognize the change until after he had written to Elizabeth. For a while he was not remorseful because of his manner of address. A temper he had never learned to control responded to her cruel rejection. When she bitterly accused him of ungentlemanly behavior, she found him unarmed. A virtuous yet mightily proud abhorrence of disguise had refused to conceal his struggles, had forced him to admit that his unqualified love was in spite of his reason, not because of it. (Her family's manners naturally aroused just feelings of repulsion.) But her rejection had shown him that his conceited pretensions were insufficient to please a worthy woman.

Much more gradually, however, did Mr. Darcy's pride, now a deserved self-respect, break through the walls of Elizabeth's prejudice. Womanlike, she was pleased because she had unconsciously inspired a strong affection. After he had explained his motive in separating Jane and Mr. Bingley, and after he had told her about Mr. Wickham, her feelings toward him changed greatly. She was humiliated because her own vanity had been gratified by a useless trust in Mr. Wickham. She realized that her pride in her valued abilities of discernment had courted prepossession, driven reason away, and so, built up her prejudice. She had never known her own mind. After he proved his lasting love for her by aiding Mr. Wickham and Lydia, she, too, was humbled, grieved, repentant, and ashamed. Then she admitted first to herself and later to Mr. Darcy, that respect for his valuable qualities, and gratitude for his jealous esteem had forced her to contradict what she had once said: "Stupid men are the only ones worth knowing, after all."

TEARS.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

FOR every tear that glistens
In baby's eyes of brown,
I see a smile a-lurking
Behind his little frown.

Even as the dew that trembles
On every flow'r and thorn,
Is but a teardrop hiding
A smile, that 'waits the morn.

SPRING.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

FROST-white, dawn-pink—
Just an Apple Tree;
Yet from every blossomed bough
Angels smile at me!

THE DANCER

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

APRIL, merging from the water,
Danced with rhythmic, spritely,
Whirling motions through the fields and
Gardens sprinkling lightly,

Everywhere the raindrops from her
Dripping gown. Swift darting,
Chased by sunbeams, caught by rainbows,
April smiles at parting.

THE VIOLETS.

MADEE CAREY, '21.

THE angels with the falling dew
Dropped cloudlets from an evening sky
That wafted where the soft winds blew,
O'er hill and vale the pieces flew—
To violets changed, by brookside grew.
And still they nod as winds pass by,
Since angels with the falling dew
Dropped cloudlets from an evening sky.

TO THE BLUEBIRD

MARION REMPE, '23.

YOUR soft blue feathers fill with joy
The artist, seeking fame through you.
And poets, too, their arts employ
To tell your charms, which count not few.

Your pretty song has cheered the hearts
Of all who heed your call, so lift
The sunless curtain far apart
And let in Happiness—your gift.

SPRING.

LORETTA VAUGHEY, '22.

WE welcome Thee, O Lady Spring,
Maid of the sunshine hair,
We greet thy coming joyfully,
Season of seasons fair.

To honor Thee, kind-hearted guest,
The world in beauty's born.
After the night of winter, thou'rt
A glorious Easter Morn.

A PRAYER FOR APRIL.

CHARLOTTE VOSS, '20.

PLEASE open your heavens, kind April,
From earth wash away every stain;
The month of Our Lady is coming
And we would her sweet favor gain!

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

THE RUNAWAY.

GERTRUDE GREENE, '21.

APRIL, April, sweetly dreaming
 Golden dreams in silver days,
 Lovely breezes 'round thee playing,
 Tumble through dawn's shining ways.

April, April, swiftly fleeting,
 Laughing off the tingling rain,
 Meadows, nooks all yellow gleaming,
 Call and cling to you in vain.

THE PASSING OF THE PSYCHIO-COSMIC CIRCLE.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

IF you have never heard of the Psycho-Cosmic Circle I am not surprised, for it was indeed most exclusive, and also short-lived, the span of its existence measuring less than six months. The name, Psycho-Cosmic, was significant of the high purpose of the organization, which, as set forth by the erudite president, Augustus Jones, was "to provide an atmosphere permeated with intellectuality wherein those rare souls whose Cosmos was essentially psychic might find a refuge from the vulgar hedonism of the rabble; and strive for a more perfect understanding of their physical evolution while their spirits basked in the light which emanated from the sacred writings of Plato, Schopenhauer and Charles Darwin." Sixteen "rare souls" had been basking thus for a little over five months when, in all the glory of white side whiskers and pince-nez with a dangling black cord the learned countenance of Professor Arthur Gregory Mullen was blazoned forth in the newspapers. Accompanying these portraits were vivid and enthusiastic accounts of his recent sojourn among the Eskimos for the purpose of "investigating primitive psychological conditions." For over a year the Professor had been exposing his scantily padded organism to the inclemencies of Greenland, and now, armed with a meek secretary and a trunkful of notes, he took up his abode in the quiet elegance of a Plains Hotel suite. According to the "Evening Courier" Professor Mullen was "crystalizing a new and wonderful theory of Metaphysical Evolution in a masterly work soon to appear under the title of 'The Acquisition, Evolution and Culmination of the Psychic Organism of the Genus

Humanorum'!" Just how one lone little volume was going to struggle along under the oppressive weight of such a title the Courier did not state; neither did it throw any light on exactly what "Metaphysical Evolution" was. But let that pass, such things are immaterial.

While the intellectuals of Ocean City waited with bated breath, so to speak, for the appearance of the masterpiece, there was generated in the surcharged atmosphere of the Psycho-Cosmic Circle an idea of the first magnitude. For this, credit must be given to Miss Marianabelle McClosky, secretary-treasurer of the society, who was a rather remarkable young lady in many ways, combining as she did, red hair, shell-rimmed spectacles and Buster Brown collars so as to produce a general effect of vast erudition. Aghast at her presumption, and scarcely daring to express their delighted hopes, Marianabelle's fellow Psycho-Cosmics listened to and approved of her plan to invite Professor Arthur Gregory Mullen to address the members of the Circle on any subject he might choose. Accordingly the next day there was consigned to the care of Uncle Sam a square cream envelope enclosing a sheet of correspondingly correct stationery inscribed in Marianabelle's best violet ink writing with the following gem:

My Dear Professor Mullen:

It is with the greatest trepidation and an overwhelming sense of my own unworthiness that I venture to approach such a fountain-head of intellectuality as yourself. But I am reassured by the knowledge that the truly great are always

most willing to give ear to those admirers who hold as sacred the very crumbs that fall from the table of greatness. Consequently, without more ado I will present my petition. I hesitate,—I tremble, as the words leave my pen I am overwhelmed with my own audacity, but I cast myself upon your benignity. You, no doubt, are entirely ignorant of the existence of the Psycho-Cosmic Circle, but each and every one of us, its members, has read with ecstatic enjoyment your every printed word. And now our request,—as I address these words to you I ask myself “how can I dare”? Yet, such is the intensity of my longing to hear from your own sacred lips even a few words that I dare do anything. Be assured, dear Professor, that your every word will be treasured up as a pearl of great price in the hearts of the Psycho-Cosmics, and do not I implore you, disappoint us.

Your's — overawed, — admiring, — pleading, — expectant:—

(Miss) MARIANABELLE McCLOSKEY,

(Secretary-Treasurer of the Psycho-Cosmic Circle.)

One might live long in Ocean City and yet never set foot in Plum Alley. Narrow, dirty, paved with cobblestones, it wound a sinuous way from an opening between two shacks on a blind alley down to the evil-smelling fish wharves. Old dingy buildings, long innocent of paint, lined its sides, and tucked in between a Pawn Shop and a Chop-Suey House was the Plain Hotel. Built on the general architectural principles of a rabbit warren, it presented its grimy windows to the passers-by with an apologetic air, as if its dingy muslin curtains were worn flags of truce which it was tired of waving in the face of a frowning world. From the weather-beaten street door with its faded sign “Rooms to Rent, Cheap, 50c & Up”, rickety stairs led up to dim vistas of red-carpeted halls. Half-lit, unaired, odorous with the ghosts of long departed boiled dinners and Monday washdays, no ogre's cavern ever presented any more uninviting aspect than these passageways. Scarcely more attractive were the tiny, ill-ventilated rooms which opened off them. Entering one of these one would find modern conveniences which consisted of electric light, supplied by one fly-specked globe suspended by a knotty cord; and running water,—that is, it ran splashingly, gurglingly when a lipless pitcher was inverted over the Queensware basin standing on

the spavined-legged dresser. It was to the charms of such a boudoir that the Hobo opened his drowsy eyes. Some time elapsed before he could locate the sound that had aroused him, but finally the increasing vigor of the perturbing bangs upon the door made him realize that someone desired admittance. The Hobo rose sleepily, shuffled across the bare boards and opened the door a cautious inch. Early morning visitors in the Plain Hotel were too often of the blue coated, silver starred race known as “de cops”. However, the red chapped hand of the Hobo's landlady reassured him as it was thrust through the aperture, its bony fingers clutching a large creamy envelope.

“Letter f'r yuh,” she said laconically and stalked down the hall, leaving the Hobo to close the door and take the letter to the window where he rubbed his eyes over the address:—

PROFESSOR ARTHUR GREGORY MULLEN
PLAIN HOTEL
CITY.

Strangely enough the Hobo handled the envelope awkwardly and with shaking hands;—but then the Hobo had not received any mail for ten years and the last letter had turned his world to ashes and dead sea fruit and changed him overnight from a promising young student to a wanderer. Now the memory of a faithless girl's selfish words, once seared upon his brain, came over him with a sudden sickening vividness. But the Hobo was no weakling, in an instant he regained his composure and even laughed over what he thought must be a joke. Almost before he had finished the page he realized that it was no joke but a strayed letter. A close glance at the envelope showed that a tiny spiral of violet ink had been partly obliterated by a postman's dirty hand,—a loss of one letter, but it spelt all the difference between the magnificence of the Plains Hotel on Oceanview Avenue and the squalor of the Plain Hotel on Plum Alley. A coincidence in names had done the rest and the invitation of the Psycho-Cosmic Circle had found its way into the hands of Arthur Gregory Mullen, Hobo, instead of those of Arthur Gregory Mullen, High-Brow.

Perhaps for a short space of time the Hobo intended to deliver the letter to its rightful owner, but this good intention lasted at most not more than three minutes. Followed a period of unusual activity on the part of the Hobo. As the

result of a surreptitious visit to one of the writing rooms of the Plains Hotel, Miss Marianabelle McClosky received a note of acceptance written on the Hotel's best linen-lawn, naming an evening a week distant as the time when Professor Mullen would "be happy to speak to the Psychio-Cosmic Circle on a few of the new theories contained in the volume now being prepared for publication." A week passed,—a week sweet with anticipation for the Psychio-Cosmics; full of unwonted occupations for the Hobo. The acquisition of some "coin" by the simple expedient of pawning his few unnecessary possessions was followed by hours spent in a public library and other hours spent in his own room with a stubby pencil and a three-cent note book; and last in time, but not in importance, a visit to a renter of cheap theatrical costumes and evening clothes.

Behold then the entrance of "Professor Arthur Gregory Mullen" into the sacred circle of the Psychio-Cosmics, behold the ecstatic beaming of President Augustus Jones, the welcoming smiles of the spectacled Marianabelle, the radiant countenances of the fourteen other members. Hear, too, the whispered comments:—"Isn't he wonderful—so much younger than I thought from his picture—so distinguished looking—erudite—perfectly marvellous—He simply exudes refined intellectuality!" This last being the contribution of Miss Clytemnestra Mudd, a somewhat archaic maiden whose teeth, it was whispered, were like the summer stars in that they came out every night. Then came a profound hush as the Professor, serene in his rented evening clothes and false side whiskers, removed his notes from their resting place in his vest pocket, and shattered the breathless silence with the words:

"My dear friends, my brothers and sisters in the Psychio-Cosmos, I have decided to lay before you this evening in as few words as possible the new theory which is soon to revolutionize the entire world of science." Wild applause interrupted him and the feminine Psychio-Cosmics wept with joy. The Professor shifted to a more comfortable position and cleared his throat before beginning.

"The soul, my friends, the principle which animates this poor clay, (striking himself dramatically in the region of the solar plexus), is not tangible. It cannot be located like the core of an onion, but it is elusive like the odor thereof." Thus having introduced his subject the Professor

proceeded to lay before the breathless sixteen his theory of the evolution of the soul. In words plucked from the most unexplored recesses of Webster's Unabridged he described the wanderings of the soulless Embryonic Amoeba through the primitive pandemonium of the Cosmos. Up the steep inclines and down into the cavernous abysses of the evolving universe fled the unfortunate Amoeba, always urged on by a yearning for a spirit, a soul,—a psychic organism in short. Finally the metamorphosis of Chaos into Cosmos generated Soul-Essence. Soul-Essence was at first volatile, intangible, elusive, (again consider the onion.) Later, Soul-Essence became stronger, resembling garlic more than onion now, and came in contact with the Embryonic Amoeba and permeated it. On and on went the now happy Amoeba, and after repeated multiplication of cells assumed more complex form and after countless ages finally evolved into Man!"

These were the most salient points of the theory which the Professor unfolded to his worshipping audience. Mere words cannot do justice to the wild enthusiasm of the Psychio-Cosmics, suffice to say that after a little whispered consultation the Professor was invited to be the guest of honor at a banquet to be given in a week's time at the Plains Hotel; Augustus Jones being appointed as a committee of one to make the arrangements. Upon Mariannabelle devolved the important duty of writing up the meeting for the Courier, which task she performed willingly and admirably.

Some three days later while the Psychio-Cosmics still walked in rosy clouds of memory and anticipation, a visitor was shown into the library of Augustus Jones. He was a little dried up man whose white side whiskers trembled with indignation, resembling nothing so much as the whiskers of a rabbit that quivers with anticipation on scenting lettuce in the immediate vicinity. A small white oblong of cardboard thrust forward in the shrivelled hand of the pugnacious visitor bore the name:

PROFESSOR ARTHUR GREGORY MULLEN!

In the interview that followed all the perfidy of the impostor was disclosed. The real Professor, never having received the invitation and consequently ignorant of the existence of the Psychio-Cosmic Circle, had been startled by the Courier's headline announcement:

"PROFESSOR MULLEN ADDRESSES
PSYCHIO-COSMIC CIRCLE!"

On reading the column thus introduced, the professorial intellect immediately perceived that some one had "taken a liberty." Hence his visit to the President of the Circle, and his disclosure of the deception practiced upon the gullible Psycho-Cosmics. Of the ensuing wrath of the victims little need be said save that it was entirely adequate to the heinousness of the crime. At an indignation meeting hastily called by the perturbed Augustus a counter-plot was hatched. According to the dark purpose of the conspirators the day of the banquet came and the Hobo did not know that his fraud had been discovered. Therefore it was a distinct shock to the blissfully ignorant guest of honor when he entered the banquet room and found himself the object of threatening glances from sixteen angry Psycho-Cosmics plus the enraged Professor of "Metaphysical Evolution." The Hobo grasped the situation quickly,—so quickly in fact that he cut short the upbraiding words of Augustus Jones before the first period was reached. Standing at ease in front of the door he had just entered, the Hobo spoke, easily, fluently and composedly.

"You are a Society of Idiots," he began, "and it is people like you that are doing irreparable injury to higher education. Ten years ago I was a student in one of the finest universities in the country, I had a promising career before me,—but then, there's no need of telling you the story of my life, I'm going to tell you about a man who was, like yourselves, a pseudo-intellectual. He didn't have the brains that God gave a Jack Rabbit but he wore soft collars and flowing ties and he could spout about the 'Cosmic urge' and the Evolution of the species,—he even wrote odes to the missing link in blank verses! He wasn't content to believe that the Lord made him and gave him a soul—no, he wanted something 'more in-

tellectual.' And all the time he talked he couldn't have defined one of the big words he used so glibly to save his worthless neck. I had more knowledge of science in my little finger than he had in the entire skullfull of shredded wheat he carried for a brain, and yet a woman turned me down for him. She broke her parents' heart by marrying him, she ruined my life; I left college the day she married him and I've been a Hobo ever since. The man is in the Insane Asylum now, his wife takes in sewing to support the children.

"When I came here and palmed myself off for Professor Mullen I meant it merely as a joke,—a little comeback at the sort of bunk that ruined my life. But it is more than a joke; I talked the most unadulterated rot to you, I misused words, I expounded a theory so ridiculous that I could hardly keep from laughing as I talked,—and, you hung on my every word! If you were harmless idiots I wouldn't care, but you are a real menace, you are keeping people away from higher education. Do you think that people who hear you drivel about the Cosmos and the Embryonic Amoeba and primitive Chaos will ever want their sons and daughters to study the sciences you pretend to be so familiar with? No,—they are afraid that they will turn out to be driveling idiots like you, for few of them realize that it is not education that is the matter with you, it is the lack of it, and the senseless apeing of a knowledge you don't possess, pseudo-intellectualism! That ought to suit your ears since they are so well attuned to long words that never saw a dictionary. Psycho-Cosmics!—merely another way of spelling d—fools!"

A quick opening and shutting of the door, steps in the hall,—and the Hobo was gone! And with his going the Psycho-Cosmic Circle died painlessly and without protest, and its soul was wafted away on the night air which swallowed up the Hobo.

IN APRIL.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

A LAUGHING little sunbeam
Peeped out from 'neath a cloud,
And made a million diamonds
Upon the wet earth's shroud.

But, when sweet nature wakened,
She cried,—“What can this mean?”
Each tiny, glistening raindrop
Had decked some tree with green.

ENGLISH NAMES FOR AMERICAN AUTHORS.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM, '22.

BEFORE the time of Irving, the insulting question, "Who reads an American book?", had endured without anyone even attempting a reply. Irving, however, quietly answered in his own way by writing books which everybody read. With his charm and naturalness, he reminded Englishmen of the author of the "Spectator," hence he was immediately christened "the American Addison."

Addison and Irving were somewhat alike in style: both wrote in a smooth, flowing, polished manner. Too, Addison in his "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" treats of country life and Irving in "Bracebridge Hall" shows that Addison has merely touched upon, not exhausted, the "literary possibilities of country life." However, Addison invented the modern essay by his "Tatler" and "Spectator," and he wrote to correct the little vanities and big vices of his time; while Irving invented, or at least developed, the modern short story, and wrote, not for reform, but for the sake of literature itself. Both are great and may be fairly compared. Addison wrote mainly on English themes, but Irving entered a wider field. He portrayed English country life which he had closely observed; he went to Spain and found material and literary treasures, forgotten or overlooked by the Spaniards themselves; but above all he gave America a legendary history and was, in the words of Thackeray, "the first ambassador whom the New World of letters sent to the Old." Always, he was a discoverer and knew just how to tell in the most interesting manner possible what he had found.

Next came Bryant, the high priest of nature in America. He became known as "the American Wordsworth." Although Wordsworth and Bryant were both nature poets; though they both had a similar, innate refinement and harmony with nature, we think it hardly fair to compare the two; Bryant would suffer too greatly in consequence. He established a standard of poetry in America and was the first to embody a national spirit in verse. He is a true poet, especially to the few who love nature as he did, and stands second, we can safely affirm, to Words-

worth "in his ability to express man's thought and feeling in presence of the mighty life of nature."

England, after reading Cooper's tales of stirring adventure, condescendingly titled him "the American Scott." Except in their aims, namely, "a romantic and exaggerated portrayal of the heroism" of their respective countries, we consider the comparison rather forced or strained. Scott's range was much wider than that of Cooper. Moreover, Cooper was the first American tale-bringer, while Scott had only to walk in a road already paved. Besides, Cooper was a strong, original genius who believed in telling his story in his own way, whether others liked it or not. He was ever a leader, not a follower. Especially is this true of his sea-tales. Before his time the ocean was a place of fear, he succeeded in making it a place of romance. This in itself was no small achievement. Scott created a number of enduring characters; Cooper produced only three or, at the most, four,—Long Tom Coffin, the pirate; Harvey Birch, the patriotic, self-sacrificing American soldier; Natty Bumppo, the woodsman; and Chingachgook, the Indian.

The names thus given to our writers by the English may be very complimentary, but the first quality noticeably in our national literature is its originality. Who ever wrote a "Knickerbocker History," or a "Rip Van Winkle", or a tale like "The Spy" or "The Red Rover", or where else can we find a poem like "A Forest Hymn"?

It is true, as Irving proved, that our American books are a part of the great body of English letters, and we should, therefore, be united in spirit; but America is a distinct country and we desire her to have a literature of her own. She developed, in the First National Period, a national literature; she established American literary criticism, the short story, the romance of the sea and the wilderness, and a national poetry. America had awakened to a sense of her true worth, she understood that she was able to hold her own with other nations and no longer needed to depend on England. Thus, too, she knew her writers were capable of standing on their own feet without being supported by English titles.

TO MOTHER.

LORETTA VAUGHAN, '22.

PEARLS would deck the throne I'd make you,
Were I Queen of Fairyland;
Argent bells at morn would wake you,
Lilies in an elfin hand.
Sleep at eve would gently woo you,
Zephyrs sweet at your command;
Tell me, dearest Mother, do you
Want to come to Fairyland?

DAD.

THELMA WENTZ, '22.

THE world is full of treasured songs
About our mothers' loving care
And sometimes 'bout our sisters small,
With gold-brown eyes and hair.

'Bout naughty Bob who steals the jam,
And Jack, who fought at Verdun Hill,
But won't someone please think of Dad,
Besides the times he pays the bill?

TO MY FATHER.

BEATRICE RFA, '21.

HOW shall I sing my love for you?—
Who through the golden days
Of life have filled with joy anew
Its happy, happy ways!
So like the pine that stands apart
And communes with the stars,
The dew within the-rose's heart,
The bird that heaven's bars
Besieges with its song of Spring:—
So high, so sweet, so true
Your love:—Yet I can only sing
My father, I love you!

MY UNCLE JOE.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM, '22.

OF all the people that I know
No one can beat my Uncle Joe;
He plays and romps with me although
He may be tired and wish to go.

Now Uncle Joe is very old
But never did he learn to scold,
He cannot be unkind and cold,
His heart is made of purest gold.

JIM.

MARGUERITE MORENCY, '23.

MY brother Jim's tha funny "lil" "feller,"
My name he can hardly say,
He even calls my blue dress "yeller"
He talks mistakes like that all day.

There's loads of things he doesn't know,
And yet he's dear somehow or other,
'Cause there's one thing he says just so,
And this is it, "I love you, 'Muver'."

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MOODS OF OUR HOLIDAYS.

The year is not just a cycle of monotonous days, of sunshine and sun-settings, for which we are thankful! Psychologically, at least, it resembles more the undulation of waves than the steady flow of an even stream. The crests of the waves are our holidays. They stand out as the high places, points of reckoning; to look forward to, to look back upon. And these holidays have their moods, corresponding with the soul of man and with the moods of nature as well. They are, in their atmosphere and feeling, distinctly individual.

Easter, even apart from its religious aspect, is the festival of Resurrection. The moon is new, the earth is new, the fields, the grass, the flowers, the trees are new; man, following the lead of nature, puts on new raiment. The feminine portion especially feels impelled to this. But it goes deeper than the exterior, this newness. Spring brings, as it were, a rebirth of the soul. The exuberance of youth abounds. The joy of spring, no matter how oft repeated in the course of years, is ever new, ever delightful, ever intoxicating in its perennial freshness.

So Easter is the festival of life, of youth and vitality, of joy and vivacious hope.

Thanksgiving, the festival of autumn, is the answer to the call of spring. It is the promise fulfilled. It is not a call to action, a spur to energy, but an invitation to rest and enjoy the rich harvest, giving thanks to the Giver of all good things.

The calm, sweet spirit of family love presides over the festival of Christmas. It is the day for the home-coming. From the far away cities, beehives of bustle and industry, it draws every soul home, if not in body, when that is impossible, always in thought and desire. Family ties grow close and dear on Christmas day, in mem-

ory of that most beautiful family of three which began first to exist on this day. Nature here again conspires with subtler forces to draw men together. Frosty air and falling snows outside make hearth-fires most attractive. Love for our own glows warmly.

New Year's day is the time for "taking stock" of ourselves. A year has passed, a year begins. Where do we stand? Opportunity looms large, hope shines, moral fiber is strengthened, courage brings resolve.

July 4th, Independence day, has its own mood. Patriotic fervor seeks expression, whether in fireworks or speech-making or waving of flags. The spirit of the day pervades every heart.

And so do all our holidays reflect our moods. So do they keep alive and nourish and give expression to the varied sentiments of the human heart.

THE NECESSITY OF NICKNAMES.

Through one of his characters Shakespeare asks "What's in a name?" The question has been vainly repeated by everyone after him, but none has answered it,—and so the question will no doubt go on till Doom's day. Perhaps a more possible and profitable question would be, "What's in a nickname?" Some very proper persons would say there is nothing in it but vulgarity. They have a holy horror of all nicknames, and take the pains to avoid them. For instance, the young mother christens her first-born with ridiculous deliberation, reviewing the whole calendar of the Saints in an effort to find for her darling a name which cannot possibly be perverted. Her child must not be made common by a nickname. If the child is so unfortunate as to remain the only one, there is a slim chance that the effort may succeed, but as certain as there is a second child the two of them will rename one another. If they should fail their companions at play or at school will surely dub them properly. When there is question of giving a title to the seventh or the eleventh, even the mother loses no time in trying to prevent the impossible. It seems that the nickname is simply one of the necessities of life. Still, is it not well from every point of view to have a handy, familiar, suggestive, economic monosyllabic soubriquet for everyday use, so that we may reserve our more formal nomenclature for formal purposes on formal occasions. Tim, Bill, Jack, Pat, Tiny, Sis, Pouty, Mag, Kate,

even "Fat" and "Skinny" and "Babe"—what a wealth of meaning and feeling these patronymics carry in particular and familiar instances. If all do not agree I am still glad I have never found any difficulty in resigning myself to this perverse fact of life.

PINK.

Pink, such a common ordinary thing to think about, what everybody doesn't want, that is inescapable, and yet the safe harbor and refuge of the travelers over the seas of blue and orchid and yellow and green, pastel, dark, or medium shades, as you please. You see pink is so ordinary that nearly everyone ceased to pay any attention to it to the degree that they know nothing about it; and so, it has become extraordinary! That seems impossible with so much of it everywhere; but have you ever stopped to think where it is and who uses it the most.

There is the pink of the sky in the first place that no artist has succeeded in reproducing with its varying shades, tints, and everlasting beauty. Then there is the pink of the flowers, the little living poems of nature. Do you know of anything more beautiful than the pink of carnations, roses, sweet peas or of the dainty little pink itself? Then there is the pink in which we clothe ourselves. Whether it be silk, satin, or gingham, milady always looks charming when she is gaily dressed in pink, perhaps a very pale shade if she is golden-haired or the deep rose shade if she is dark-haired. And that pink extends over yards of dainty lingerie, silk hose, hats, evening wraps, and even her machine must correspond to her newest creation in pink.

Then after she is robed in the sheerest pink, she applies a little, O, very little of the pink from a box, and steps forth with a gay air feeling in the pink of condition—a pink tea? There her hostess inquires over the dearest little pink tea service, lemon or cream? And who knows but what we'll have pink lemons some day soon?

But pink applies to so many other things, too. For instance, a narrow-sterned boat is called a pink and so is the European minnow; but the worst application is pink eyes. Of course, that's a disease, and your eyes nearly close and turn very pink. There is even a race of people whose eyes are perpetually pink; but that isn't so queer when you think of the blue of the sky being in our eyes, so—why not the pink?

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

A recent number of the *Literary Digest* published an account of the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of a living American poet of considerable note, Edwin Arlington Robinson. The occasion was graced by the presence of several of the foremost contemporary poets, all personal friends of the celebrant. This meeting afforded the fellow-bards an opportunity of giving some frank opinions of Robinson's work, which may well be of interest to students of poetry.

According to Vachael Lindsay, Robinson is a "novelist distilled into a poet. He tells on people"; he calls Robinson the "seeker and finder of human beings." The dominant topic of these close-range comments was E. A. Robinson, the poet of character. In his lines he depicts life "real, humorous, wistful, grave, sordid, and terrible in detail." Perhaps Robinson is best characterized in this respect by William Lyons Phelps in his book, *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century*:

"He excels in the clear presentment of character; in pith; in sharp outline; in solid, masculine effort; his voice is baritone rather than tenor.

"To me his poetry is valuable for its moral stimulus; for its unadorned honesty and sincerity; for its clear rather than warm singing. He is an excellent draughtsman; everything that he has done has beauty of line; anything pretentious is to him abhorrent. He is more map-maker than painter. He is of course more than maker of maps. He has drawn many an intricate and accurate chart of the deeps and shallows of the human soul."

In its notice of the birthday the *Digest* reprinted a page of the poems of Robinson, which show best his poetic gift of thought and expression. The optimism of his poem, "Twilight Song" is refreshing,

"Thru the shine, thru the rain,
We have shared the day's load;

So it's lift the old song
Ere the night flies again,
Where the road leads along
Thru the shine, thru the rain."

Who does not know "Bewick Finzer" and the other poor relations of whom Robinson sings

They are all types, "unsought, unthought-of and unheard".

"Poor Bewick Finzer with his dreams and schemes
Lares had now in the race."

He comes unfailing for the loan
We give and then forget:
He comes, and probably for years
Will he be coming yet—
Familiar as an old mistake
And futile as regret."

Then there is the mysterious "Stafford's Cabin," of which the poet says, "I'd never clear away from there the cloud that never clears".

"I find the place today
Deserted —————

And overgrown with goldenrod as if there were
no ghosts."

Notable also is the sextet of his sonnet, "The Sage", a man "who keeps students and philosophers faithful and patient in their pursuit of truth":

"There at his touch there was a treasure chest,
And in it was a gleam, but not of gold;
And on it, like a flame, these words were scrolled:
'I keep the mintage of Eternity,
Who comes to take one coin may take the rest,
And all may come but not without the key'."

HOME TALENT.

Friday evening, March 26, members of the Expression Class removed the bushel which has hidden their light since the last recital and the result was a pleasant evening in St. Angela's hall. The program follows:

The Absentmindedness of PriscillaHilda Miller
The Mourning VeilP. S. Harbor
Margaret Sullivan.

The HumoresqueVan Dyke
Margaret Buckley.

Whos AfraidM. B. Cooke
Viola Aulthier.

A Pleasant Half Hour on the Beach.M. B. Cooke
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The following program was given in St. Angela's Hall on the evening of March 17. There is no need of comment as the numbers give adequate expression of the Feast of the day and the sentiment of both the performers and the audience.

Orchestra—The Harp That Once Through Tara's
HallsMoore

Reading—A Tribute to Saint PatrickM. Greene

Vocal Duet—Come Back to ErinCharibel

Rose Dance

Reading—The Dawn-FlowerC. SeLegue

Reading—The Gift of the CeltD. Cunningham

Vocal Quartette—Erin's EmblemMcGuire

Reading—When Erin Shall StandEmmett
Waltz

Reading—Erin's FlagRyan

Vocal Solo—'Tis the Last Rose of SummerMoore

Dialogue—Why God Loves Ireland.

Irish Lilt.

Orchestra—Medley of Irish Airs.

Play—Cathleen Ni HoolihanYeats

A BAZAAR AND AN OPERETTA.

Interest at St. Mary's centers in a Bazaar and an Operetta to be given by the collegiates and academics. The proceeds of the entertainments will go to the St. Mary's Building Fund. The limited seating capacity of St. Angela's Hall will necessitate a repetition of the Operetta, "Sylvia." Therefore, beginning with May 2, the academics will appear on four successive evenings. The first performance will be a "special" for the faculty and students. On May 3, 5, 6, and 7, the doors will be opened each evening to friends and acquaintances from the University of Notre Dame and South Bend.

The Bazaar, under the management of the collegiate class '20, will be held in St. Angela's Hall on May 17, 18 and 19. Enthusiasm is at its height, and through the generous compliments of encouraging friends, the affair promises great success.

Up to the present, among the complimentary contributions from the merchants of South Bend are:

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Garlands	Blouse
Newmans	Silk Sweater
The Francis Shop	Blouse
The Walk-Over Shoe Store	Shoes
I. Lowers	Picture
George Wyman and Company	Wardrobe Trunk
Sailors Bros.	Cedar Chest
George Wheelock and Company	Water Set
Hans Drug Store	Fountain Pen
Brandon-Durrell Company	Table Cover
Charles B. Sax & Company	Lingerie
Kliengel & Kuhn	Pair of Shoes
Baker Shoe Store	Pair of Shoes
Reis Furniture Store	Mahogany Tea Cart
Bastian's Drug Store	Kodak
Schillinger Drug Store	Kodak Book
Livingston Clothing Store	Six Pairs Silk Socks
Swanson & Lee Furniture Company	Sewing Table
The Home Furniture Company	Sewing Rocker
Grossman's	Waist
The Grand Leader	Pair of Blankets
Colip Bros.	Electric Iron
Madame Schwartz	Miscellaneous Articles
Royal Garment Company	Blouse
Platte & Platte	Tie
Five & Ten Cent Store (Kresge's)	Miscellaneous
Five to Fifty Cent Store	Miscellaneous
The Union Shoe Store	Pair of Shoes
Porter & Strom	Tennis Shoes
McGregor's	Lamp
Makielski's	Lamp
The Book Shop	Grass Basket
The De Freese	Hat
The Guarantee Shoe Store	Pair of Shoes
The Nobile Candy Store	Candy and Cash
Meyer and Company	Cooking Utensils
South Bend Shoe Store	Pair of Shoes
Dr. Burke	Reading Lamp
Warner Bros.	Oil Heater
Dr. Lemontree	Miscellaneous Articles
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Vernon Clothing Store	Shirt
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Herr and Herr	Miscellaneous Articles
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NOTES.

DON'T FORGET THE OPERETTA, "SYLVIA," MAY 3, 5, 6, 7. ST. ANGELA'S HALL.

DO YOUR PART FOR ST. MARY'S BAZAAR MAY 17, 18, 19, ST. MARY'S, N. D.

—Solemn High Mass was celebrated on Easter Sunday by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C.S.C., assisted by the Rev. J. J. French, C.S.C., deacon, and W. R. Connor, C.S.C., sub-deacon. The sermon on "This is the day which the Lord hath made," was given by the Rev. J. J. French.

—"Charity" was the subject of a sermon given by the Rev. Daniel Hudson, C.S.C., on March 21. "Indulgences" were carefully and clearly explained by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, on April 11.

—On Laetare Sunday, Mother M. Aquina, Superior General, Mrs. Pauline Murfey-Sauter, the Misses Anna Hunt, Effie Erhart and members of the class of '20, assisted in a private ceremony of marking the site of the new college building which we hope will be in course of erection in a short time. Prayers were recited, and the ground sprinkled, after which the first spade of earth was dug. Medals, etc., remain to mark the spot.

—On March 18, St. Mary's had the pleasure of having the well-known, brilliant Frederick Paulding for three lectures. The first of the series was an interpretation of Catholic philosophy in Dante's "Divine Comedy"; the second, a reading of "King Lear" and the third, a discussion of Henri Bordeaux's novel, "The Fear of Living." Mr. Paulding is a personal friend of St. Mary's, and the students are always eager for his coming.

—The second step in the "Appeal" by St. Mary's Notre Dame College Club of Chicago, will be a card party at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, April 24, with Mrs. J. R. Murphy as hostess. The first of the series of entertainments was the Tea Dance at the Congress Hotel, on April 3.

On March 17 High Mass was celebrated in the Community Church, at which a most inspiring sermon was delivered by the Rev. John O'Brien, C.S.C. Father O'Brien took for his text the following words, "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith."

—Heartiest congratulations and best wishes were sent from St. Mary's in response to announcements of the marriage of Anna Elizabeth Mathias to Mr. Theodore Henry Oppenheim of Carlisle, Ky.; Marie Josephine Mills to Mr. Henry Joseph Armstrong of Oak Park, Ill.; Clara Vopicka to Mr. J. J. Schlessinger of Chicago, Ill.; Margaret Josephine Ryan to Dr. John Richard Murphy of Chicago; and Katherine Madden to Mr. Arthur James Gallagher of Chicago.

—Among the former students who visited St. Mary's during the month were: Mrs. Maud Clifford-Casey, Mrs. Pauline Murfey-Sauter; the Misses Anna Hunt, Effie Erhart, Olive Skavin, Mildred Crull, Helen Holland, Ethel Hahn, Marion Dixon, Marie Weinrich and Helen Pipp.

—"The Burning Question"—a production by the Catholic Art Association, was the latest film shown at St. Mary's.

—On the evening of Thursday, March 18th, Colonel Edwin A. Havers gave an interesting talk on the "Evolution of the Pen". He traced the history of the various instruments of writing from the earliest ages until the present time. Commencing with the instruments which made the characters on the clay tablets in Egypt and Babylon, and from this time to the quill pen used by learned men and rulers of medieval Europe.

Interesting pictures of the ruins of the ancient cities of Babylon and Pompei were shown and the speaker also pointed out the character of their rude writing. Then from the first steel pen used during the Presidency of Lincoln, the evolution of the pen was traced to the invention of the first fountain pen by Waterman. The audience had the pleasure of seeing in pictures all the processes employed in making the self-filling fountain pen which is used today.

—Sascha Jacobinoff charmed his St. Mary's audience by the remarkable concert given March 23d. His powerful technique, his artistic interpretation, and his great versatility, all bespeak this young violinist as truly a virtuoso.

Many of the students of St. Mary's attended the tea dance given by the Alumnae in the Pompeian Room of the Congress Hotel, Chicago, on the afternoon of April 3.

—On Thursday morning, March 11, the teachers and students at St. Mary's enjoyed Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out."

—On Sunday afternoon, March 14, Miss Hazel Moore appeared in a song recital before the faculty and students at St. Mary's. The difficulty and variety of the selections brought out the flexibility and quality of Miss Moore's delightful soprano voice.

St. Patrick's morning was celebrated by a hike to Roselawn and a visit to the candy store there.

All the students of St. Mary's have returned from the Easter vacation which extended from Thursday, April 1, to Wednesday, April 7.

—St. Mary's shares the grief which has come to her children, Delia Fitzpatrick and May Fitzpatrick-Gray on the death of their dearly-loved mother. May she rest in Peace.

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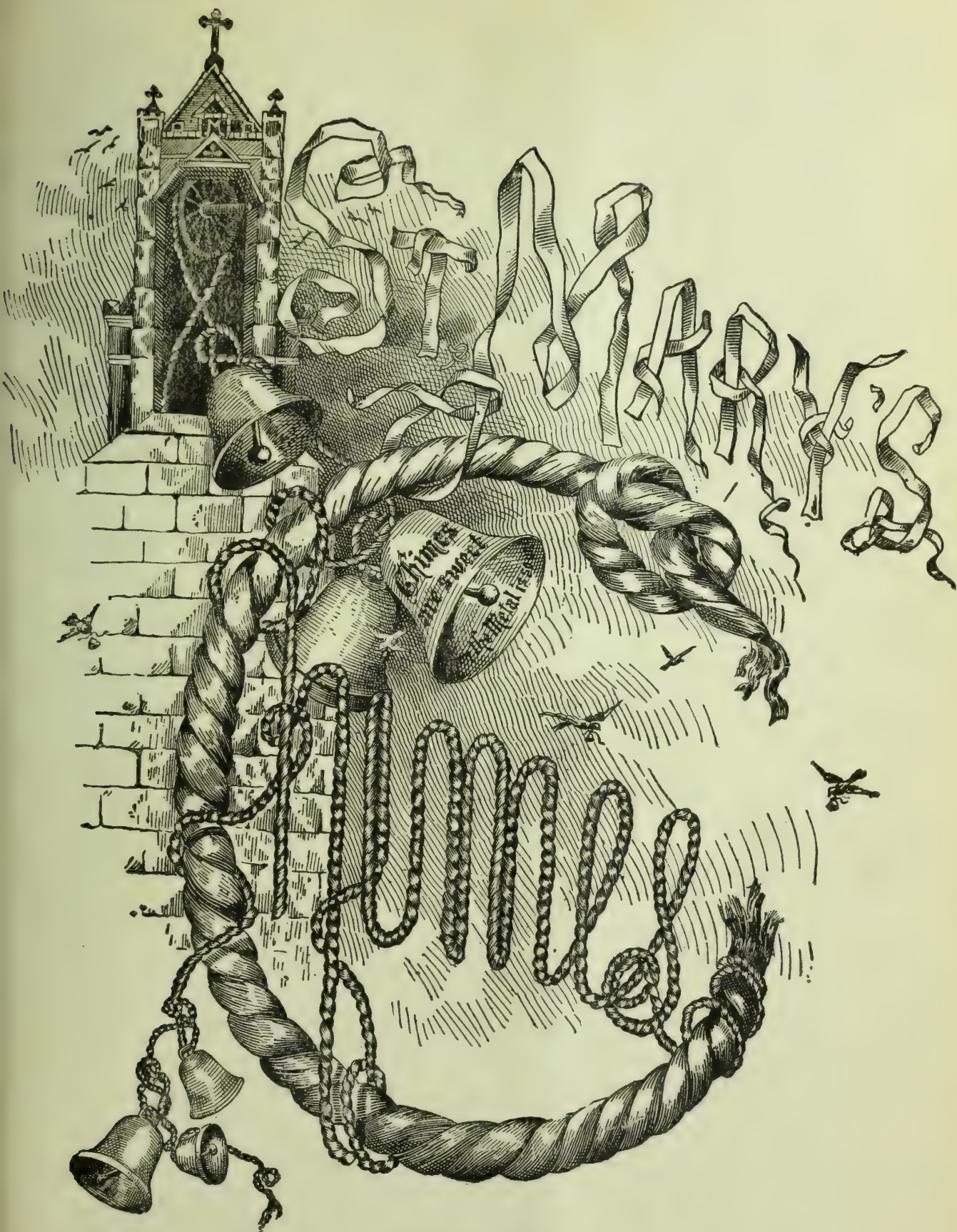
I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

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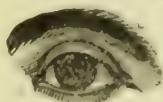
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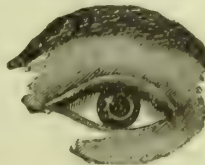
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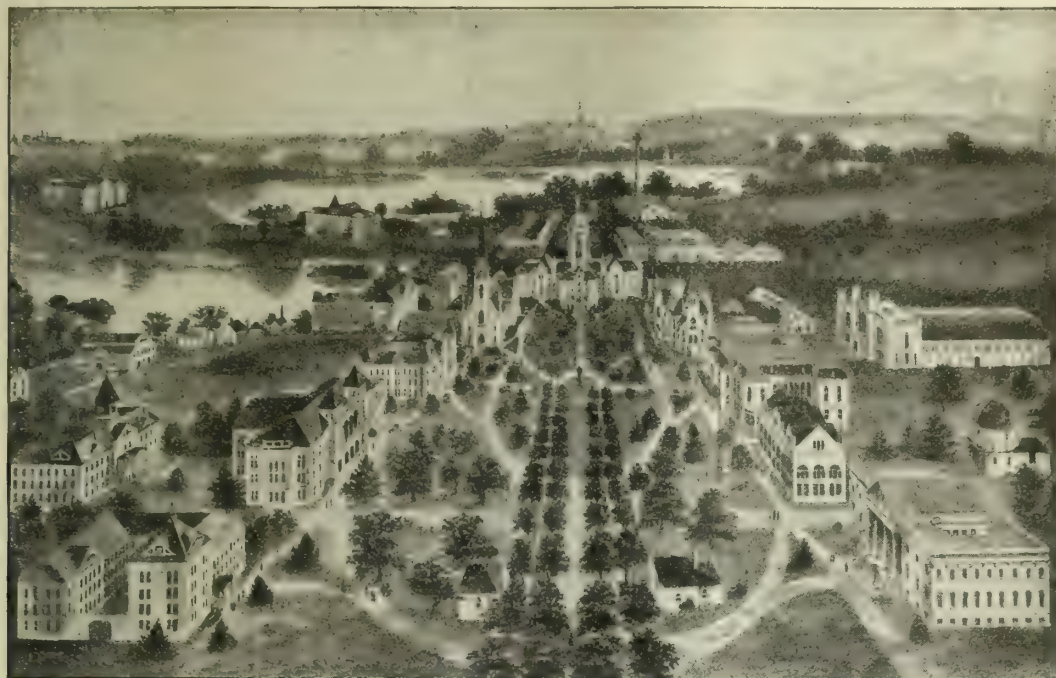
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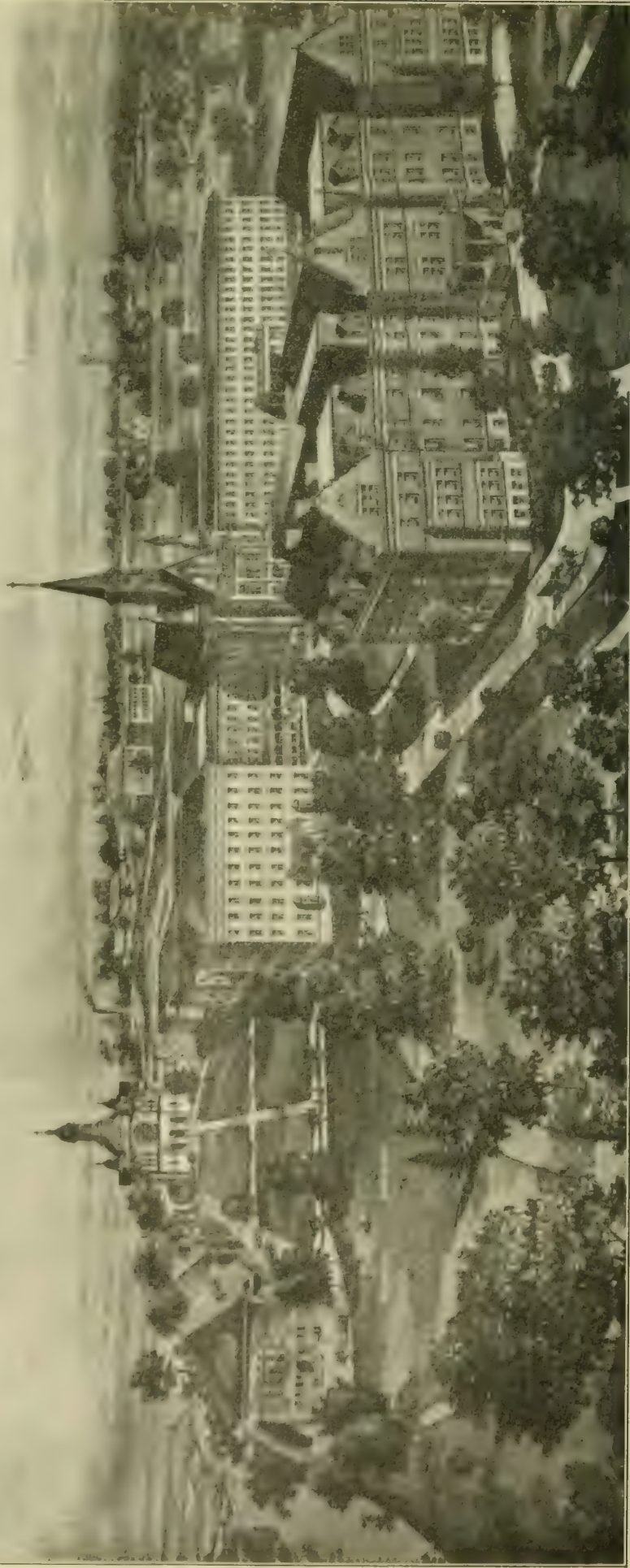
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*FROM SHADOW INTO LIGHT.

CLARA SeLEGUE, '21.

THROUGH all the memories of fading years
Flame, torch-like, hope and love;
Through all the shadowy fastnesses of fears,
Faith's star gleams from above.

Though Death, grim Reaper of the sons of men,
A holocaust has gleamed,—rejoicing when
The never-sated power of desolation,
Dread war, with scorching breath has seared the land
And made, chimara-like, his harsh demand,—
In vain is all the Reaper's exultation.

Man's spirit, meeting flame with flame, a way
Has found to lofty heights, where lightnings play,
And elements war amid the cloud-zoned air;
And there, unmindful of the bonds of clay
Nor rueing glory of a passing day,
The soul at last to know its God may dare.

Over the fallen warrior's shadowed mound
Voice, nightingale, your sorrow;
But notes of mystic hope the lark will sound
Singing, to greet the morrow.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., May, 1920

No. 9

FAIRY DAYS.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

LIGHT footed fairies, gayly entrancing,
Down quiet hillside merrily dancing,
Into our village steal;
Over the house top, little feet tripping,
Down the white pavements, fairy forms skipping,
That fairy hearts conceal.

Swiftly and deftly, cunning their fingers,
Shaping the flowers, 'till on each lingers,
A breath, exquisite, sweet;
Onward they hurry, all our hearts glad'ning,
Vanish o'er hilltop, in their dance mad'ning,
With Spring, the world to greet!

THE INFLUENCE OF VOLTAIRE.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

IN a quaint old volume entitled "The History of France from the Earliest Period to the Present Time," by Miss Corner, I find this introduction to the French Revolution: "You must now prepare to hear a dismal tale." Smile we must at the old-fashioned and obviously feminine phraseology, at the absurdity of describing such a gigantic national disaster as "a dismal tale," yet who can find fitting words to describe it? Looking at the chaotic record of the years 1789 to 1795; even through the softening mists of over a century the most dispassionate observer cannot but cry with Montesquieu "happy the people whose annals are tiresome!" The French Revolution came like a devastating flood,—it ravaged France, its muddy waters washed foreign as well as native shores, and of the wreckage and debris with which it strewn the unhappy country there long remained unsightly traces in the widespread scepticism and moral agitation which disfigured her for generations. And even now, who can say that France is free from spiritual unrest and infidelity? The waters of the revolutionary flood had gathered for centuries, restrained only by crumbling barriers of law and

order. A social system whose foundation rested upon mis-government and inefficiency, to which clung the decaying remnants of feudalism, and the injustice and tyranny of which were an outrage to humanity; a country whose resources had been sapped by the reckless expenditures of an abandoned court and lustful kings, whose very soil had become impoverished by the inability of the peasants to employ proper cultivation and rotation of crops; a monarchy which had long ceased to do its duty; a corrupt higher clergy; a profligate aristocracy,—surely here was sufficient material for a revolution of gigantic proportions.

But this great mass of misery and abuse was inert; it was, of itself, unable to achieve anything until energized by an intellectual element. Leaders were necessary for the consummation of the revolt, and it is here that into the stagnant pool of the accumulated misery of centuries were poured the bitter waters of a philosophy which sought to destroy ruthlessly, yet which was incapable of replacing that which it tore down. I refer to the so-called Philosophy of Enlightenment which invaded France in the eighteenth century. Originating in England during the intellectual revival following the years of revolution, the "Philosophy of Enlightenment," as embodied in the empiricism of the English leader, Locke, was brought to France by Montesquieu and Voltaire. In France the doctrines came into such violent collision with existing conditions that the whole system became more vehement and intensified both in content and manner of presentation and the weapons of destruction latent in it were sharpened for use against the established order of things. In the hands of the Encyclopedists the system underwent considerable modification; the empiricism of the English school became sensualism, naturalism gave way to materialism, and atheism took the place of deism. It is in this domestication of Locke's doctrines that Voltaire's influence in the intellectual shaping of the Revolution may be observed in its most tangible aspect.

Broadly speaking, the intellectual factor in the

Revolution was two-fold. On the one hand Rousseau, at the head of the Economists, built Arcadian structures upon a foundation of abstract principles, while the Voltairians turned their attention to virulent and poisonous attacks upon established religion as represented by the Catholic Church, but upon the very fundamentals of Christianity. Both Voltaire and the Economists stood upon common ground in that both made the existing laws, customs and institutions the object of their destructive and vehement criticism. Rousseau's *Social Contract*, the famous *Encyclopedia*, or dictionary of universal knowledge into which was cleverly woven threads of atheism, sensualism and scepticism, and the evil works of Voltaire combined to form a fearsome arsenal of weapons, destined to undermine the whole existing order of things. It is in accordance with the awful irony characteristic of the Revolution that these intellectual weapons were handled and circulated by those who were later to perish by them. A corrupt aristocracy delighted in the atheism and sensualism of the Voltairians, at the same time toying with the "dreamy abstractions" of Rousseau.

Diderot, D'Alembert, Buffon, Montesquieu, Condillac,—each was a potent influence in the destructive work aimed at the whole fabric of Christian theology, but one figure stands apart, repellent, disgusting, yet horribly fascinating,—Voltaire, a loathsome blot on the annals of French literature and philosophy. Here was an intellect of astounding and unique brilliancy lodged in a "little grinning skeleton," a vain, irritable man, "thievish as a daw and mischievous as a monkey," ready to cringe at the feet of those whom he had injured and eat his words in abject submission the while he was launching even more poisonous assaults under the cowardly cover of the anonymous pamphlet. His life was in accordance with his own saying that "Philosophers should always have two or three holes under ground against the hounds that run them down." Inveterate agitation characterized his whole life, he was continually involved in undignified brawls and continually flying the consequences of his indiscriminate attacks. The important events of his life are three in number; his flight to London, his stay with Frederick the Great and his retirement to Ferney near Geneva; it is difficult to say which of these events influenced his life most profoundly.

During his stay in London he imbibed the principles contained in the writings of Locke, Newton and Bacon, and, on his return to France, he inculcated these principles in his *Lettres sur les Anglais*, stamping them indelibly with his own sensualism, and spread them broadcast among his countrymen.

There is little in his visit to Frederick the Great that throws much light upon him as a poet or philosopher, but it is a complete exposition of him as a man. Macaulay says of all who entered the enchanted garden (the Potsdam) in the inebriation of delight and quitted it in agonies of rage and shame, the most remarkable was Voltaire. Frederick, in his infatuation for all things French, earnestly desired the presence of the poet, whom he regarded as "a dispenser of immortal renown," in his "Paradise of Philosophers". For a time Voltaire refused the most urgent invitations, but then there was presented in Paris a drama, "Catiline," written by Crebillon, which was received with boundless enthusiasm on the part of the Parisians, and Voltaire, in a rage of jealousy at the success of a rival, followed the steps of Maupertius, La Mettrie, and Marquise d'Argens to Berlin. For a time he enjoyed the favor of the king and basked toad-like in the lavish attention he received, but this bringing together of two men whose greatness of intellect was joined with such pettiness of spirit, was to bring out the worst traits in each. Frederick's unkingly parsimony and Voltaire's greediness came into violent conflict, and both men lowered themselves immeasurably in undignified quarrels. Voltaire's insatiable thirst for mockery and his thieving avarice involved him in broils of every description, from a heated controversy with Maupertius to a spirited contest with a Jew money-lender, which last Frederick described as the "case of a rogue wanting to cheat a thief." Voltaire finally left Germany and after a brief period of agitation during which he traveled repeatedly from France to Switzerland and back again, he settled near Geneva and entered upon the period of his life most significant with regard to the Revolution. It was here that he finally unmasked himself, and when Diderot, joining the movement pioneered by Bayle, called for volunteers to assist in the campaign of destruction, it was Voltaire who joined him with the enthusiastic cry, "Ecrasez l'infame!" From this time, the "Encyclopedists," as this

group of destructive writers were styled, waged unceasing warfare upon the whole existing moral, social, and religious structure, and in every attack Voltaire fought in the foremost ranks. Lacking the qualities in which the strength of his associates lay, he was able by his very deficiencies to storm places unassailable by their heavier weapons. Certain national characteristics rendered the French liable to be disgusted and revolted by the sensualism of the "Philosophy of Enlightenment," and it was here that Voltaire's "temperate banter" and keen wit obtained the success denied the more profoundly intellectual methods of his fellow-workers. The very name philosopher or thinker is denied Voltaire; he is arraigned as "deficient throughout in the meditative faculty" and his work is styled a "chaos of clear ideas"; yet such was the keenness of his perception of superficial affinities between ideas, and so great was his command of wit and satire and so fascinating his contemptuous gibes that he attained his object with such completeness as to be termed a "very Vitruvius of ruin." His versatility and brilliance, his ability to produce in his readers an agreeable illusion that they grasped complex problems when in reality they but trifled with superficialities, his inveterate good-humor and the keenness of his wit won for him the widespread popularity necessary for his success.

The primary aim of the Encyclopedists was "to subvert the principles on which the existing institutions and the authority of dogma in religion were based," and for this Voltaire furnished them with sharp and poisoned weapons. He took their ideas and put them in "portable form"—he popularized doctrines that otherwise would have

revolted by their grossness. Essentially a mocker and a flinger of stones, he fairly blasted men's souls with his cruel levity, and he immeasurably accelerated the fanatical violence which came as the inevitable reaction of the scepticism spread by the "Philosophers of Destruction" as they might well be called. And then, at the very summit of his career Voltaire died,—died too soon to see the collapse of the structure which he had been undermining for sixty years and in whose ruins he would surely have been crushed had he lived a little longer.

Of the course of the *Revolution*, I need only say that throughout the awful chaos there was everywhere to be found the results of the terrible and complete wreckage which Voltaire had wrought,—wreckage of ideals, of principles, of time honored institutions and of all things sacred and holy. Nor did his influence end with the French Revolution. France rose bleeding from the agonizing throes of civil strife, but in the devastation of her fields, the depopulation of her towns and cities, the wholesale slaughter and destruction that had been wrought by maddened people there was nothing that could not and was not healed in comparatively few years. But these were surface wounds; there were deeper and more lasting results in the scars left on men's souls—scars of the wounds inflicted by Voltaire's envenomed weapons. And, although a century and more has passed since the infliction of these wounds, today they bleed afresh in every repeated evidence of infidelity and scepticism in France. Voltaire's ill-favored countenance still leers from innumerable hiding places, the poisoned arrows of his mockery still quiver in the flesh of Christianity, and who can say when or where his influence will end?

SPRING.

ALICE HOIT, '22.

A FAR her swift step echoes down the dale,
And where her light foot presses violets spring.
The trees put forth young leaves to give her hail,
When o'er the hills they hear her gay voice ring.

A bluebird's wing, a sunbeam warm and gold,
The tender green of grass but newly sprung—
These are her charms—the sign wherein is told
The tale of Spring—by all the breezes sung!

GOD'S GARNERING.

JOSEPHINE FRANCES RYAN, '21.

HARK! down the spacious pathway of the world
The Sower's footfall echoes, and His hand
Is stretched to take up seed that He may sow.
He for His planting has made choice of you
On whose cross-crowned graves we now bestow
The fairest flowers the young Spring brings to view.

This choosing has brought woe,

How can we, untaught, know

Why He has done this? Why chill-fingered Grief
Strikes wailful harmonies upon the broken strings
Of saddened hearts who count as all too brief
The little space He measured out to you?

Why is this dying?—does He give us life
But to despoil it when it grows most fair?
Does He bestow His gifts but to retake?
Is the tree leafed but to be rendered bare?

Thus in our bleak dismay,

Untutored in His way,

Make we this question with rebellious hearts,
Knowing not when nor why our destiny.
Are we but seeds,—poor impotent weak things
Helplessly cast where e're Thy will may be?
Waiting the sowing toss we on the wind
Of thine omnipotence, nor can we aught
Achieve—in all things must we fail.

Lo! is the Sower nigh,

Comes this divine reply,

Borne on His mercy's unrestrained gale:

"Child,—truly all untaught

Art thou, and seeing naught.

Know thou no flower blooms but by the death
Of some ignoble seed flung to the earth
Where may the hearted germ its husking cast
And reach fruition through a better birth.

Ye are but seeds of things

And it is death that brings

The fruiting destined from out all time.

I sow ye,—husked in pale mortality—

Casting ye into sleep

That I may later reap

And husband ye for all Eternity,—

Sublimest fruit of what was clayey grime."

Whelmed in the splendour of this visioned hour,

Waiting the Sower's choosing do I stand.

I am but seed—yet dream the fruit and flower,

God grant it worthy of the Reaper's hand.

GOD'S BLOSSOMS.

MARIE GÜEDELHOFFER, '21.

APPLE blossoms fresh and gay
 Perfume the air this month of May;
 Dainty blossoms pink and white
 Open in the spring sunlight,
 Spread their petals in the sun,
 Glad of life so new-begun,
 Tipping gently in the breeze,
 Giving nectar to the bees;
 Life for them is at the spring,
 Sweet and full, a lovely thing.
 Like young maidens fair and shy,
 Who keep their hearts for God most high,
 Glad to bloom and live and fade—
 For fruit they bear e'er Autumn's shade
 Has withered them from pink to brown,
 Wafting them, sweetly, gently down.
 Thus cometh death to all God's own
 Whose lives bore fruit for Him alone,
 Sweet are earth's flowers, bright and gay,
 But God's soul-blossoms,—wondrous they!

THE CATHOLICITY OF DANTE.

CHARLOTTE VOSS, '20.

MEN of many different religious beliefs have acclaimed Dante as a religious teacher and he has even been called a "Reformer before the Reformation," but careful examination shows that Dante was an orthodox Catholic. It is true that he has condemned those high in ecclesiastical authority in his *Divine Comedy*, but the individual, not the office or doctrine, is always censured.

The first point is the relation of Church and State. The Church does not approve of the complete separation of Church and State while that is the very foundation of Dante's belief as expressed in the *De Monarchia*. This is the only matter in which Dante is opposed to the teaching of the Church and it may be said to be "contumacious, but scarcely heretical, to criticize and oppose what has been authoritatively declared to be essential as a practical condition for the exercise of the Church's mission." He believes that Pope and Emperor should be supreme and independent, each in his own sphere. His scheme is, of course, impracticable since there is no rigid,

well-defined line which divides man's nature or his works. His respect for the office of the Pope and Emperor was very great, yet this did not prevent him from severely criticizing the individual Popes and Emperors who abused their power. His attitude is directly opposed to that of the Reformers who questioned the spiritual as well as the temporal supremacy and authority of the Popes. The religious beliefs of Dante serve to give dignity to his cry against the abuses which were at his time found in both Church and State.

Dante's knowledge of the Bible is thorough and his reverence is as great as his knowledge. He approves of, and accepts, the moral, mystical, and allegorical interpretation of the Scriptures and he uses them to prove some of his arguments in the *De Monarchia* which seem to us far-fetched and rather remote. He acknowledges that "God fulfills Himself in many ways" when he says that the best among the heathen writers were probably given divine assistance. His treatment of the heathen who have never been baptized is strictly in accordance with the teaching of the Church on the point, for he denies to them the Beatific Vision. They may attain a natural happiness by virtuous lives, but cannot see God face to face without Baptism.

Dante's teaching on the subject of Purgatory is in harmony with the doctrine of the Church for he indicates, here, both expiatory suffering and suffering for purification. In *Ante-Purgatory* he asks Virgil how intercessory prayer can help the souls and is told that,

"the sacred height
 Of judgment doth not stoop, because love's flame
 In a short moment all fulfills, which he
 Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy."

and we see that he believed love could expiate punishment without weakening justice. This is emphasized all through the *Purgatorio*. In *Purgatory* proper the prayers which the living offer, serve to temper the mind of the suffering soul so that it may more speedily become perfect by means of its sufferings. This ought to be a stumbling block to those Protestants who would claim Dante, for, since they rejected the doctrine of Purgatory they cannot logically pray for their dead. One objection offered to Dante's "way of

life" is that it is too individualistic. The souls are intent on their salvation and do no service except offer a few prayers for those on earth. Dante seems to have omitted entirely the doctrine of vicarious suffering which follows the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens." He continually asserts that, although God may influence man in many ways, yet to make this effective man's continuous coöperation is necessary and so forgiveness without repentance is impossible.

The love and reverence for the Blessed Virgin shown in the poem is not only a theological doctrine but the expression of a deep personal devotion. She is the channel of grace for all mankind. Any accusation of Maryolatry may be effectively refuted by the address of St. Bernard to the Blessed Virgin in the last canto of the *Paradiso*.

"O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!
Created being all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counsel pre-ordained;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn
To make Himself his own creation:
For in thy womb rekindling shown the love
Revealed, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace;
Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art, as the noonday torch; and art, beneath
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.

So mighty art thou Lady, and so great,
That he, who grace desirereth, and comes not
To thee for ordnance fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him, who asks,
Thy bounty succors; but doth freely oft
Forerun thee as king. Whatsoe'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence
Are all combined in thee."

In Bellarmine's time efforts were made, and many since, to prove Dante did not believe in the sacrifice of the Mass by means of the lines:

"Thus far he bought of me;
The vessel which thou saw'st the serpent break
Was and is not. Let him who hath the blame
Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop."
(Purg. 33.)

Of course these lines have no reference at all to the Mass but refer to the superstition of the day which said that a murderer would escape punishment if he could eat bread dipped in wine on the tomb of his victim. This unfair interpretation was ably refuted by Bellarmine. He also frustrated an attempt which was made to place the *Divine Comedy* on the Index, and the attempt has never been repeated. It is now recognized by thinking people that Dante was a firm believer in the essential doctrines of the Church and that his will was, as he ends his *Divine Comedy*, completely united with the Divine Will.

ST. MARY'S.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

NEVER was May more beautiful
Than this, the May I've spent with you!
That there was hid such happiness
Within your gates, I never knew.

May would linger with smiling skies,
Waylaying June, if she but knew,
These fleeting days will bring to end,
The happy hours I've known with you.

Ever the month of May will bring
To me sweet memories anew,
To be a joy in coming years
When I'm so far away from you.

IN MAY.

MARGARET BUCKLEY, '22.

A SPLASH of rose across the morning sky,
 A whisp'ring breeze from o'er the lake,
 A sudden caroled bird-note flings
 Itself in greeting—Lo, the earth's awake!

SIXTEEN.

MARY FRANCES JONES, '21.

“MOTHER, won't you make Irene let my clothes alone? Here she comes now, wearing that cream lace negligée that Aunt Louise gave me for my birthday. Its perfectly awful the way she monopolizes my things.” Margaret Whitmer lamented as she saw her young sister coming leisurely down the stairs to breakfast.

Mrs. Whitmer turned her attention from Margaret, her older daughter, to Irene who was sixteen, and who by the way had acquired an aptitude for spelling her name I-r-e-n-e.

“It certainly is lovely to hear ‘sis’ grumbling about her old clothes the first day I get home from school—how was I to know this was her’s! I really think it is more becoming to me because ‘sis’ is so light. But I’ve always thought that Louise’s taste was mostly in her mouth!”

“Irene! such disrespect. If you make another such remark you shall stay home and not take that trip you and Grace are planning.”

“What a joy it is!” remarked that young lady “to be again in the bosom of one’s family.”

Margaret and Mrs. Whitmer left to attend to the sewing that was being done preparatory to Irene’s departure. The minute they had left the room Irene dashed to the phone.

“7762—Main.”

“Yes, 7762—please hurry, Central.”

“Hello, may I speak to Grace?”

“Hello, Grace, meet me at the Lucille shop in an hour, don’t forget.”

After assuring herself that she would not need to be fitted for a few hours, Irene after a hasty survey and selection from her sister’s wardrobe, hurried forth to meet Grace:

“O Grace, Mother, Margaret and Miss Perkins are just making me scads of ruffy dresses. Isn’t it awful? I do want dark sleeky clothes and they insist upon dolling me up in pink and blue fluffy things.”

“Thank heavens, I’ll have my chance now, I’m so glad your aunt and cousins do not know how like a baby the family treat me.”

“You’ll look wonderful, Irene, in black. Are you honestly going to get that black satin party dress we saw in the window? But where did you get the money? Yesterday you said you had overdrawn your allowance.”

“That was easy, I borrowed some from that young man that called on Margaret last night, and sold my yellow sweater to Bridget, then dad gave me some money, he said, to buy gew-gaws with.”

“Now for the dress.”

She got it, a black satin creation that would have done credit to the vamp in most any seasonable movie, and the saleslady’s,

“It iz so becoming to ze madamoiselle,” gave her a sense of triumph. Next she purchased a string of deep purple beads and earrings and with the selecting of a huge purple velvet flower she considered her shopping expedition completed.

At last the day arrived when Grace and Irene were to leave for their visit, the last youthful frock had its frilly collar completed and had been packed.

By careful maneuvering Irene had slipped the black dress with its accessories into the bottom of her trunk.

Before arriving in Freemont, their destination, Irene adjusted with Grace’s assistance, a veil over her school-girlish hat, her mother would have been surprised at the change in her daughter’s appearance.

“You look at least eighteen, Irene,” was her friend’s comment.

The girls were met at the station by Grace’s aunt, Mrs. Martin, and three of the younger Martins. It was here that it was noticed that Irene had a very pronounced eastern accent.

They found the young Martins very lively and fun-loving, though Irene told some one they were very young, rather a peculiar remark as the twins Ella and Ellen were a year older than Irene

herself, however, on the strength of Grace's remark Irene had inferred that she was eighteen.

At several of the parties Irene had been quite elated by the attention of Victor Merille, a visitor in Freemont whom, incidentally, all the older girls were eyeing approvingly. Victor was so distinguished looking and different from the school boys.

The night of the really big dance arrived, Irene donned again her black gown and her purple array and as the piece de' resistance combed her hair back tight in the very Frenchiest of French rolls.

"I feel awful queer and panicky, Grace, I believe I'm sick."

"That's just excitement," returned her companion, "you do look wonderful in that dress."

"But my head hurts so."

"Heavens, don't mention it to Auntie or she'll make us stay home and this is going to be a marvelous dance."

At the dance Victor claimed half of Irene's dances much to her delight, though all the time she was getting a worse headache, and she felt feverish and chilly in turns.

Next morning the doctor pronounced it "just a case of measles, all youngsters have them."

Could anything be more humiliating? It was a fatal blow to the dignity of Miss Irene Whitmer, but one other thing proved more humiliating. She heard Victor inquire about her of Mrs. Martin—and add—

"You know, little Irene is just the type I've been looking for—for that series of short stories I'm doing for the *Post Magazine*—a purely juvenile and ingénue type."

REQUESTS.

TERESA STOCKER, '22.

O SHELING May, if you but knew
The happiness that filled your days,
The fairest ones you'd leave behind
That they might bide with me always.

Unheeding though, you'll haste away,
And leave your place to charming June;
And swiftly then, behind her train
The days of parting come, — too soon.

O leave with me your sweetest hours,
Thrice filled with joys that friendship brings,
And thus, departing, grant to me,
Sweet memories and their whisperings.

DAWN.

MILDRED MILLER, '22.

NIGHT shook his shimmering cloak of stars,
And gently placed on fair young dawn,
A robe of rosy brilliant hue,
Which shone like darting angled spars,
Then sent the sun, a gold winged faun,
To kiss the pearls of morning dew.

THE GIFT OF THE CELT.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM, '22.

DESPITE all the recent agitation concerning Ireland and her political cause, we seem to be as poorly informed as ever in regard to her literary standing. The world fails to realize that Ireland has produced a literature of her own fitted to take rank with that of any other nation. In fact, the Irish literature is the most readable in the world; it is entertaining, bright, sunny, and tasteful. The true Celt is above all other men gifted with fine sentiments and a capacity to admire the beautiful and sublime. Being thus fashioned by nature how could he help but write?

We are perhaps better acquainted with Irish prose than with Irish poetry. Indeed, the knowledge of most of us school girls is limited to what we have learned in our poetry text in the classroom. We hardly think, however, that Mr. Phelps has read all the Irish poetry he might have read. We can excuse him though when we consider how many literary experts are really unaware that a number of the bright particular stars which stud the firmament of English literature are Irishmen.

The Irish have always been a poetic people, rich in their gift for song and story. By no people on the globe at any period of the world's history was poetry so cultivated as in Ireland. It was the vehicle of expression of their joy, their love, their religious aspirations, and their overwhelming sorrow. The soft beguiling movement of Irish verse touched the very heart of the people. There probably was never any race of people who so revered, admired, and above all, rewarded their poets as did the Irish; as a result, a wealth of tender and passionate verse of which the authors are unknown is the common property of the Irish people. The reason that so little is heard of the rich genius of the ancient Celt is that he expressed himself in his own language,

and no translation can transfer into another language the fine melody of the original.

The old literary history of Ireland may be said to have ended with the seventeenth century. English laws robbed Ireland's children of their birth-right—their mother tongue—and all the beauty and treasure of the Gaelic literature became as a sealed coffer to the Irish people. However, the Irish Celt is a sociable being as may be judged from his proverb, "It is better to be quarrelling than to be lonely." Hence, looking into the literatures of the English-speaking nations of the world, we find them illumined by the brilliancy of Erin's sons and beneath the cloak of the English tongue we feel the heart throbs of Irish genius. From the galaxy of English writers, we might name a few such as Swift, Steele, Goldsmith, Gower, and Burke. And we must not fail to mention Thomas Moore, the beloved poet of the Irish people, who laid bare to the world the heart of Ireland; her love and laughter intermingling with her sorrows and tears. Love of country, glad appreciation of all that is beautiful pervade and inspire his themes. Though his songs are laden with pathos, they are teeming with an irresistible cheerfulness. What could be a more touching tribute to Erin's Saint than these words of the Irish Minstrel?

He loves the green isle,
And his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffered
Too much to forget;
And hope shall be crowned
And attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light till the last—
And thus Erin, my country, tho' broken
thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er
will decay,
A spirit which beams through each suf-
fering part.
And now smiles at all pain on St.
Patrick's Day.

In every Irish heart, there is a highly spiritualized ideal of that little isle across the sea to which Mangan, Ireland's sweetest and saddest singer, has fittingly given voice:

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal.
Your holy, delicate, white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen;
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me thru daylight hours,
My Virgin, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen.

THE PURPLE SWEATER.

DOROTHEA HACKETT, '21.

"MOTHER," said Clarence Johnson in a tone of deepest affliction, "I wish you would please try to persuade Louise not to wear that purple sweater, it is absolutely *hideous*, and besides she has red hair!" Now the garment referred to, a fancy sweater of a most aggressive purple, had made its entrance into the Johnson family under circumstances which effectually placed any attempt at its discarding beyond the bounds of possibility. Louise Johnson was a lanky sixteen year old, who longed for a pale and clinging vine style of beauty when, alas, she was red-haired, apple-cheeked and "disgustingly healthy." But if Louise could not hope to look like "some frail flower" herself she could at least worship flower-like qualities in others, and so when she met Clarissa Maxwell it was a case of love at first sight, and a week's ac-

quaintance firmly convinced her that she had found her soul-mate at last. Clarissa was certainly "flower-like" and spiritual looking to the nth degree. Pale, slender and languid was she, with hazel "ox" eyes and silken black hair that seemed always about to slip wearily from its hair-pin moorings. She was the proud possessor of "heart trouble" and had a most graceful manner of pressing her lily hand to her left side whenever there seemed any possibility of her being asked to do anything she did not like to do. She quickly admitted Louise into her inmost circle of friends, finding in her she said "a spirit responsive to her own." About two weeks were sufficient to make Louise her devoted slave and inseparable companion. About that time Clarissa became infatuated with the knitting craze and naturally enough her first attempt took the form

of a "testimonial of her undying regard for her dear Louise," this knitted "testimonial" being a sweater whose amethystine glare might go well with Clarissa's inky locks and sallow skin, but in combination with Louise's titian hair and freckled pink-and-whiteness the effect was, well, not so good. Hence, especially as Louise cherished the sweater with undying affection and insisted on wearing it during every waking hour, its presence in the Johnson family soon became a bone of contention. Especially distasteful was it to the elder son of the Johnson family, a college junior with all the vast self-assurance and unquenchable conceit peculiar to young men of that age. He had acquired, under the refining influences of an A. B. course, an artistic sense, oppressively artistic. And this sense was continually and flagrantly afflicted by the purple sweater. In vain he argued with Louise, in vain he begged his mother to exercise her authority toward the banishment of the hated thing. His supplications were all to no avail, Louise was impervious alike to cajolery and ridicule, while Mrs. Johnson was too well aware that the sweater would come to a natural end in good time and that violent measures were not advisable. The purple sweater finally began to prey upon Clarence's mind to such an extent that an intense hatred of all things purple was born in him. Everything that hinted purple was relentlessly weeded out from his wardrobe, ties, socks,—even a silk shirt whose only offence was a faint lavender stripe, shared the general discarding.

A month passed, the purple sweater began to show signs of wear, yet Louise clung to it with a tenacity born of true affection. It was spring now and the sweater season was certainly over for anyone as warm blooded as Louise, but she was of the stuff of which martyrs are made and wore it heroically. Equally unchanging was Clarence's hatred of the thing; it would seem that a perpetual feud had been established between the two. Desperation is often the mother of more vigorous invention than even necessity, and so Clarence finally enlisted various friends in the struggle for the extinction of the purple sweater. Many plots were made but all were unavailing, until finally one warm day Louise took off the sweater while she played a game of tennis, and one of her brother's henchmen beheld it hanging unguarded at one side of the tennis court. Such was the excitement of the

game that Louise did not miss it until the last set was over and then—! But all searching and questioning brought no clue to its whereabouts and as Clarence had an effective alibi, having been swimming in the gymnasium at the time of the theft, all suspicion was removed from him. The next problem was the disposal of the abducted garment,—the winter was gone for good so there was no opportunity of making a holocaust in the family furnace, and all other means of disposal were open to various objections. At last one of the conspirators had an idea, and at his suggestion the sweater was tied up securely and dispatched to an elderly maiden relative of his who did extensive charitable work among the negroes of a city a whole state away. After months of unrest Clarence breathed freely once more, the purple sweater was gone and life was full of joy.

Vacation time brought the usual planning and re-planning among the boys of Clarence's set, and after every kind of a trip from a polar expedition to an African bear hunt had been discussed, an invitation was received from a genial old gentleman, an old friend of the Johnson's and an enthusiastic admirer of every kind of a "roughing it" existence. He had leased a camp in the Michigan woods and had moved there for the summer, taking with him his wife, and a negro man and his wife as man of all work and cook, respectively. As this would scarcely make much of a camping party he bethought himself of Clarence and his friends, "the bunch," with whom he had enjoyed a short canoeing trip the previous summer. Accordingly he invited them to spend a month with him in camp. Thus it came about that a big touring car made its way up to the camp one warm June evening and discharged an enthusiastic cargo of young America. Formalities over and the various youths bestowed bag and baggage in the tents set up for them, supper was the next thing in order. The meal was served in the big rustic living room of the camp lodge, ten ravenous young appetites were drawn up around the circular table ready to dispatch the supper which announced its coming with savory odors floating from the kitchen. The door opened, a colored maid came in bearing a tray, a sudden hush fell upon the company, then Clarence groaned. The evening was growing chill, the dusky maiden's dress was light, and she wore—the purple sweater!

NEIGHBORHOOD DRAMATICS.

RUTH MCCARTHY, '22.

NEVER before, was the world so much in need of wholesome and stimulating dramatic productions. The spoken drama has deteriorated to such an extent that we very seldom see a play which holds our interest past the last fall of the curtain. This is due principally to the fact that most of the playwrights have commercialized their talents. And though moving pictures remedied this evil for a while, even they are gradually becoming degraded. So, the recently-founded movement, advocating the Neighborhood Theater apparently will save the dramatic interest of the country. There is nothing really new in the idea of the Neighborhood Theater except the name. In olden times, there were the religious rites and festivals in which thousands of amateur actors and actresses participated. The Middle Ages produced the Mystery and Morality plays. Even the early Indian tribes of America presented their unique dramas. The Little Theater is simply a continuation of this dramatic heritage, handed down through the centuries.

There are many advantages attached to the Neighborhood Theater. Consciously, or unconsciously, every one, at some time, craves to approach the footlights, while but few ever enjoy the realization of this desire. To these the Neighborhood Theater is a haven of dramatic opportunity. One of its principal objects is to secure these amateur actors and actresses. The plays which it presents are written, staged and acted by the amateurs themselves. There are many non-professional writers who have much skill and the Little Theater movement attempts to utilize this ability; likewise, talent in various lines may be discovered.

Another advantage is the absence of scenery or at least a minimized amount of it. The Shakespearean dramas were usually presented with a black curtain as a background. Imagination was then keenly cultivated. Nowadays, plays are embellished with rich settings and little remains for the fancy of the audience. However, we cannot blame the playwright, for the producers and the audiences demand a richness of pre-

sentation. Many times, writers are forced to build their plays around scenery. The Neighborhood Theater is doing away with this idea. Impossibility of such extravagance in production, has forced it to demand that the audience take an active, intelligent part in plays.

People rarely stop to think that Catholic society has always advocated amateur dramatics. Even Catholics themselves apparently forget this fact. The parochial schools foster much dramatic talent. The children all take part in many plays and entertainments which give them complete self-control for later acting. In the Catholic colleges and academies, much time is devoted to the training of amateur theatricals. Thus, is it any wonder that many fine plays are produced annually in the different parishes? We find a number of these young people in the professional world but a great deal of talent is going to waste, which will not if the Little Theater is established.

If the Neighborhood Theater wishes to have a lasting influence on the world, it must be entirely cut off from foreign dramatists. "Made in America," alone, will attract intelligent, dramatic interest in this country. This not only means that plays must be written in this country but they must also be free from the immoral sentiments of foreign playwrights. The technique of these foreign plays is supreme but the subject matter is too unwholesome to be discussed in mixed company, so we cannot expect young men and young women to participate in such productions. The so-called "intellectuals" may appreciate the technical side of such plays but the majority of people will not. The American public never has generally accepted the dramas which radiate this unwholesome sentiment. Perhaps, such plays are considered fit for presentation in European theaters but the American people want wholesome American work. The Neighborhood Theater must satisfy this dire need.

The people of the United States are looking for something which will afford enjoyment and recreation. If the Neighborhood Theater presents clean plays with amateur actors and actresses, it certainly will fulfill this desire. So, it remains for everyone to carry the Little Theater idea into his or her own "neighborhood" and awaken the latent dramatic interest of America.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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MAY, 1920

A PLEA FOR LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Many times in this age of specialization, I have been asked just what benefit I thought to derive from the education I am now receiving, a liberal education, and at times, I must confess, I was at a loss for an answer to the many questions. As I have said, this seems to be an age of specializing in some art, or along some line (as we put it) most adapted to our talents. One who is not studying or directing his studies along a special branch, seems, at least to "specialists," to be wasting valuable time. They say that there was a time when one might have been a "Jack-of-all-Trades," but modern civilization with its great progress and efficiency, demands only "masters" in all occupations, and they seem to believe that a liberal education hinders rather than aids one in becoming a "master." It would be incorrect to say that we could go on in the world without these "specialists," but as a person narrows himself to particularization, he tends to lose sight of "education" in the broad meaning of the term.

Newman in his "Idea of a University" has put forth a brilliant plea for a liberal education. Newman, with his great intellect, and his equally great beauty of expression, has fulfilled his own definition of a great author, "One whose aim is to give forth what he has within him, and from his very earnestness it happens that whatever be the splendor of his diction, or the harmony of his periods, whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. He expresses what all feel, but cannot say." This Newman has accomplished in his discourse concerning a plea for liberal education in his "Idea of a University." We are all striving toward some end, proximate or remote, on our way to the ultimate end. What is the end of a liberal education? Newman answers, "Knowledge is

capable of being its own end," and the end of a liberal education is knowledge. Liberal education tends to view knowledge so that the student may know "the great outlines of knowledge, the principles on which it rests, the scale of its parts, its lights and his shades, its great points and its little," in other words, liberal education tends to develop the intellect along every branch, fashioning a correct view point, forming an idea, and trying to show the relation between this idea and every other idea relative to it.

After spending years and perhaps a whole life time on one subject, or along one line of thought, to the exclusion of every other subject, one is bound to become narrow, and almost a radical on his one subject. "Specialists," or those clamoring for "useful" education are too realistic, too materialistic to see the value of a liberal education, that is, knowledge for its own end. The world has become too practical, too concrete. Life is not long enough for anything but the useful. Americans, especially, are too busily engaged, and perhaps justly so, in earning a living to see the value of anything other than a useful education. They lose sight of the greatest benefit of all education, *Truth*. Truth is the proper object of the intellect. "The process of training by which the intellect, instead of being formed or sacrificed to some particular or accidental purpose, some specific trade or profession, or study or science, is disciplined for its own sake, for the perception of its own proper object and for its own highest culture is called liberal education."

"Specialists" can see no direct results to be derived from a liberal education, that is, that it will not prepare a man or woman for the task at hand. It does not, at once, make a chemist, a surgeon, or a lawyer. It would be absurd, however, to neglect to educate a child along lines necessary for the child's future, but it is as equally absurd to neglect to recommend teaching which has for its purpose the general cultivation of the mind.

Liberal education teaches one to take a wide and liberal view of things, to think a great deal on many subjects, with a view to knowledge for its own sake, and this trains not alone the individual, but society as well.

A liberal education teaches one also "to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disengage a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical and to discard what is irrelevant." This is the true meaning of a liberal education.

WHEN ONE MUST WRITE.

What a fickle thing is Genius, the Muse, or Inspiration. Even if you have a different name for an elusive but must-be-captured thought your attitude toward it is probably much the same as that of one who coaxes the fire of his genius, entices his muse, or courts inspiration. Yet how futile all this effort seems. Hours spent in a vain effort to get thought seem absolutely barren in comparison to another fifteen minutes when thoughts seem to run riot trying to get expressed. How often do we scorn these promptings of the spirit because we are too lazy to work them into language. Be kinder to your capricious Muse and she will visit you more often.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Are your first impressions lasting? Mine never are. The people I dislike at first are the ones I really grow to love later on, while those whom I'm charmed with at first meeting are almost certain to turn out to be perfect bores later on. The old saying that "beauty is only skin deep" is perfectly true. No matter how beautiful or charming a girl may be if she hasn't a little bit of grey matter to go with it and a good heart she is nothing more than a beautiful doll without an ounce of common sense. The homely awkward girl often proves to be a real friend. Her charming personality makes up for her lack of beauty and when you know her she appears beautiful to you, as her character, her true self shines out through the homely exterior.

Now from these rambling first impressions of mine don't think I mean that every one who is charming, agreeable and good company necessarily has to be homely. There are many, many people blessed with both beauty of soul and body. But I only ask of you not to reject a would-be friend because of outward appearances, you can never tell what a wealth of gold is hiding underneath.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Few things do greater credit to the fine sentiments of the American people than the national observances of Memorial Day. If we are accused of being a thoughtless and ungrateful people, unappreciative of the loyal service of noble sacrifices of our great men, or at least slow to

acknowledge them concretely, we have at least two points in our favor: our Pension System—though it could be improved—and the custom of decorating the graves of our patriot dead.

But as we go this year to perform this blessed ceremony our thoughts will be concerned chiefly with the graves that are not there. Every village and every hamlet in every far-away corner of the United States will find its cemeteries lacking of those graves which it fain would honor most. Almost every little contingent of young, khaki-clad veterans, which will dignify these processions will show gaps in the ranks, where, perhaps, spirit-soldiers march.

The missing graves are in France and in Flanders, and few there are who will visit them, to whom they are most dear. But the mind and the heart know not distance. To the passerby they may look like barren graves in a foreign land, marked only by rows upon rows of plain headstones. But we across the water, know that the most lovely roses are planted there, American beauties. And they sprang from seed that came from hearts, especially from mother-hearts. And these roses are nourished by sweet tears of sorrowful joy and joyful sorrow and holy pride. And the sunshine that so warmly beams on them, laden with fragrance, is the prayers that never cease to rise for them.

MEMORY SKETCHES.

"His dreams were among the stars, but his affections were close to the daisies where the plain people walk," says P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., of his "Father John" in Memory Sketches. Those who know Father Carroll can echo this remark of the author.

Memory Sketches are brief glimpses of Ireland and Irish people. It gives the reader vivid portraits of the simple wholesome life in that isle. The characters are in harmony with their setting, each one convincingly simple, realistic, and human.

The author seems to be in complete sympathy with the trials and joys which fill the life of the people of Creelabeg and consequently writes understandingly and sincerely. In this collection of brief sketches, Father Carroll has combined penetrating insight and rich poetic imaginings.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Notre Dame Glee Club made its yearly appearance at St. Mary's on the evening of April 20, 1920, and received the usual warm reception. The program presented was an excellent one given with a flourish and style such as only Notre Dame can give. Much credit is due to the expert directing of John J. Becker. The specialty numbers were most entertaining,—violin selections by Mr. Harry Denny, number by the Club Quartette and specialty numbers by Mr. Walter O'Keefe were an indispensable part of the program; for a concert without three favorites would seem incomplete.

The vocal selections by Mr. Lally and Señor Corona showed exceptional talent and the whole program furnished an evening of exceptional pleasure. The program follows:

John J. Becker.....Director of the Glee Club
Dillon J. Patterson.....Club Accompanist
Charles Davis, Director of the Novelty Orchestra

Selection.....The Novelty Orchestra

Swing AlongCook
The Glee Club.

Violin SoloSelected
Mr. Harry Denny.

Two Folk Songs—

(a) Deep River (Negro Spiritual).....Burligh
(b) All Thru the Night.....Old Welsh

Mr. Lenihan L. Lally, Soloist.
The Glee Club.

Syncopated Harmony.....The Notre Dame Four
Messrs. Dumke, O'Keefe, Musmaker, Slaggert.

The Red Man's Death Chant.....Bliss
The Glee Club.

INTERMISSION.

CantataWilson Lane
The Glee Club.

SoloSelected
Señor Jose Corona

The Road to Mandalay.....Speaks
The Glee Club.

Specialty.....Mr. Walter Michael O'Keefe, III

Triumphal March (Aida).....Verdi
The Glee Club.

Notre Dame Victory March.....Shea
Glee Club, Quartette, Novelty Orchestra

* * * *

On the evening of April 26, Miss Nellie Lee Helt of St. Mary's Conservatory of Music, gave her graduate recital. The varying numbers of

the following program showed her executive ability and power of interpretation.

After Song, Silence. Yet than this I claim
Sublimer truth. Not to be quenched the flame
Kindled by birdsongs flung for the winds' winging.
So, though no more thy minstrelsy my ears
May greet, in hushed deeps my spirit hears
Frail echoes, sweetnesses born of thy singing.
—J. Ryan.

Finale, Op. 13, No. 1.....Rubinstein
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

Etude, Op. 25, No. 1Chopin
Prelude in C MinorSchumann-Liszt

DedicationSchumann-Liszt

Song. By the Waters of Minnetonka.....Lieurance
Miss F. Guthrie
Piano—Miss E. Broussard.
Violin Obligato—Professor R. Seidel.

Sublime Evening Star.....Wagner-Liszt

Kondo, Op. 53.....Schubert
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

Rondo, Op. 28.....Beethoven

Rhapsodie No. 6.....Liszt

Peer Gynt Suite.....Grieg
First Piano—Misses E. Broussard, R. Kramer.
Second Piano—Misses B. O'Melia, M. Hynds.
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

* * * *

Miss Rosella Kramer gave her graduate recital on Tuesday evening, May 4. Miss Kramer displayed splendid technique and interpretive ability in her rendition of the following program:

TO MY FAVORITE MUSICIAN.

As in the silence lingers still, dream-wrought,
A mystic strain, when song is dead,
So let my living be
For those whom Thou into my life hast brought
A song whose memory will lift their hearts to Thee,
When to Thy Heart in utmost ecstasy,
S. M. E.

Sonata, Op. 96Beethoven
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

Prelude XVBach

Toccata, Op. 72, No. 3.....Saint-Saens

Berceuse {R. de Boisdeffre
At the Brook {
Violins—Miss M. del R. Blanco, Prof. R. Seidel.
Piano—Miss H. Weinrich.

Valse RamantiqueDebussy

Song, Sancta MariaFaure
St. Mary's Glee Club.

Piano—Miss E. Broussard
Violin Obligato—Professor R. Seidel.

Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2.....Chopin

Etude MelodiqueRaff
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

Wilde JagdLiszt

Valse BrillanteMoszkowski
First Piano—Misses B. O'Melia, M. Hynds.
Second Piano—Misses E. Broussard, H. Weinrich.
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

On the evening of May 9, the students gave the following program in honor of the visit of His Excellency The Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., to St. Mary's. At the conclusion of the musical numbers, His Excellency addressed the Sisters and students. In a few simple and beautiful words, he dwelt upon the necessity of harmony in the symphony of life, the need of striving for the right note in order to keep one's soul atune with God. He told the girls that as educated Catholic women they should do their best to bring about harmony in the world now so broken with strife.

- Opening March.....*R. de Koven*
St. Mary's Orchestra.
Piano—Miss E. Broussard.
- A Parable
Miss Dorothy Hayes.
(Representing the Collegiates)
- Song, Ave Maria, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....*Mascagni*
Miss D. Ryno
Piano—Miss B. O'Melia.
Harp—Miss R. McCarthy.
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.
- Song, The Lord is My Light.....*Allitson*
Miss F. Guthrie
Piano—Miss E. Broussard.
- Welcome
Miss Lucille Bomer
(Representing the Academics)
- Chorus, Fly Singing Bird.....*Elgar*
St. Mary's Glee Club.
Piano—Miss E. Broussard.
Violins—Miss M. del R. Blanco, Professor R. Seidel.
- The Little Children's Greeting.....
Miss Virginia Salerno
- Violin Solo, Air Varie.....*Vieuxtemps*
Professor R. Seidel.
Piano—Miss B. O'Melia
- Galop de Concert.....*Milde*
First Piano—Misses H. Weinrich, M. Miller.
Second Piano—Miss M. Purman, R. Kramer.
Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

* * * *

On the evening of April 28, the Sisters and students enjoyed the Sonata Recital given by the First Junior class, Conservatory of Music. The technique and skill of the pupils were well displayed in the following program:

- Sonata in G major.....*Haydn*
G. Hamelius.
Violin: Professor R. Seidel.
- Sonata in F major.....*Mozart*
M. Purman.
Violin: Professor R. Seidel.

- Sonata in A minor.....*Beethoven*
M. Miller.
Violin: Professor R. Seidel.
- Sonata in F major.....*Grieg*
H. Weinrich.
Violin: Professor R. Seidel.
- Waltz: Thornrose *Tschaikowsky*
First Piano: H. Weinrich, M. Miller.
Second Piano: L. Grady, G. Hamelius.
Violin: Professor R. Seidel.

* * * *

Program of the second Sonata recital, May 12, 1920.

- Sonata in C major.....*Mozart*
R. Kramer.
Violin: Prof. R. Seidel.
- Sonata in G major.....*Rubinstein*
N. L. Holt.
Violin: Prof. R. Seidel.
- Sonata in F major.....*H. Hofmann*
M. Hynds.
Violin: Prof. R. Seidel.
- Sonata—Allegro Moderato..... *Brahms*
E. Broussard.
Violin: Prof. R. Seidel.
- Sonata—Variations—Presto (Kreutzer).....*Beethoven*
B. O'Melia
Violin: Prof. R. Seidel.
- Marche Slave..... *P. Tschaikowsky*
1st Piano: B. O'Melia, M. Hynds.
2nd Piano: E. Broussard, R. Kramer.
Violin: Prof. R. Seidel.

* * *

DEPARTMENT OF EXPRESSION.

MAY 11

Director—Miss Alice Kernan

"WHO'S NEXT"

By Marjory Benton Cooke

- Madeleine Lee.....Helen Minahan
Betty Barker.....Edith Hessel
Harriet Coleman.....Viola Aylward
Ethel LindHelene Eisenhauer
Nell Andrews, Madeleine's roommate. Margaret Sullivan
Sophronia BondEileen Cusack

Scene I—Madeleine's room in a College Dormitory.
Morning.

Scene II—The same. Night.

Selections..... St. Mary's Orchestra

"THE BURGLAR"

By Margaret Cameron.

- Mabel Dover Linda Minahan
Freda Dixon Margaret Buckley
Valerie Annsley..... Anna Rummelhart
Peggy Burton Mary Ryan
Edith Brent Mary L. Christman

Scene: Living-room of the Burton's Summer
Cottage. Evening.

We take pleasure in giving the following program of the Operetta "Sylvia," presented by the Academic Department on May 5, 6, 7. The proceeds are the Department's special contribution towards the St. Mary's Building Fund. The Operetta receives a more detailed notice in the "Annual for 1919-20."

SYLVIA.

A PASTORAL OPERETTA IN TWO PARTS.

A MOTHER'S TEACHING.

(A Tribute to Mother M. Pauline.)

Your words like lilies on an altar laid—
Pure lilies that were born within some quiet mere,
Wake loving wonder at the fertile deep
When they their glory drew.
The lilies and their birth forgot, their loveliness must fade—
But never, Mother Dear,
Shall Memory's high altar fail to keep
Words that were born deep in the heart of you!

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Sir Bertram de Lacey, the Court Poet.....
Ethel Burkhartsmeier
Prince Tobytum, a Man of Consequence.....Alizia McElroy
William, an Honest Farmer.....Mary Purman
Sylvia, Betrothed to de Lacey.....Mary Ryan
Betty, Betrothed to William.....Katherine Graham
Arabella, a lady in waiting at Court.....Louise Riley
Araminta, her sister.....Grace Hamelius
Polly.....Farmers' Daughters, {Loretta Shaughnessy
Molly.....Dorothea Ryvo
Dolly.....Marguerite Campbell
Court Ladies.....Catherine Schmalzried, Mary
Sweeney, Florence Guthrie.
Robin, a Farmer Lad.....Genevieve Walsh

Lassies—A. Andros, A. M. Balfour, C. Berno, L. Bohmer, N. Brons, M. Connable, S. Couttellenc, G. Downey, K. Feeney, M. Hummel, L. Johnson, M. Johnson, B. Kissell, G. Kinsler, K. Kuboske, C. Martin, D. Menden, W. Mulcahey, M. O'Donnell, S. Reynolds, M. Kahl, M. Vallez, B. Weiss.

Lads—V. Authier, J. Baumberger, E. Buell, G. Bohannon, H. Casey, M. Curley, M. Coen, A. Dugan, C. Foster, A. Gainley, V. de la Houssaye, M. Johnson, M. J. Johnston, L. Frank, D. King, K. Keenan, F. Lamphere, A. Morgan, V. Morrison, C. O'Bryan, L. Stamm, L. Tujague, G. Walsh.

Haymakers—M. Betz, M. Bruner, T. Burke, M. R. Butler, A. Cook, J. Dennis, L. Downs, B. Edwards, L. Fitch, B. Geiver, N. Grill, E. Heine, W. Hart, E. Hartman, C. Haskell, J. Jordan, N. Koch, A. Krauss, K. Kizer, I. Kenoe, I. Kerwin, E. Lee, R. Marblestone, M. Metz, M. MacGregor, M. Mellett, A. Perry, N. Randall, R. Singler, G. Toepf, A. Vanderkarr, L. Vandenboom.

Act I—A Hayfield. A Summer morning.

Act II—Later. The same day.

Period—The Eighteenth Century.

Orchestra under the direction of Prof. R. Seidel.

Violins—M. del R. Blanco, H. Brazzill, G. Broussard, C. Burke, H. Campbell, L. Eilers, L. Gleason, M. Kahl, M. Keown, Z. Nutter, J. Ryan, M. Van Heuvel, M. Ward, L. White.

Cellos—G. Loesch, A. Schlecht.

Piano—H. Bauman.

Viola—Prof. R. Seidel.

Dancing directed by Miss M. Gavin.

NOTES.

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Sermons were given during the month by Rev. W. R. Connor, C. S. C., on the "Imitation of Christ"; The Rev. W. Maloney, C. S. C., "The Dedication of the Month of May."

The Operetta "Sylvia" staged by the Academics on the evenings of May 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, and 8 proved a great success. The girls who had the principal roles took their parts admirably.

With the arrival of warm weather have come the ever enjoyable spring walks and several trips have been made to the candy store at Roselawn.

During the month of May, Benediction will be given in the College Chapel every day in place of the usual morning prayer in the Study Hall.

The knitting fad seems to have taken a new lease on life with the coming of Spring, and many rainbow tinted sweaters may be seen in the making.

Miss Marjorie Barrett of Omaha, and Miss Martina Smith of Chicago, spent a few days at St. Mary's during the month.

Class honors for 1920: Valedictorian, Miss Esther Carrico; Essayist, Miss Marilla Green; Class Poet, Miss Bernice O'Melia.

The tennis courts have been re-opened for the Spring season and well patronized at all hours of the day.

Clouds of excitement are gathering for the tennis tournaments which will take place early in June; and judging from the practice playing the tournaments show signs of being closely contested.

The performance of the Notre Dame Glee Club at St. Mary's was followed by a dance in St. Angela's Hall. The Seniors, Juniors, and sisters and cousins of the Glee Club members, attended the dance. Music was furnished by the Notre Dame and St. Mary's Orchestras.

The Misses Helen McCarthy, Helen Comerford, Margaret Elbel, Ada Costello, Mary Casey and Marie Shaughnessy were guests the week of the bazaar.

At the meeting of the St. Mary's Notre Dame Club of Chicago, held on the afternoon of May 18, the following officers were elected:

Miss Anna Hunt.....President
Miss Sarah Gleeson.....Vice-President
Mrs. George Sunderland, Second Vice-Pres.
Miss Helen Betz.....Recording Secretary
Miss Dympna Balbach.....Corresponding Sec'y
Mrs. L. Bohannon.....Treasurer

Board of directors: Mesdames Mary Cochran-Ryan, Anna Cunnea-Fitzgibbons, Margaret Beck-Kelly, Henrietta O'Brien-Crowley, Pauline Murfey-Sauter, Mary Smyth-Nelson, Mettie Touhy-Lampert.

Patrons and Patronesses of the St. Marys-Notre Dame dance, May 20-21:

Thursday, May 20—

Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Olney.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Holland.
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Brien.
Mr. and Mrs. J. De Lorenzi
Mr. and Mrs. L. Clauer
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stephenson.

Friday, May 21—

Mr. and Mrs. W. Crabill.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Young.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Stephenson.
Mr. and Mrs. W. O'Brien.
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh.
Dr. and Mrs. Sensenich.

St. Mary's notes the death of a valiant soldier of the Cross, the Rev. Michael Fallize, C. S. C., who for a short time was assistant chaplain of the Community Church of Loretto. Father Fallize has a record for many years' faithful service at the Holy Cross Mission in Dacca, India.

Death recently claimed a member of the faculty, Sister M. Josephus (Miss Mary Martin) who after a short period of religious life was called to an eternal reward.

Deep sympathy is extended to Harriet Pilger-Crittenberger on the death of her beloved father; to Stella Hamilton-Stapleton on the death of her devoted husband, Mr. Daniel G. Stapleton, benefactor; to Mildred Kennedy and Della Walton who mourn a beloved father, and to the bereaved relatives of Marcella Hynes, former student.

NARCISSUS.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

○ PETALED star, on slender, trembling stem,
Straight from the land of Spring you seem to come;
Your sweetness, wee narcissus, fills my soul,
And warms my heart with winter's cold benumb.

ST. MARY'S BENEFIT BAZAAR.

MAY 17, 18, 19.

The faculty and class of 1920 desires to express their grateful appreciation of the enthusiastic interest and most hearty coöperation given by citizens and merchants of South Bend and by many patrons and former students during St. Mary's recent Bazaar. To them and, especially, to the gentlemen and ladies who composed the committee in charge, is due the unusual success of the undertaking.

St. Angela's Hall where the Bazaar was held, contained the following artistically draped booths where tempting articles were displayed before admiring and eager purchasers:

PARCEL POST—Decorated in Red, White and Blue bunting, American flags and colored electric lights.

NOVELTY—Lavender draperies and wisteria blossoms.

CANDY—Notre Dame colors—draperies and pennants.

FANCY WORK—Pink and Green—Sweet peas.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES AND PRIZES (on the stage)—St. Mary's colors, blue flowers and daisies.

FLOWER—Fresh-cut flowers, corsage bouquets, supplied mostly by Williams, florist of South Bend.

On the lower floor of the building were—a trellised Japanese Tea Garden, a dainty pink and lavender booth where cooling drinks were served, a cozy "Rest Room" and a "Fish Pond," the delight of the little ones. Music by the St. Mary's Orchestra, vocal selections by St. Mary's Glee Club and the Academic graduating class, Fancy Dancing by members of the regular classes were a part of the evening's attractive features.

Fortunes were cleverly told by Senorita Maria del R. Blanco.

In addition to the long list printed in April issue of the CHIMES the following are generous contributors to the Bazaar:

J. C. Ellsworth.....Chiffon Waist and Silk Underwear
Beitner's StoreShoes
Mrs. HawkinsNovelties
Hibberd Printing Company.....Printing
GatelySilk Skirt
Senol'sA Knife
Schuell (Jeweler).....Water Set
Public Drug Store.....Toilet Articles
Kable's100 Sandwiches
The Oliver Waist Shop.....Silk Hose
Standard Drug Company.....Toilet Articles
T. Barrett Mills.....200 lbs. of Flour
L. ElbelVictrola

George Wyant 10 lbs. of Butter
 H. Hingsworth & Turner Ten gals. Ice Cream
 Palmer's Dairy Ten gals. Ice Cream
 Wilner Five gals. Ice Cream
 E. Stoll One ton of Coal
 H. V. and V. W. DeFreese One Ton of Coal
 J. Major Bacon, Ham, and 50 lbs. of Lard
 Mrs. H. Elbel Bath Rugs
 Miss M. Elbel Two Luncheon Sets
 Piowaty & Son One case Lemons, one Oranges
 George Butzbach 2 Cases of Oranges
 Whiteman One Case of Pears
 Jacobson & Peterson Stationery
 Mrs. Maude Casey and Miss Anna Hunt
 Pin and Shirtwaist Ring (turquoise
 matrix set in silver)
 South Bend Watch Co. Gentlemen's Gold Watch
 A. Loftus of Chicago Ladies' Wrist Watch
 Mrs. O'Rourke of Ft. Wayne Week-end Case
 Mrs. Agnes English-Rend Gold Rosary
 Rev. P. J. Carroll Loan of Tables and Chairs
 Geo. Lomax, Chicago Pop and Soda Water
 Mrs. Mondor Lavender Chiffon Hat,
 and Handkerchief Bag
 Mr. A. Frank of Oliver Hotel Log Cabin Cake
 St. Joseph's Hospital Cake
 Busse Bakery 100 Buns and 25 Cakes
 Philadelphia 20 gals. Ice Cream
 Sherman Store Novelty Bags
 Hurwich Necktie
 Nolsom Novelties
 Max Adler Bath Robe
 Adler Bros. Suit Case
 People's Store A Waist
 Greenblatt Furs
 Dimels Shoes
 Platner Co. Cigars
 Central Drug Store Toilet Articles
 Perfection Biscuit Co. Two Boxes of Cakes
 J. B. Weber Six Dozen Boxes of Candy
 Miller of Fort Wayne Candy
 Gas Company Gas Iron and Waffle Iron
 Mrs. Rose Frank-Smith, Chicago Ivory Toilet Case
 Mr. George Hines (Auditorium Theatre) Movie
 Mrs. Rosemary Spier-Scott, Davenport, Ia. Rose Sweater
 Cecile Martin Black and White Sweater
 Mary Louise Lennon Sweater
 Sisters of Holy Cross Fancy Work
 Ladies of South Bend Cakes

Box of Fancy Work and Novelties from the following: Katherine Walsh-Priester, Davenport, Iowa; Marie Corbett-McCarthy; Miss Eleanor D. Kinzie; Eunice M. Scott; Rose McCullough-Sullivan; Josephine Mitchell-McCullough; Margaret Hickey-Coffee; Bessie McCullough-Bray; Marguerite Halligan; Katherine Maker-Cozed.

Cash Contributors: J. J. O'Brien, J. M. Chillas, Mrs. Havican, A Friend, Anne Kelleher, Marie Hahn.

PRIZES OF THE BAZAAR

May 17, 18, 19.

Were awarded as follows:

Flood Lamp—Donated by A. H. Heller,
 To J. I. Pavey, 623 Park Ave., South Bend.
 Rogers' 1847 Silver—Donated by Clauers
 To Julia Flynn, St. Mary's College.
 Water Set—Donated by Wheelock's,
 To C. A. Hagerty, South Bend, Ind.
 Ice Cart—Donated by Rice
 To G. O. Thurn, 730 Leland Ave., South Bend.
 Fern—Donated by St. Mary's,
 To Nelson Jones, South Bend, Ind.
 Russian Georgette Blouse—Donated by Garland's,
 To F. E. Coats, 123 S. Race St., Mishawaka, Ind.
 Men's Shoes—Donated by Bakers,
 To F. McGarry, Corby Hall, Notre Dame.
 Ladies' Shoes—Donated by K. & K.,
 To Ethel Kramer, Minster, Ohio.

Sweater—Donated by Newman's,
 To A. R. North, 117 Ohio St., South Bend, Ind.
 One Pig—Donated by St. Mary's,
 Wm. Gallagher, 145 W. 75th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Notre Dame Pillow—Donated by Sister M. Eliza,
 To E. M. Rowling, Baden Hall, Notre Dame.
 Ivory Set—Donated by Mrs. Rose Frank Schmidt,
 To Helen Comerford, Joliet, Ill.
 Fifty Dollars in Gold—Donated by Anne Kelleher,
 St. Mary's College,
 To St. Mary's Academy, Alexandria, Va.
 Hope Chest—Donated by George Robertson,
 To Mrs. J. Gehring, 508 St. Joseph, South Bend.
 Fifty Dollar Gold Bond—Donated by Marie Hahn,
 To Sister M. Eudocia, St. Mary's Convent.
 Wrist Watch—Donated by S. T. A. Loftus, Chicago,
 To Sister M. Edna, St. Mary's Convent.
 Gentleman's Watch—Donated by S. B. Watch Factory,
 To Rev. M. J. McAvoy, McHenry, Ill.
 Calf—Donated by Mother Cyriaca, St. Mary's,
 To Mildred Miller, St. Mary's College.
 Field Glass—Donated by Dr. Burke, South Bend,
 To Wm. Holland, South Bend, Ind.
 Wardrobe Trunk—Donated by Geo. Wyman & Co.,
 To Viola Authier, St. Mary's Academy.
 Hat and Parasol—Donated by Mrs. J. Betz, Chicago,
 To Mrs. John Grahs, Union City, Ind.
 Picture of the Holy Face—Donated by a Sister,
 To Aurelia Wolters, St. Mary's College.
 Library Scarf—Donated by Sister L. Bertrand,
 To Lucy E. Holliday, St. Mary's College.
 Library Scarf—Donated by Sister Domini,
 To Sadie Matthews, South Bend, Ind.
 Gold Mesh Bag—Donated by Sister Dositheus,
 To Katherine Schmalzried, St. Mary's Academy.
 Sweater—Donated by Mary L. Lennon,
 To Mary Adler, Joliet, Ill.
 Lard, Ham and Bacon—Donated by Major Brothers,
 To John DeHaven, South Bend, Ind.
 16-Piece Manicure Set—Donated by
 Loretta Broussard, Beaumont, Texas,
 To Lucille Van Heuvel, St. Mary's College.
 Hand Painted Punch Bowl—Donated by St. Mary's
 Art Dept. ... To Mary Watters, St. Mary's Acad.
 Week-end Case—Donated by Geraldine Fleming-
 O'Rourke ... To Jane Baumberger, St. Mary's.
 Sweater—Donated by Cecile Martine,
 To Dorothy Wade, St. Mary's College.

The awarding of the beautiful Light Six Studebaker Car, presented by the Studebaker Corporation of South Bend, and handsome cedar chest, the gift of Sailors Furniture Company, was postponed until after the St. Mary's Alumnae meeting in June.

Names of the Committee who assisted in the direction of the St. Mary's Benefit Bazaar:

Mrs. W. G. Crabill, Chairman.

Mesdames W. Holland, T. A. Olney, G. Farabaugh, J. Grief, G. Stephenson, J. Stephenson, W. O'Brien, M. O'Brien, J. Young, L. Clauer, J. Reynolds, E. Stoll, R. Sensenich, W. Benitz, F. Dennis, J. DeLorenzi, J. Neff, H. Elbel.

Misses M. Hagerty, H. Holland, H. Schabel, M. Weber, B. Darr, A. Kreuger, E. Van Dusen, K. Kern.

Mesrs. J. DeHaven, N. Jones, R. Kuehn, J. Klingel, E. Murphy, W. O'Keefe, W. Crabill, F. Dennis, C. Lancaster, G. Stephenson, L. Claurer, J. McCormick.

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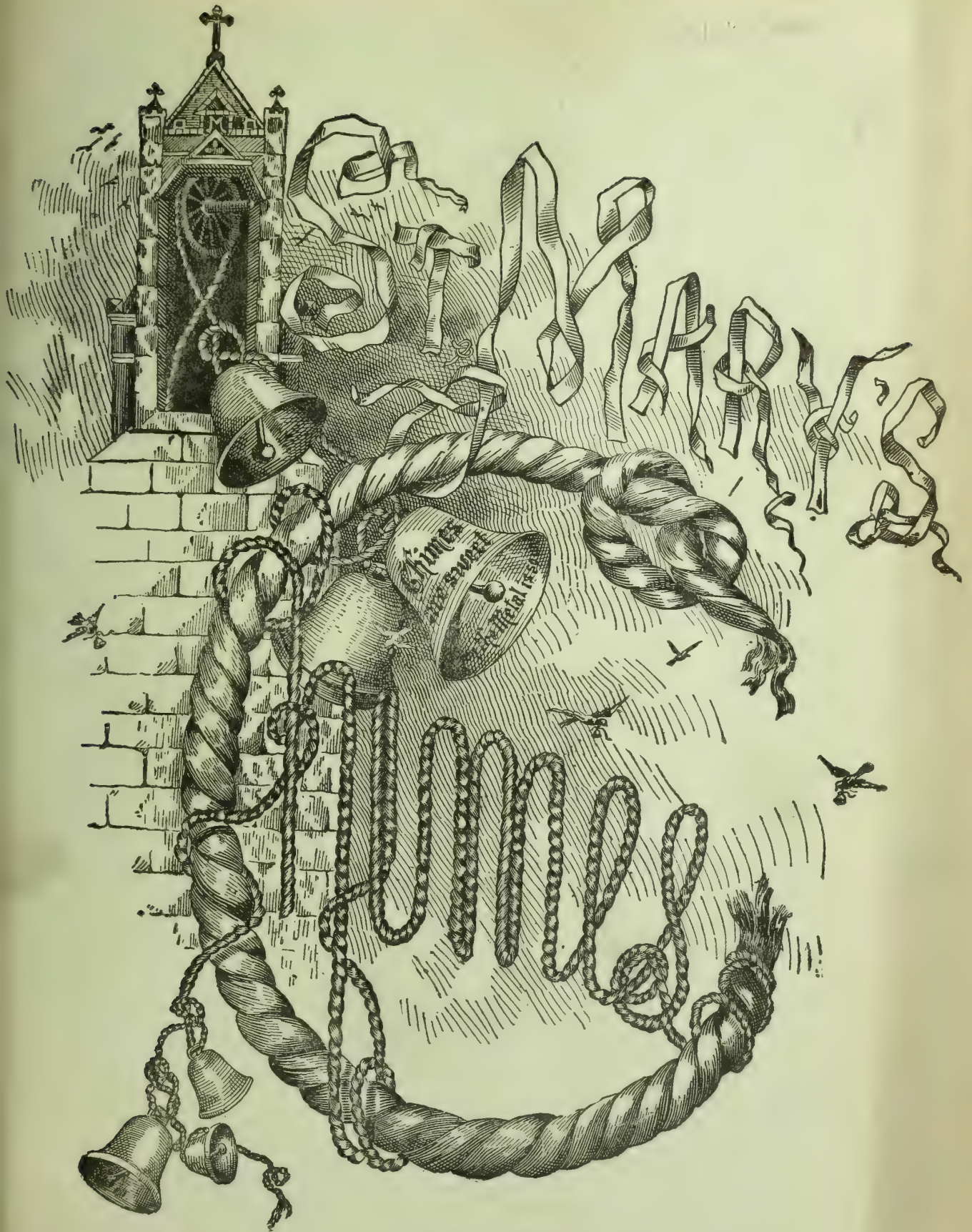
I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,

Secretary of the Interior.



June, 1920

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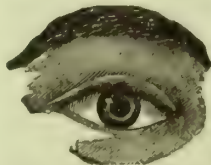
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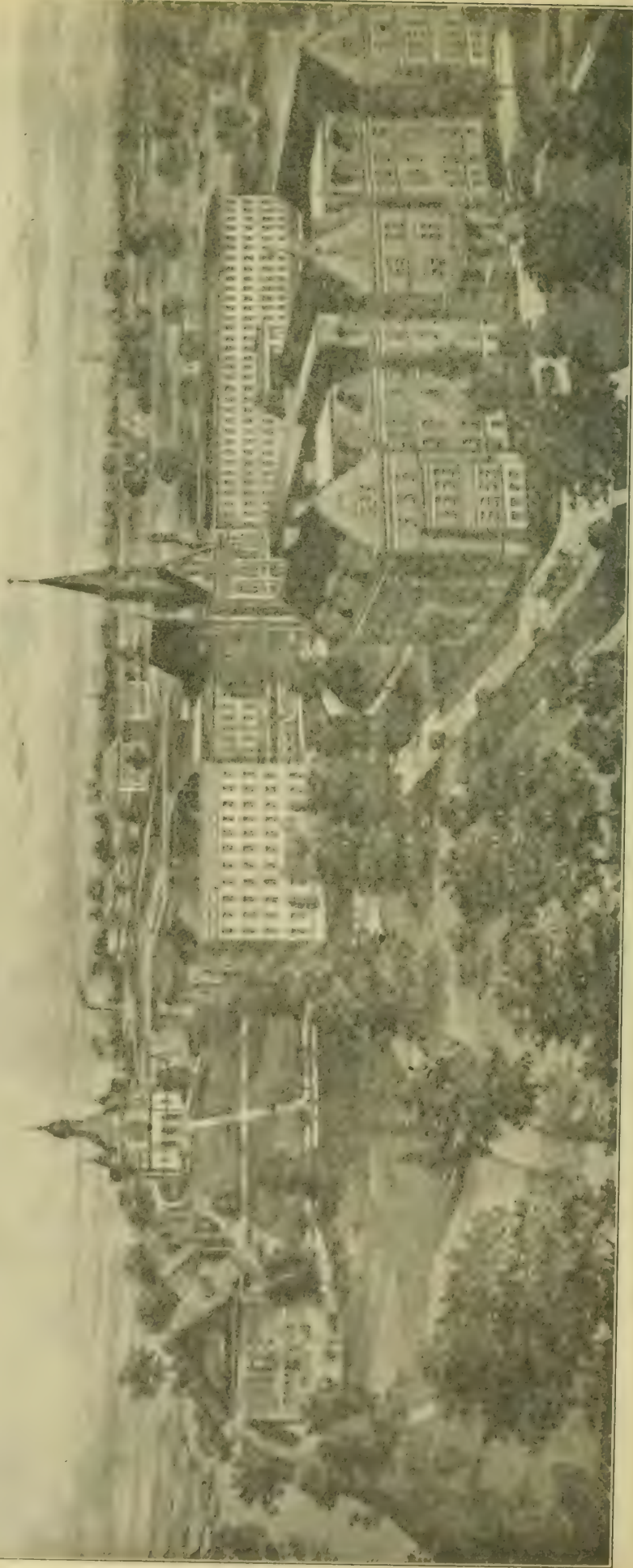
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Sainte Jeanne d'Arc

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXVIII

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., June, 1920

No. 10

ALMA MATER'S WELCOME TO HER CHILD.

MY days, like some reposeful, gently moving tide,
Offer thee restful peace, O child of mine;
My soul, deep fount of faith, opens to thee—
Drink thou its life-giving wine;
Like a gold-hearted lily is my hope for thee,
Shining through all thy life's lovely dreams;
Peace, faith, and hope I keep in my heart,
Welcoming thee where home's love-light gleams.

SOLEMN MASS.

June 12.

THE REV. J. GALLAGHER, C. S. C. - - - *Celebrant*

THE REV. G. J. FINNEGAN, C. S. C. - *Deacon*

THE REV. J. STACK, C. S. C. - *Subdeacon*

* * * *

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

by the

REV. GEORGE J. FINNEGAN.

The God of all grace who hath called us unto His eternal glory in Christ Jesus, when you have suffered a little, will Himself perfect, and confirm and establish you. — I Epistle St. Peter V, 10.

Catastrophes in the events of this world are big or little according to their effects on men. The biggest catastrophe the world has ever known, because it affected mankind forever, was original sin. The world has existed so long under its influence that it has ceased to consider it. It stands in horror before a war, a social evil, a bad movement. It forgets the causes of all these things, the first fall. The man born blind does not miss the beauties of nature because he has never known them. He has his own world, dark though it be, and counts inconveniences as miseries in themselves, which in reality come from his very blindness. Men are born in a world darkened by original sin. The things that pain and worry and disappoint are counted as real troubles. They are only a conclusion.

What was man's condition? Perfect in body; no sickness, or pain, no labor or death. Sin; and then labor and sickness and death.

Perfect in Soul; his will unrebelling and full of love for and finding perfect satisfaction in

right. His intellect full of the knowledge of all things; no study, no searching. He knew all things within the range of human intellect. Sin; a weakened and rebellious will. Sin; a clouded and weakened and groping intellect. With what difficulty we learn. We put in long years and many of study, and when they are over, find that the things we know are infinitesimal to the things we do not know. A thousand years of study would be but a beginning.

Since that awful fall, man has one obligation in this world; one duty, and it rests on all alike. That is to restore himself as nearly as he can to that original state of innocence in which God intended him to live. We were created for God and there is no other way of getting to Him. The end of all human activity is that, and nothing counts for aught that does not tend to that. The body must get back to innocence and the soul to grace. The labors of man, the struggles, the cares are useless if they do not solve life's problem, fitting him to live with God. And original grace is the only means to that end.

Granted that man's whole being must tend to that end, a notable truth follows; the immense part that education must play in that restoration.

Knowledge and will and action must tend to that. We must know and we must do. We must know the end to be attained and the means to that end and we must use those means. Education is worthless and vain if it does not show us the way to restore ourselves, body and soul, to God. Education that does not tend to this is frustrate and distorted and incomplete. Where will such an education be found? You, my dear young ladies, have studied long. Has your education been complete or incomplete?

We will accept education in its real sense, that is as touching man in his entirety, and we will define it as a perfecting of the faculties of man. To be complete, body, and soul, the elements that make man, must be perfected.

The education of the body. There is little difficulty and little diversity of opinion with regard to its necessity. The world is agreed that culture and grace and refinement must be had. These things make for ability to live our lives well, and in harmony with others. The educator cannot neglect them. Has your Alma Mater taken care of this side of your being? Who does not know that the convent girl stands out in society by her charm of manner and refinement? Not only that, for other institutions claim to give as much, but the convent girl has a something that no other institution can give: The reserve and modesty and quiet demeanor that is not learned in books, but is absorbed from environment, from the quiet of prayer, from association with those that walk with God. It is a something above the reach of those that learn elsewhere and the world knows it, and stops in its inanities and gazes in surprise and carries away a new concept of things worth while. So even when it comes to the education of the material side, you can say justly and truly that your Alma Mater has given you better than the best that the world elsewhere can offer.

Let us come to the soul. The body is nothing without it. Philosophy has taught you that the soul informs the body. By it the body lives, thinks and acts. Take away the soul and dust remains. Then the soul must be educated. Yes, in all its faculties. They are two, intellect and will.

Again, the world agrees that the intellect must be educated. It must know and it must know many things. It must be taught to reason so that it can think out life's problems. The memory must be stored with historical events and their causes; with science and its conclusion;

with literature and its beauties; and philosophy must coördinate all this knowledge into a useful system. And what shall we say of the truths of religion on which so enter into our lives? They must be known because the God of all knowledge is the God of religion. Has St. Mary's done well by you in these things? Splendidly. She is the peer of them all. In these things your instruction has been complete. Has she added anything to what secular institutions can give? Oh, yes; here too, in the education of the intellect, she has given you a something that no secular institution can give.

Who is the good teacher? One that loves to teach. Let a man know all that books can tell him. That does not make him a teacher. He must love to impart that knowledge, he must love to see his pupils grow in wisdom, he must be enthusiastic, and must throw every resource of study and mind and manner into his work. On these things depend success in imparting knowledge. What determines the degree of sacrifice, the degree of throwing one's life into one's teaching? The motive behind it all, the reason why it is done. In this, your Alma Mater is immeasurably, incomparably above all secular institutions. The motive is there, high and holy, and inspiration-giving not a motive of material gain, nor of praises sought, but a motive that is God Himself. The Catholic school alone has that motive. The teachers of St. Mary's have vowed themselves to teaching. From that exalted obligation they have drawn the zeal for research, the constant study of method to impart, the inspiration that makes teaching a living thing, and creates in the student, interest and the will to learn. And best of all, she has given you the higher truths as a part of your intellectual training, truths without which all knowledge is frustrate. Thanks then, to St. Mary's for this.

So much for the intellect, but the soul has another faculty, the will. Perfect education demands, also that this faculty be trained. Otherwise training would be stunted and incomplete. The importance of this faculty cannot be overstated. The intellect shows us how to act, but the will pushes us to act. All the knowledge in the world can never make a man do right unless he wants to. The will is the faculty that wants to, or does not want to. The world does not suffer so much from ignorance as it does from unrighteous living. Here enters religion in a particular way.

Go into the world and look at the dishonesty, the theft, the profiteering, the crushing of the poor, the unjust demands of labor. Men know better. Why should they not steal, and not profiteer and crush the poor? For individual reason? No, because they better themselves thereby. Because of the government? No, why should they worry about the government if they can succeed? There is no reason why they should not—except one, and that is: God has said: "Thou shalt not steal." In other words, because their wills are taught to obey a higher law.

Go out and see the family, shattered by divorce and illegitimate relations, and remember that the family is the unit of which the State is made, and with its downfall, goes the downfall of the state. Well, why should not people get divorced? For individual reasons? No, because as individuals they want change and no burdens and they tire of restraint. Fallen nature says "Enjoy yourselves!" For civil reasons? No, because the state gives them the divorce. There is only one thing that can keep the family intact, and that is the voice of God thundering down from Mount Sinai down through the centuries, saying to king and beggar, to rich man and poor man alike "Thou shalt not commit adultery." And completed by those words of Christ Himself, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." In other words again, because the will has been instructed to obey God.

Go out and look at the enemies of our government, Bolshevism and Redism, and profiteering again, and race-suicide, and law-breaking and disloyal speech, and disregard for authority. Why should not these things go on? The individual gains thereby. Self-aggrandizement and comfort, even at the expense of others, is the natural tendency, and will be pursued, and should be pursued if there is no higher law to compel the individual. Law has force, because God has commanded obedience. And in its ultimate analysis even patriotism is only a name without a command from God. Again, it is God directing the will to act.

All these things depend upon the will. Such is its overwhelming importance that its training cannot and must not be neglected. It speaks for the mortal side of our being. Educate the physical side, educate the intellectual side; yes, the world has long ago done that; but in the name of all that is worth-while in life, in the name of all that makes for good individuals, good families, good

governments, peace and prosperity, do not dare neglect the moral side.

Has your Alma Mater educated that will, that moral side, along with the physical and intellectual? What is the developer of this? Only one thing, religion. Let the world look to utilitarian principles, let it dream of new theories of goodness, new solutions of life's ills, but there is only one principle that can accomplish, and that is that God has said so. St. Mary's has given you that principle. It is the Catholic one. Catholic faith must play a big part in your lives; it alone can guide your will. It must enter into your conduct towards yourselves, toward others, toward the State, toward God. Otherwise, your wills are not educated.

No one can estimate the value of that lesson even in American life. The world will scoff and does; the world will hate Catholics and does. Thank God it does. It is the sign that we are the followers of Christ. "The world will hate you, but remember that it has first hated me." The world will hate, yes, but it is the role of those that do good to be hated. But let us say it, strong and fearlessly, that that same world need not fear for American institutions or American liberty or right education while the Catholic School thrives. The Catholic School is the only institution that is a guarantee that America shall live, because it alone stands up boldly to fight the enemies of good government. What other institutions besides the Catholic Church and the Catholic School would dare to fight divorce? And no greater evil threatens America today than the ruin of the family. What other institution has dared to fight Socialism? While great public universities paid men to teach courses in Socialism the Catholic School alone spoke out against this menace. The Catholic Church alone through its pulpit and its school dares to stand up and say to the thief even though he be the millionaire profiteer, "Thou shalt not steal," and "There is no forgiveness of theft, unless ill-gotten goods be restored." And so for the wasting of life, and an immoral press, and disregard for authority, and risqué motion-pictures and licentious theatres and all things that eat at the foundation of our government, the Catholic Church and School stand alone, the champion of what is wholesome and right and freedom-giving. These are the lessons that Alma Mater has taught you. These are the lessons taught in Catholic Schools everywhere. And yet our enemies dare in the

name of patriotism to attempt to destroy these same schools, these nurseries of true and inspiring patriotism. The State of Michigan may do this, but the State of Michigan or any other state that does this, is traitorous to America's best interest. To abolish nurseries of patriotism in the name of patriotism is as contradictory and hypocritical as the action of the Jews, who, in the name of religion, crucified the very Author of religion. Yes, if St. Mary's had taught you no history or science, no art or literature, but had only taught you the principles of the Catholic Church, she would be doing immeasurably more in true devotion to America than all the institutions in the world without these things. But she has done both.

You go out, then, well-equipped, with all the graces of body and mind and heart that unmeasured devotion can give you. You go out prepared as few are to live life in its fullest way; which is, to come back to our original proposition, to live life as nearly as we can in the way God created us to live it. Nothing has been neglected. Don't forget the lessons learned. Go out and grace society with culture and learning, but above all, go out and grace America with your religion. Your duties are not done; they are beginning. Let these Catholic principles color your whole lives. Sunday Mass and frequent Communion and Catholic marriage, must be the rule of your lives, because they are the external manifestation of these principles. Be proud of your Faith. The worst enemies are not outsiders who scoff, but those weak-kneed, puny Catholics, who give them something to scoff at. If the day should come when these principles lose their force, that you compromise one of them, that you are ashamed of them, that you do not take an interest in Catholic affairs, that you do not use the ballot against those who attack the Church and her schools; on that day you descend to the common level of men, walking in unrighteous and unpatriotic ways away from God; that day your education will have been all in vain, that day your lives will have become a failure, you will have turned your back on Alma Mater and she will be ashamed of you. God grant that may never come to anyone of you; but rather with your heart and mind full of inspiration, and with eyes that see visions of higher things, and brow clear of compromise and fear, you may take your place in life to bring yourselves and those about you back as closely to man's original perfection as it is given us to go in this life.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

IN TO the misting dusk that overhung
The oaken ceilinged room, the Angel came,
Presaged by gentle light that crept along
The shadowed walls, and finding Mary, clung
In loving benediction on her brow.
The Virgin, rousing from her prayer, became
Filled with amazement, and, affrighted, pressed
Her hands, atremble like two startled doves,
Against the mantle folded on her breast.
Then for her wonderment there sudden shone,
Celestially fair, with lillies crowned,
And garmented with brightness, Gabriel.
The silver thongs that gleaming sandals bound
To his untiring feet were bright with dew,
And golden pollen flecked his lustrous wings,
For he had lately passed where ever new
The mystic Paradisal gardens bloom.
As petals of a rich magnolia seem
All heavy with the burden of their scent,
So was the Angel's garment. Every fold
Held sweetness, and celestial perfume blent
Into the evening dimness of the place.
Then Gabriel spoke. As limpid drops of rain,
Striking the placid bosom of a lake,
A moment tremble, then serenely are
Enfolded in its crystalline embrace,
So Gabriel's words. A moment, as in pain,
They quivered when on Mary's heart they fell,
Then deep within its stainless depths they sank.
Then she made answer, humble words, and few,
Yet at their utterance full many a rank
Of chanting Seraphim an instant paused
And reverent bent their aureoled heads, and all
The shining host of Heaven bowed before
The awesome mystery of the Word made Flesh.
Then Gabriel spread the mighty wings that bore
Him wherever the Master would, and like
A meteor he cleaved the evening sky
And left the maiden in the deepening gloom
Of her small chamber, while upon the night
Was left sweet perfume, lingering, slow to die.

MUSICAL PROGRAM OF THE ALUMNAE MASS.

June 13.

Sisters' Choir and St. Mary's Glee Club.

Entrance March	<i>Selected</i>
Proper of the Mass.....	<i>Tozer</i>
Mass—Op. 126 (in three parts).....	<i>Rheinberger</i>
Offertory—Tota Pulchra Es, Maria.....	<i>Ferrata</i>
Benediction	<i>Selected</i>
Holy God.	

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.

BY THE RT. REV. MICHAEL J. CURLEY, D. D.
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

The Bishop spoke in part as follows:

RT. REVEREND BISHOP, VERY REVEREND FATHERS, SISTERS,
OF THE HOLY CROSS, DEAR GRADUATES, AND FRIENDS:

My first very pleasant duty is to offer to the graduates of today the warmest congratulations of the one who is held in highest honor in this hall, the beloved Bishop of the Diocese, Bishop Alerding.

I wish to announce that I have just walked across the longest bit of floor I ever walked in my life, and I am surprised at the splendid fortitude of the young ladies of today's class, who have been able to go off the stage and do a double distance back. An event like this is very trying, and I want to thank the young lady, who, noting my nervous condition, gave me this chair as a prop. It reminds me a little of the safety and security from the public, which a preacher enjoys in the pulpit.

I had a letter some months ago from Mother Pauline in which she said that she understood I was coming to Notre Dame, and asked me to make a few remarks on this occasion. Now, I come to the program and I find those closing remarks dignified by the rather academic title of an Address.

In the South, we use the term "talking at" someone. I know that the addresses on occasions of such exercises are usually sermons "at" the graduates, and I feel safe in saying they are lost. Consequently, were I to turn around and address these dear graduates, I fear it would be "Love's Labour Lost." Consequently, I am going to say a few words along the lines suggested to me by that very splendid paper read by one of the graduates, and also by the Valedictory Address given by another member of the class.

I would like to offer the young ladies my sincerest sympathy on the fact that they are leaving St. Mary's. If I am to judge their feeling from the tearful sentiments of the Valedictory, the graduates of 1920 are leaving their hearts behind them.

We have heard a lot about education, so I think it well to say something on that subject. I do so, my friends, because today we need sound principles in education, and because there is being given to the rising generation a very imperfect education. These young ladies who are going forth today were sent here by their parents to

be educated. Education in St. Mary's and in every other Catholic school is a system whereby the powers of the human soul are brought out and developed. Education is not a process of putting in, but a process of drawing out. Education should develop the esthetic sense, the moral sense, the illative sense, and the religious sense. It is the purpose of education, I particularly insist, to play on those four senses, to develop them, to draw them out, and to bring them to a high degree of perfection. The purpose of education is not to give knowledge; the real purpose of education is to form character. But what is character? I could not define character, and I do not think the graduates of today could define character. It is that indefinable something that complexity of qualities that results from the proper training of the child's hand and heart. The esthetic sense is developed by the study of the beauty of God in nature and in art. The illative sense is perfected by studies which teach us the art of reasoning. * * *

What I want to impress on you is this; there is no study of a secular nature that can develop the religious and moral sense directly and immediately. Therefore, in order to develop the religious sense and the moral sense there is the need of the teaching of a subject that will add a fourth "R" to the three already well known. There is only one subject that will develop these two powers of the soul and that is religion. When I speak of religion, I speak of the religion taught by our Blessed Savior, Jesus Christ. * * * * Consequently, an education, to be perfect, to be complete, must of necessity include the religious element in it. And furthermore, if character is to be formed as the ultimate end and object of all education, that character, to be properly rounded out, must be a character into which the element of religious teaching enters.

Let us for a moment take the system which does not include religion; let us take the system we have in America, the public school system. I want it understood that the Catholic Church has no quarrel with the public school system. She says it is all right as far as it goes; but she says that in order for that system to be as complete as it ought to be there is need of the subject of religion. Consequently the character that is developed in the individual by a system of education that leaves two great powers of the soul neglected, must necessarily be a one-sided or lopsided character. The purpose of the Catholic Church is to develop the whole individual, the whole soul. Hence, she has the most perfect

system of education inasmuch as her teaching system is calculated to develop *all* the powers of the soul. * * * *

The Catholic Church feels this so keenly, she feels this duty to her little ones so clearly that she is willing to spend money to educate the children of the country whose parents are satisfied with what must be considered an imperfect system, and at the same time to spend millions to give her own children the training she considers necessary in their preparation for citizenship here and hereafter.

To those who think at all it is evident that we are living in a very serious age. We have just heard of the condition of the family which is the foundation from which society springs. There are evils that are threatening the welfare of our nation; there are evils that are threatening the salvation of millions of souls. If there is one remedy for those evils, it must be found in that system of education which takes God and our duties to Him into account. * * *

Those who reject the Church's system of education will some day bow their heads to Mother Church with her centuries of garnered wisdom, and admit that they are wrong and the Catholic Church is right. * * * *

Yesterday at the Banquet, I made a brief reference to education and the conduct of some of our Catholic parents in America. I want the graduates of today to go out into the world with this proper concept of education, so that when later on God gives them charge of others they may realize that they have a conscientious obligation to give to those others the education which they themselves have received. I hold there is no freedom about it, that it is a sacred duty. It is a violation of the rights of these little ones if they are sent into schools pervaded with an atmosphere of irreligion. Catholic parents ought to know that here in America today the Catholic Church has brought into perfection, or near perfection, a magnificent system of education. We have built up schools which are excelled by no schools in the United States. We have them for young men; we have them for young women. Why then, in God's name, will Catholic parents insist on sending their boys and girls to schools where God's name is never mentioned? We have Notre Dame, The Catholic University, Georgetown, Fordham and dozens of others, which from the standpoint of secular training are second to none. Do you want schools for your girls? Start right here from St. Mary's, Notre Dame to that other fine school in Indiana, St. Mary's of the

Woods, and others that offer our young people every possible opportunity. And yet what do we find? I have oftentimes wished, my friends, that Catholics were all poor. There are those of our faith who when they get a little money become social climbers and think their girls must go to Vassar and Bryn Mawr and their boys to Yale, Princeton, or Harvard. When I ask them, "Why not send your children to your own schools?" They say, "Well, you know, Bishop, my children are going to enter society and they come out of these school with a certain amount of prestige which other schools do not give." Yes, they come out of such schools with a questionable prestige clinging to them and with many other things their parents did not count on. Many of them come forth minus their faith, lost in the chilling atmosphere of non-religion, not to say bitter opposition to the faith of our fathers. We are told that such schools are non-sectarian. Non-sectarian is the greatest sectarianism in the world today. Non-sectarianism is the religion of millions of people in America. You cannot send your children into an atmosphere such as is engendered by these schools and have those children come out with their faith unshaken by the new fangled teachings of the day. As a Bishop, my interest extends to every Catholic child and hence I hope you will not take it amiss that I say these words today though a stranger in your midst.

These graduates of today are going out into the world and what is going to become of them? I have been present at graduations where they had a class prophecy, and I am sorry that there is not one today to help me. What is going to become of these graduates from college today? They are going to begin their studies. They have been taught in St. Mary's how to study the great lessons of life and they are going to learn lessons there that they have never thought of, but they are trained to meet them. But what are they going to do? They are going to be something? What are they going to be? God in His infinite wisdom selects certain ones whom He calls apart from the world and places in a garden of spiritual delights. I speak of those who are called by God to serve Him in the religious life. Writers may grow enthusiastic about the married state, but the state that surpasses it, is the state of consecration in God's service. Now that call does not come to the many but to the few. * * * *

I would like to think that there are girls among the graduates today who are thinking of the story of Mary and Martha; "Martha, Martha, thou art troubled and anxious about many things;

but one thing is necessary. Mary has chosen the better part." How many of you graduates, I wonder, are going to select the part of Mary? There is no life like that life; there is no happiness like the happiness that comes from a life of religious consecration to God's work. The philosophers tell you that the highest good is happiness. If you are looking for happiness, real happiness, as far as you can find it on earth, then, come back to St. Mary's and be Sisters of the Holy Cross. Not that I want to unduly influence any young lady today; but there are times when girls leave Academies and Colleges wondering "What shall I do?" "Shall I go back, or shall I go forward?" The world is attractive, yet Christ beckons some to Himself as He did of old by the lake shore of Genesareth. I hope some of these girls will come back and give themselves to the Cause of Christ, to beget Jesus Christ in the hearts of little ones, to raise up generation after generation of young women who will live mindful of their duties to their God in an age that would fain eliminate Him from His own creation.

Some of you young ladies are going out into the world and you are going to remain single. * * * * Here in our own country there are thousands of young girls who have never entered the married state. They are not called to the religious state. There are, however, thousands of avenues open for service to such young women. Everyone of us has some groove in life; every one of us has some work to do. I hope, therefore, that the girls of St. Mary's who are still single and in the world will realize that there is no lack of work that they can do, work that will be beneficial to the souls and bodies of our less fortunate brothers and sisters. Today in America there is an organized effort being made to rob our little ones of foreign parentage of their faith. When will our young Catholic women wake up to see little outstretched hands asking for aid, little voices crying for instruction in religion? There is a splendid field for young Catholic women in the world of Catholic social service. It is God's work.

Lastly, most of the graduates of St. Mary's are going to enter the married state and they are going to be confronted with the problems mentioned in the paper read today. It is customary to joke the graduates on how long they are going to remain unmarried after their graduation day; but I want to say it is a very important matter. Today particularly the old ideal of the home has gone. "Women's Rights" have come to stay with all that that implies. * * *

There is a wave of crime over America today that will bring down God's vengeance on this nation. * * * * It is the crime of race suicide, the pre-natal slaughter of the little ones. Young people enter the married state, but refuse to do their duty as the fashioners of human souls. They tie God's creative Hand. Selfish, heartless, they care more for dogs than for children, more for the yelps of a cur than for the sweet sounds of a little one's voice. I believe I am doing my duty today when to young and old folks alike I sound the warning that unless men and women in the married state do their duty as agents of Almighty God in the procreation of human souls, they are going to bring down God's vengeance, not only upon themselves, but upon the nation. * * *

Children of St. Mary's many of you are going into the world not to return to St. Mary's. Some of you graduates from the Academic Department may come back, and I hope you do, for the College Course. But those of you who are going forth from St. Mary's I would like to remind you of your duty of loyalty to St. Mary's, to your Alma Mater. St. Mary's has been to you a nourishing mother. The Sisters of Holy Cross have consecrated their lives to begetting Jesus Christ in the hearts of children. That is what they have done for you. I plead with you, my dear graduates, to go out from St. Mary's keeping fresh in your hearts the principles taught you here. You will have need of these principles. If you are staunch in your faith, if you are true to the teaching of St. Mary's, then we can send you out into the world and never worry about you. But if you forget these principles, if you grow away from Jesus Christ, your Master, your inspiration, and your life, then you are going to write failure all over your lives. I want you to do what I asked the boys of Notre Dame to do; hold your heads high; remember that you have a religion that has come down from twenty centuries of time dyed red with the blood of millions of martyrs. Remember that you are members of a Church that is the only great moral power in the world today. Be proud of that religion; love it; love it.

There is a great devotion that I would like you to practice; the obligatory devotion of the fifty-two Sundays. Loving Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, children of prayer, making frequent use of the sacraments as the great means of grace, devoted to God's blessed Mother, you graduates of 1920 will go through life happy, contented, worth while, a credit to your beloved Alma Mater.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

ETERNAL DAWN.

RUTH HEALY, '21.

THE tender radiance of the early dawn,
 Touching to rose and gold the mist-wrapt hills,
 Calls the gay lark from nooks whence night has gone,
 Fleeing the day. Up-soaring, song he spills
 Upon the dewy freshness of the morn,
 Upon a smiling world made all anew.

A-joy with listening to his melody,
 I strain my ears to catch his every note,
 And with glad eyes the splendor dawning see.
 Yet in my heart a longing for remote
 And unseen dawning grows 'apace, I try
 To picture it, thinking what songs must ring
 To greet the Dawn I cannot yet descry,
 The Dawn you, blessed dead, alone may sing!

SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS.

June 14.

THE REV. W. R. CONNER, C. S. C.	-	-	<i>Celebrant</i>
THE REV. J. GALLAGHER, C. S. C.	-	-	<i>Deacon</i>
THE REV. J. W. DONAHUE, C. S. C.	-	-	<i>Subdeacon</i>

* * * *

Father Donahue opened his sermon by reminding his hearers of their duty to the dead. He then said, in part:

"The recent world-war taught us many sacred lessons and truths, truths and lessons which men and women forget in times of peace, 'when wealth accumulates and men decay.' Among these lessons none was emphasized more than that which stressed the beauty and importance of sacrifice. Sacrifice became the watch-word of the hour. 'Give, give until it hurts' was a command which nations as well as individuals obeyed and obeyed gladly. From the boy 'over there' who made the supreme sacrifice of life, to the little child at home who sacrificed her candy in order to buy war-savings stamps, everybody was called upon to make some sacrifice.

"Selfishness was seen in all its naked ugliness and the man, woman, or nation that would live only for self was looked upon with withering scorn. Only those were deemed worthy to live who were ready to die. In the light of that vision the young man in the springtime of life gave up all that his Country might live and the nation, like Belgium, faced death that honor and humanity, more sacred even than national life, might survive. Our own America, once called the country of the 'Almighty Dollar,' gave up her dollars more eagerly and readily than she had

gathered them together; gave them up without hope of ever seeing them again, gave them up that the sufferings of people thousands of miles away might be alleviated, that their wrongs might be righted. For this, let us thank God. The war in bringing this spirit back into the world was a blessing. It taught us that true greatness consists not in getting but in giving, that man is never so sublime, so noble, so divine as when like his Master, his Model and his Lord, he sacrifices all the sweet, soft things of life and embraces the cross of sacrifice with no other reward in view than that of giving happiness to others.

"There is another charity, however, more deserving than any we have considered; there is another people whose eyes are ever wet with tears of sorrow. There is another people crying to us for help, crying more eloquently, more pathetically than groaning Belgium, than desecrated Armenia, than outraged Serbia, than crucified Ireland; another people who from the midst of indescribable agonies cry out to us in the words of Holy Job 'Have pity on us, as least you our friends, for the hand of the Lord is upon us.' What is the anguish of those who suffer in Europe compared to the anguish of those who suffer in Purgatory? The pains of Purgatory, we are told by the great teachers of the Church, differ from those of Hell, only in

this, that the pains of Purgatory are temporal while those of Hell are eternal. Ever mindful of this, the Church like a tender mother whose love follows her children beyond the grave calls to us with Divine eloquence, 'Give, give until it hurts. Give of your communions, your Masses, your indulgenced prayers, of your good works, and thus release from the prison-house of Purgatory those helpless sufferers who as they endure the piercing yet purifying flames sigh for the vision of God.' It is in answer to this inspired appeal that we are gathered this morning.

"At the same time we gather to assist our dead, they bring many sacred messages to us. They say to us—

"Lift up your hearts from the earth to Heaven, from the things of time to those of eternity. To labor with the good things of earth, to labor for wealth, for power, for position, for human love and happiness to grow old and feeble and bent and grey toiling for all these things which God will change like a garment, and never to lift your minds nor your hearts to God Who alone can make you happy, to prefer earth's short hour of pleasure not unmingled with pain to the unclouded joy with God in Heaven, to build for yourselves here

on the shifting sands of time a home however grand, which at the moment of death will come tottering down about your ears, while the mansions destined for you with God shall be forever vacant. O, that is vanity of vanities. Love God, for this is all of life'.

"Yes, this is the great message that they bring us today. This is the great message that the world needs today. Love God and keep God's commandments for this is all of man."

—

Father Donahue, then analyzed the causes of the evils afflicting the world today giving as the great root-cause the rejection of God and His Christ. After briefly summarizing conditions in the leading countries that participated in the world-war, he said, "Whether it be the ruthless Prussian destroying the great stone temple of Rheims, or the atheistic Frenchman driving out the living temple of God, the nun,—back of it all and underlying it all is one and the same cause, society trying to get along without God and His eternal Son made man, Jesus Christ.

He closed with an exhortation to the Alumnae to attach themselves more closely than ever to Jesus Christ by faith and hope and love.

LIFE'S EVENING.

GERTRUDE GREEN, '21.

Dawn, night afar!
 Expiring sunset wafts his gleam;
 Ebony-footed cloudlets, twinkling
 Altars of God's immortal dead
 I see—whence, purged of earthly tainting
 A silvered hope on man is shed—
 Heaven's gates ajar!

Night stars unbar
 Spring's glories. Verdant trees which teem
 With blushing buds—fashioned of love—
 Are hints of future life to be
 Enjoyed in the summer rays.
 And thus man's dreams in youthful days—
 His deeds and words willfully free,
 Are aspiring buds to life above!
 Yet these must fade as God will deem
 At death's grim bar.

Beyond us are
 God's paradisaal lands, where beam
 Pure hope,—on weary mortals flowing.
 When Vesper Gates we shall have gained,
 Around us His Divine Love glowing
 Will be; when mortal life has waned,
 Then shines God's Star!

THE INDUSTRIALIZATION OF WOMAN AND THE FAMILY.

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

CIVILIZATION embraces three primary social groups: the Family, the Church, and the State. Of these, the Family is the most fundamental and important unit, since upon its stability, organization, and standard of morality depends the strength or weakness of the others. Granting the importance of the family, we must acknowledge the necessity of encouraging and fostering a strong, pure family life, such family life as has for its ideal those sacred family relations which prevailed in the holy house at Nazareth. Upon this ideal, the Christian family has been modeled; and as such, was established in our country by the early colonists. There, were found the ideal family relations; the father was the head, and the mother the home-maker, caring for the children; the older boys learned a trade and worked beside the father, while the girls were taught the art of home-making by the mother. But these ideal family relations have undergone a change, and a new family has come into being, in which the father and mother are equal partners, each having a profession that is outside of the home; the children are cared for by a private nurse, school, or day nursery, and later on, the girls as well as the boys are trained for professional careers, but not for marriage. The problems of housekeeping have been solved by mechanical appliances and by the industrial system which has taken over many of the activities that formerly occupied the housewife; for example, the community kitchens which provide food for immediate consumption.

Thus it is, that a radical change has taken place in the family, a change which utterly destroys the most beautiful institution in the world,—the home. In the process of change from the old family ideal to the new, two distinct yet significantly related phases must be noted, the Industrial Revolution and the Woman's Movement. The Industrial Revolution made it possible for women to become wage earners, thereby securing their economic emancipation. Such emancipation necessitated political enfranchisement, hence the woman's movement was inaugurated to secure the vote for women. Today, it has practically accomplished its primary object and has broadened its field with the general purpose of

"elevating" woman's position. Mrs. Wembridge, an advanced feminist, described the Woman's Movement as the "philosophy of life which asserts that women have rights and obligations other than those relating to their families." Such a philosophy which would elevate woman by taking her from the home and encouraging her to selfishly cultivate her own pleasure ignores the fact that the Catholic Church was the first really to elevate woman from the condition of a "res" to a "persona." The Church not only dignified woman but placed her in a truly exalted position. Many of the theories held by feminists today are not only un-Catholic in spirit, but are harmful to society. For two glaring examples, we have to refer to the theory of free love and the artificial limitation of the family. Such doctrines are popular today; their followers are numbered by the thousands. These theories are proposed in order that women may "give the world a great program for a new professional and family life." Dr. Amy Hewes, a professor of economics and sociology at Mt. Holyoke College, confidently asserts, "The continuation of professional life by married women, at least on a part time basis, may be expected to occur more frequently as modern living arrangements make for the release of time formerly devoted to household cares." Although the feminists, under such women have popularized the advantages of woman as wage earners, yet there are evils that result from it that seriously affect women, the family, and the state. To treat this, a brief history of women in the early industries is necessary.

In the seventeenth century, women engaged in domestic service or in a trade. In the eighteenth century, beside their household duties, they busied themselves in spinning, sometimes on the commission basis and sometimes in payment for goods. In the nineteenth century, the Industrial Revolution caused the division of labor which complicated and increased production. Scarcity of labor caused higher wages. There was a surplus of women and they were looking about for new fields because they no longer found sufficient occupation in the home and the possibilities of marriage had decreased. These women were able to work the machines and their labor was cheaper.

As a result the women left the homes and entered the factory, invading first of all, the spinning industry. These women were strong, intelligent daughters of farmers and villagers between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, and for the most part worked but a short time, usually to help meet some financial need of the family. They gathered in the mill towns and lived together in houses that were sanctioned by the town or mill authorities. Besides these there were a few widows and later, the wives of the very poor who came bringing their children to help them. The early factories were low, ill-lighted, dirty buildings; the hours were long and little time was given for meals. The workers, standing hours at a time, had no conveniences. By 1837, the women had entered the other industries in which the machines were improved but working conditions were about the same. During the last twenty years there has been much effective agitation to better working conditions. There are eight-hour laws in many states. Twelve states have minimum wage laws. The factories are inspected by the State and must comply with a certain standard of sanitation, housing, and safety; some too, include rest rooms and cafeterias. The ages of the workers are regulated by law for the different industries. Insurance corporations safeguard the employer and the employee.

The motive which induced the women of today and those of yesterday to engage in labor is somewhat similar. The women pioneers in industry worked because their financial help was needed for a time by the family. Today, of the 8,075,000 women wage earners, the greater number work from dire necessity; the remainder do so because they do not wish to be idle. This class includes a minority of unmarried women and an increasing number of married women, which is the distinguishing mark of the industrial body today. The influx of the married women into industry has grown during the past war and remains as one of its bad effects. There are several reasons given why these married women become wage earners: (1) they wish to have "nice things"; (2) they are lonesome at home; (3) they do not care to be supported by their husbands; (4) they believe that a woman should be the partner of her husband in business as well as in the home; (5) they do not like house work. In corroboration of the first reason we may

quote an employer who said that American women are not fitted for marriage and do not make good wives, because they have standards of dress and comfort which the ordinary income cannot support. Since it is difficult to adjust themselves to living on half the money that they have been accustomed to, they work after marriage in order to keep up their standard. The second and fifth reasons, that they are lonesome at home, and that they do not like housework, may be combined. The employment in highly specialized factory or mercantile work weakens the taste and capacity for domestic management. These women have been saved from helping about the house because they were wage-earners, and are ignorant of the practical things they should know as cooking, sewing, and buying, in order to be efficient heads of homes. They neglect or are unwilling to learn these things after marriage and find themselves unfitted to care for a home. They feel useless and lonesome for their old work and soon return to it instead of fitting themselves for the new work, managing the home. The third reason, that women find it humiliating to be supported by their husbands, does not deserve consideration. If it is a reason for women becoming wage-earners, it is held by so few that they could scarcely be said to form a class. The fourth, that woman should be the partner of her husband in business as well in the home, is one that is being popularized by advanced feminists such as Dr. Amy Hewes, Olive Schreiner, and Mrs. Wembridge. But this reason is not found as prominent in industry as in the professions. It is the plea of the highly educated woman.

As has been stated, there are three grave evils which result from the establishment of women in industry, those which affect the family, the child, and the mother. When married women become wage-earners, the presence or absence of children will determine whether or not the home will be affected. If a childless woman works, there is no effect on the family; but in a family where there are children and both parents are wage-earners, the home becomes a lodging-house. During the day the children are cared for by an elder brother or sister, or a tired neighbor. At night after working all day, the mother comes home, exhausted, nervous, and irritable, and undertakes to manage the home and look

after the needs of the children. The children are noisy and she sends them away into the street or, what is equally harmful, to a "movie." The husband, finding her poor company, seeks companionship in some gathering place. The mother's work is never done and she sinks into a chronic state of mental and physical weariness. Hence it is, that the demands of industry and the problems of money getting have usurped the primary interest that rightly belong to the welfare of the children and the parents. In such a home the insidious counsels of the advocate of Birth Control are a severe temptation. Children are a detriment to the wage earner and the artificial limitation of the family is practised in order to adjust the size of the family to the income of the parents. The man, too, is affected by the industrialization of the woman. The American husband does not like to have his wife work. He looks upon it as a reflection on his ability to provide for the family. When there is no real need of the wife's wages and she insists upon working, there is little harmony in the home. The man is forced to lay aside his idea of home-life and substitute that of a second-class hotel; the woman, confident of her economic independence, does not adjust herself to endure and smooth over differences. Frequently, divorce results. Charles Ellwood attributes many divorces to the lack of training in domestic arts and adjustment of wage-earning women. According to him, "The growth of modern industrialism must be regarded as one of the fundamental factors which has brought about the increase of divorce in the United States. It has rendered woman largely economically independent of family relations." Lack of training in the domestic arts, artificial limitations of the family, and divorce are evils that aim at the very foundation of the family, and exert a destructive influence on this fundamental institution.

The employment of the mothers has an immediate and harmful effect upon the children. Statistics show that where there is employment of mothers of young children, there is an abnormally high rate of infant mortality. In Fall River, one-half the deaths are those of children under five years. After an investigation in Manchester, N. H., where there is a great demand for women workers in the textile industries, Julia

Lathrop, head of the Children's Bureau, estimated the rate of infant mortality when the mothers were not employed, as 122.0, and 312.0 when mothers were employed outside of the home. This mortality results from lack of care which is so important to the child during its first year after birth. In many cases, the infant is left in care of an older child as soon as the mother returns to work. The day nurseries have minimized the dangers for the small numbers that they are able to reach, but they are mere makeshifts for the individual care of the mother. When both parents are wage earners, the child receives its early education from its playmates on the streets or in the public playgrounds, and frequently meets older children who exert a harmful influence over it. They do not enjoy a normal family life, they exist in an overcrowded house and are allowed to grow up as "unsocialized individuals in general." As a consequence, the morality of the child is the result of its associates. The parents neglect to watch the molding of its character and before long, the child is brought before a Juvenile Court. Later these same children are not sent to school, either through neglect or through need at home to care for the younger ones and the parents do not insist upon their regular attendance. Soon they enter factories, still very young, to eke out a weary existence without knowledge of the fundamentals of either book-learning or home making. It is true, then, that the child, the future American citizen is most vitally affected by the employment of the mother. It is deprived of the love, affectionate care, and good influence of the mother—the birth-right of every child.

Besides the effect upon the home and the child, the industrialization of woman has affected the health of the women themselves. Many, because of the nature of their work and their lack of vitality have contracted tuberculosis. This is particularly prevalent in the glass, cotton, and rag industries. In *Modern Industry*, Florence Kelley notes, "Sterility among working class wives, caused by protracted standing in their girlhood is a source of apprehension among physicians whose practice brings wage earning women patients under observation." This is an evil that should cause grave alarm. One in every ten women in the United States is sterile. With

the increasing number of women employed in factories, this percentage tends to become larger. It means fewer homes and a decline in population. The fibre of the next generation depends upon the health, vitality, and morals of the women of today, therefore the employment of mothers of young children, and, those about to become mothers, is a grave evil. The Woman's Industrial Council of London, after an investigation has listed the following as injurious to the health of the mother or the child or both: continuous standing or sitting, lifting, stretching, bad atmosphere, overwork and nerve strain.

The women wage earners are not only affected physically but mentally and morally. They enter the factories at an early age and have no training for motherhood or marriage. They are ignorant of the domestic arts and find it difficult to make a success of marriage. To others, their wages have enabled them to cultivate a standard of living that necessitates extravagance. After marriage, they insist upon this same false standard and continue to work in order to uphold it. The desire for money and comfort makes children a bother, a detriment that they will not accept. These women have so far fallen from the Christian ideal of morality and womanliness, because of their selfishness, that they resort to artificial limitation of the family. As a result, a new evil has developed recently, the abandonment of the children by the mothers. At an informal meeting held in Cleveland, Mr. Henry, a supervisor of orphanages, reported that women as well as men were bringing their children to the orphanages and abandoning them. This he attributed to the demand for women by the factories and the high wages. This is a serious accusation. Such a

statement, if it marks a tendency, calls into question the idea that the mother instinct is the strongest instinct in women, the instinct that encourages family life.

This brief survey of women in industry reveals the most flagrant evils of the industrialization of women in relation to the family life, the child, and the wage earners: the change in family life from a home to a lodging house; the destruction of the family by divorce or the artificial limitation of the family; the neglect or death of the child, and the physical degeneration of the mother. It is clear then, that the industrial system has completely subordinated the interest of the family to its own interests. In order to return to the old ideal of family life, that ideal which will be of inestimable value to both the family and the State, there must be a proper understanding of, and a strict adherence to the Catholic teaching on the true nature and purpose of matrimony, and its chief attributes—unity and indissolubility. This achieved, the next remedy is within the power of the State, by such legislation as the minimum wage law and the Widow's and Mother's Pension Laws. The former would enable a man to support his family in frugal comfort, and thus take a great number of women from the field of industry. The latter, already enacted by many states, would permit the women who are forced to support their families because of the death or illness of the husband, to remain at home at least three or four days a week to care for their families. In conclusion, we may state that the real remedy lies in the return to the old ideal by the teaching and by the acceptance of the doctrines of the Catholic Church on wages and marriage.

THE CLOVER LEAF.

SOME sing of daisies, violets and pinks,
Others of roses or of lilies tall;
But of all growing things that poets praise,
I love the three leaved clover best of all.

Shyly it hides itself among the grass,
Its unpretentious symbols number three,
Which seem to say, "This first leaf is for faith,
The second, hope, the third for love of thee."

A. R.

THE TORCH BEARER.

BERENICE O'MELIA, '20.

O THOU, whose dim far way
Lies in the future's palely lurking years,
Enveiling waiting joys and tears
Behind the curtain of today;
Now, when the dawn's first tinted gray
Grows flushed as sunlight nears,
Enflame thy torch within its glowing fire,
The light of all that lives, of earth the sire;
And let that spark, yet timid as a star
First peeping shyly in the falling night,
Unfold its roseate depths, and shedding far
Its straight unwavering beams of light,
Disclose thy soul, of tinted drossness purged,
Its lustrous faith and love together merged;
Lift high thy head and challenge all who would;
Thou bear'st the torch of noble womanhood!
Fair flowers droop beneath the noonday sun,
And wither in its white intensity:
Yet oft a candle's meek humility
Can lure the half-oped roses, one by one,
To turn their petals toward its gentle glow.
So too, thy torch may flicker low,
A feeble beacon in the glaring day;
Yet some souls, blinded by the flagrant ray,
And wounded in the world's too ardent strife,
May find thy flame a promise of new life;
For these, be thou a living guide, which leads
With steady, tender light to noble deeds.
Arise, brave one, fear not what task is thine:
Thy torch is human, but its light divine!

VALEDICTORY.

MARY ESTHER CARRICO.

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP, REVEREND FATHERS,
SISTERS, FELLOW-STUDENTS, AND FRIENDS:

"It has fallen to me to say a last word on the part of the class of 1920. I recall just now that at the first college commencement I ever attended the valedictorian broke down in the middle of his address and had to leave the platform in order to compose himself—all of which seemed to me very much and very poorly on purpose. I understand his situation now, and with sympathy.

Graduation is the goal of every college student. The ambitious freshman gazes in imagination as through a field-glass reversed, at the far-away enchanting scene of his commencement day, at the golden gate of life, adown the vista of his college years. His heart gladdens as he approaches, a sophomore, a junior, and finally a senior, the realization of his vision. Thus, we of 1920 are happy in this our day, to which we have looked forward through these school years. And the attainment of our goal falls not in anything short of our dream. It has not been our anticipation at all that the sun would stand still with our graduation, nevertheless this is for us an event of much meaning.

"We are, we say, most happy in this consummation of our college course—and yet the sadness of it! In looking forward to this day it has been only with joy; in the retrospect there is a sorrow,—a sorrow which we had scarcely known till now, a sorrow for the days that are done, a poignant pang in parting, in parting from Saint Mary's and from those whom we have here come to know and to love so well.

"We have today no disposition to try to philosophize on education, but would appreciate summarily the priceless advantages afforded by our Catholic college. The first and last effort of Saint Mary's is to educate her students unto the supreme purpose of life, which is successful preparation for the life to come, and then to educate them to all other worthy purposes, in so far as they are subordinate and conducive to that supreme purpose. She seeks above all to give her students, in theory and in practice, the right view of life, to convince and persuade them con-

cerning the values that are everlasting, to instruct and to train them, as to body, mind, and soul, for the true and complete life of the perfect Christian woman. And we, her students, like to believe that her effort is not in vain. We like to believe that we have learned unforgettably something at least of the invaluable lessons she imparts. If our lives be, as we hope to make them, an illustration of her teaching, they will surely be true and large and immortally successful.

"We should be most unworthy of this occasion and of the honors which have come to us if we did not feel today and always a heart full of gratitude to all those who have helped us. First of all is our prayer of thanksgiving to God, from Whom we receive all. May we ever use His gifts humbly and gratefully in His service and for His glory. Under God we are next indebted to our fathers and mothers, for the loving sacrifice which has made this day possible. We regret exceedingly that our commencement exercises are marred by the absence of the one whom we had most wished to be here, of her who has been our wise, gentle, and unchanging friend in every difficulty, of her who by word and example has been our inspiration to what is best in life and womanhood, of her who has been during our years at Saint Mary's and during so many years before us the soul of our beloved school—Mother Pauline. May the great Physician quickly restore her to health, that she may continue long in the noble service which has meant so much to so many. To all the Sisters of Saint Mary's, who have given us these years of their lifetime sacrifice, to the priests who as our chaplains have ministered so faithfully and zealously to the supreme needs of our souls, and to all others who have helped us, we offer our best and lasting thanks.

"Classmates, we now take our leave of Saint Mary's and of each other. Words would only beggar our emotion in leaving our college home. Suffice it to say that wherever we be, soon or late, far or near, our minds and our hearts are here. It is hard to think that we shall not gather in September for another happy school year as we

have gathered again and again in the years that are gone. We are now going our separate ways into life, and it is very possible that we shall never be all united again, but there is surely a great comfort in that a gracious Providence has given us these blessed years together as classmates and bound us to each other in a bond of affection which circumstances may not sever.

"Then too, our sorrow in leaving Saint Mary's is mitigated by the thought that we are taking the best of our Alma Mater with us, her precepts, her ideals, and her spirit,—her precepts to guide us, her ideals to inspire us, and her spirit to animate us. She has honored us most highly in admitting us to the noble company of her Alumnae, as the youngest of her elder children, but not, we hope, the least of them in love and loyalty.

"The last sentiment to which we would give expression is our wish, our lifetime prayer indeed, that God may bless Saint Mary's with all things good. May she, by His favor, grow in her great work to the full proportions of her great mission. May she in each succeeding year send out into the world an ever-larger class of her graduates. And now, Saint Mary's, dear old school, we must say quickly, lest we falter, Good-bye."

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Promptly on June 11 the Alumnae began to arrive at St. Mary's and the joyous words of greeting between Sisters and pupils, fellow-classmates and schoolday friends indicated the happiness of the Home-Coming for 1920. At 7:15 in the evening all assembled in the college drawing-rooms where old days, old pranks and home interests formed the chief topics of conversation. Even after the hour for retiring had, scattered the "girls" to the various dormitories, an occasional, suddenly unguarded peal of laughter proved that rigorous silence of former days was evidently the only unremembered point of discipline.

The first business meeting of the Alumnae was held at 9:30 o'clock on the morning of June 12.

After the opening prayer and brief but heartily cordial welcome by the Honorary President, Mother M. Pauline, The President, Mrs. Pauline Murfey-Sauter, addressed the Alumnae.

A report of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae Convention held in St. Louis, June, 1919, was read by Miss Marion McCandless, delegate from St. Mary's Alumnae. In her paper Miss McCandless explained the work and aims of the Federation. The following nominating committees were appointed:

REGULAR TICKET—Miss Mary Deur, chairman; Misses Mary Byron and Eunice Scott.

OPPOSITION TICKET—Mrs. Florence Lynch-Roman, chairman; Mrs. Elizabeth McCullough-Bray and Miss Adelaide Hopfinger.

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Saturday evening St. Angela's Hall was the scene of the St. Mary's-Notre Dame Alumnae Dance, a function which while it drew expressions of approval it also caused many an alumna to shake her head and with a sigh of regret?—declare, "we didn't do it in our time!"

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On June 13, the second Business Meeting was held at 10:30 A. M. in the college reading room. In the absence of the Treasurer, Mrs. Emily P. Amberg, her report was read by the secretary, Miss Sarah Gleeson who represented St. Mary's Alumnae at the Federation of Collegiate Alumnae held in Chicago during the year, read her report and outlined the advantages of membership in the Federation.

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The third Business Meeting was opened at 10 A. M. on Monday, June 14. In the absence of Mrs. Maude Casey, chairman of the St. Mary's Building Fund Appeal, the plans of the Appeal were further discussed upon by Miss Anna Hunt, State Chairman for Illinois; Miss Helen Holland, Indiana State Chairman, reported on the Bazaar recently given by the students of the college; the academics' contribution being an Operetta. Miss Marjorie Barrett, State Chairman for Nebraska told of the splendid organization already established in her state and Miss Ruth Beatty, local director in Omaha, spoke of a plan for entertainments by which they expected to add to the amount derived from personal donations.

After all reports had been heard elections were in order, nominations having been announced on the day previous. Mrs. Alice Coady-Cartier was

unanimously elected President; Mrs. Margaret Loughran-McFarland, first Vice-President; Mrs. Mary Cochran-Ryan, second Vice-President. Miss Erma Sagendorph, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Leone Holden-Moran, Corresponding Secretary and Miss Katherine Ramsey, Treasurer.

Besides the usual verbal expressions of their appreciation of her untiring work in behalf of the Association the Alumnae presented Mrs. Pauline Murfey-Sauter with a memento of her term of office.

An interesting number of the Alumnae program was the National Costume Recital given by St. Mary's Glee Club on the evening of June 13:

Piano Solo—Handelian Rhapsody, Op. 17...*Cyril Scott*
Miss E. Broussard.

Scotch—My Laddie*Thayer*
Comin' Thro' the Rye.....*Old Scotch Air*
Miss H. Eisenhauer.

Gypsy—Happy and Light*Balfe*
Gypsy Life*Schumann*
St. Mary's Glee Club.

French—LaBelle Au Bois Dormant.....*Fouldrain*
La Marseillaise*Roulet De Lisle*
Miss E. Guthrie

'Cello Solo—Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2.....*Chopin-Skalme*
Miss A. Schlecht.
Piano—Miss B. O'Melia.

Spanish—Marchita El Alma*M. M. Ponce*
El Relicario*Jose Padilla*
Miss G. Hamelius

Japanese—
"The Mikado," Act I, No. 6, 7, 8.....*Sullivan*
Chorus of Girls—St. Mary's Glee Club.

Yum-Yum*Miss C. Jordan*
Peep-Bo*Miss H. Daily*
Pitti-Sing*Miss H. Weinrich*

Irish—The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls..*Moore*
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.....*Moore*
Miss D. Ryno.
Harp—Miss R. McCarthy.

Indian—Spring Song of the Robin Woman—
"Shanewis"*Cadman*
Miss E. Burkhartsmeier

American—America, Our Pride*Oesterle*
Star Spangled Banner.....*Francis Scott Key*
St. Mary's Glee Club.

THE ALUMNAE LUNCHEON.

ONE P. M., JUNE 14.

"We're gathered today with the dear old friends,
Friends who are tried and true,
And eager we clasp their guiding hands
To pledge allegiance anew."

The breaking of bread has from all times been a sign of closest friendship, hence the Luncheon or Banquet Hour is one of moment to an Alumna.

The Hall was artistically decorated with garlands and roses; the table pieces, baskets of white and blue flowers, were the gift of Mrs. Louise Berry-Walker.

The guests of honor were the Rt. Rev. Mgrs. M. J. Lavelle, L. J. Evers, and F. H. Wall of New York; Rt. Revs. H. J. Alerding of Ft. Wayne and M. J. Curley of St. Augustine, Florida; the Very Revs. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C. and James J. French, C. S. C., of Notre Dame; the Revs. J. Burns, J. Callagan, W. Bolger, C. Finnegan, W. Donahue, L. Carrico and C. Hagerty of Notre Dame; the Revs. D. Maloney of Waynesburg, Pa. and J. Gallagher of St. Mary's.

After a few words appropriate to the occa-

sion, Mrs. Pauline Murfey-Sauter introduced the Toastmaster, Miss Josephine Murphy, who with gracious ease and pleasantry dispensed the duties of her office. The toasts offered and responses given were:

"The Holy Father" - - - - -
Response by the VERY REV. J. FRENCH, C. S. C.

Father French said in part:

"It is meet and proper on an occasion like this when the Alumnae of a great institution are assembled to do honor to their Alma Mater, that they should give expression of their loyalty and reverence to the Supreme Spiritual Father. For he is the exponent of the principle of woman's rights as mother and wife, which were defended by Clement, the Seventh, when with the majesty of Christ he shielded her within the inviolable sanctuary of marriage.

"In this age of skepticism and religious indifference, in this age noted for its multiplicity of sects, we Catholics, like the children of rich parents often fail to recognize the value of the papacy—the unbroken line of Supreme Pontiffs. In its permanency we see the perpetuity of the Founder's promise 'and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'

"What the star of Bethlehem was to the three wise men seeking the cradle of the Infant Savior, the pontiffs have been down the ages by means of educational institutions, spreading the light of learning and by means of missionaries bringing the true light to those that sit in darkness.

"There may have been moments when the guiding star may not have shone so brightly, but like its prototype, when the hour of conflict was passed we find it brighter than ever.

"The history of the centuries cannot be written without noticing the impress of the papacy upon its pages. Among the popes have been giants of intellect and stature; and there have been some of diminutive size, but that is no argument against them, not even against the present Holy Father. For like gentlewoman who is often diminutive in size but makes up for that by largeness of heart, broadness of sympathy and unselfish serving, so does he as is evident from his efforts to secure for woman the world's peace. She is in a sense the servant of servants as he is, if she be a true mother to her children and home. We wish for her what the Church wishes for him, that the Lord may preserve her and give her life and make her blessed upon the earth and deliver her not up to the will of her enemies."

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"Our Bishop"—Response by MISS KATHERINE RAMSEY
RT. REV. BISHOPS, RT. REV. MGRS. REV. FATHERS,
MOTHERS, MADAM PRESIDENT, ESTEEMED TOAST-
MASTER, ALUMNAE AND FRIENDS:

"Of the quality of the welcome at St. Mary's no one can testify better than the Alumnae. It is a real home-coming and a most happy one. This meeting with old friends, and among the friends who we always find here and with whose presence honors the occasion is our Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding of Ft. Wayne.

"St. Mary's has been, and is profoundly grateful for his continued interest in its work as evidenced by his regular attendance at the various exercises and his enjoyment of them.

"A friend, an active promoter of Catholic education, Bishop Alerding has lent generously his material as well as his moral support to it. He has been a great factor in the upbuilding of education in the diocese of Ft. Wayne, and St. Mary's, in point of time feels she has one of the very first claims on his friendship.

"How shall I as an Alumna of St. Mary's offer a toast to Our Bishop? In no better way than to testify to our own devotion and loyalty to our Alma Mater whose ideals are his ideals and those towards which he unceasingly lends his encouragement and ardent support."

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"Alma Mater" - - Response by MISS ANNA HUNT
RT. REV. BISHOPS, RT. REV. MGRS. MADAM PRESIDENT,
REV. FATHERS, MOTHERS, FELLOW ALUMNAE AND
GUESTS:

"When our esteemed President asked me to respond to a toast to Alma Mater,—taking advantage of our friendship of many years, she added, 'this is the Silver anniversary of the class of '95 and '96, your class.' A rather startling statement to make to one unprotected by the title of Mrs. By way of apology, I suggest that in those days there were no Notre Dame-St. Mary's entertainments.

"However, love triumphed over pride, and I am glad of this opportunity to prove to St. Mary's that my love for her is as young, and strong and willing to serve, yes, stronger, even than when

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet."

I read my valedictory.

"Breathes there an Alumna with soul so dead
Who never to herself hath said
This is my own, my childhood's home?"

"Next to the love of God and Country the worthiest sentiment of the human heart is love for home, that dear spot hallowed by all the tender memories of childhood. So, today, with that same fine patriotic spirit which won the great war, we see the Alumni of the country fighting another battle for freedom, that greater freedom of mind and soul in the cause of Higher Education, by the up-building of their college homes.

"Are we of St. Mary's Alumnae less loyal than they? We, who are bound by the tenderest tie of affection to our Alma Mater, through those

Sister-Mothers who have made St. Mary's our home and who greet us with a mother's welcome during these days of our happy reunion.

"We of an earlier day who have watched the growth of St. Mary's from an Academy to a College wish to pay a tribute of appreciation to her whose noble inspiration and work have made this growth possible, and in this the year of her Silver Jubilee as Superior, we offer her our sincere coöperation in realizing her dream for a still greater St. Mary's."

* * * *

"Our First Alumnae - - - - -
- - - - - Response by MISS NANCY DALY

"A professor asked a young medic student to give the symptoms of acromegaly. She started out bravely enough and said 'Enlarged hands, enlarged feet, enlarged face,—' then her memory failed her and after a few moments of confused inarticulate words she meekly admitted, 'I don't remember any more.' The professor, a kindly old gentleman, tried to encourage her 'you have two of the symptoms,' he said. The girl's face brightened, 'O yes, difficulty in speech and loss of memory,' she answered.

"I am afraid I am very like that student, even thought I am not suffering from acromegaly, I have at least two of the symptoms. But while I still have some power of speech, I want to say how very proud we of the class of 1919 are to be here.

"Ever since I was a little Preparatory and wore a bright red uniform on Sunday I've heard of the Alumnae. It was a sort of a prize something like the promise that we'd be Seniors some day, which was held out to encourage us to carry on to the finish our scholastic race. Now at last, we have been graduated and our first Alumnae a reality. Maybe one shouldn't use the Sacraments for an example, but it seems to me that graduation is like Baptism, it makes us the children of St. Mary's and heirs to all her wealth of loving kindness. And this, our first Alumnae, is like Confirmation. It strengthens us, renews our faith in the most wonderful school in the world,—our Alma Mater.

"Looking back we realize ever so much more than we realized when we were at school, how much it means to be a St. Mary's girl, how much the Sisters of the Holy Cross have done for us, how much our school has given us. No matter

how we chafed under St. Mary's discipline in the past, and I must admit that the class of '19, at least, was not lacking in that respect, we cannot help but turning a longing gaze back on the old days and the old ways we now love.

"But most of all we realize today, how much in justice may be expected of us who have received so much. We are not afraid of the responsibility. The example of the loyal Alumnae, past and present, encourage us, so that each succeeding year will find us a little more loyal a little more true to the principles inculcated by St. Mary's and a little more worthy of the honor of being St. Mary's Alumnae."

* * * *

"Welcome to the Classes of 1919-1920" - - -
- - - - - MRS. MARY HINES-SATTLER

"Backward turn backward, Oh Time in your flight,
Make us young Graduates, just for tonight;
Give us the enthusiasm which goes with your years
Untouched, undimmed by repentant tears.
The girl of today, with her pep and her vim,
Backed up with endurance learned in the Gym,
Can give us Alumnae of time honored school
Whose manners and customs were gauged by set rule,
A lesson; it might be wisdom to heed,
That we may, combine with Loyalty, a little more speed,
In doing the deeds ordained by fate
That our Alma Mater has requested to date.
Many years has she toiled, we trust not in vain
To make a finished product, of Flesh, Soul and Brain.
And now that Finis is writ on your scroll,
The Alumnae welcomes you into her fold."

* * *

Response for Class 1920 - MISS ANNE KELLEHER
RT. REV. BISHOPS, RT. REV. MGRS. MADAM PRESIDENT,
REV. FATHERS, MOTHERS, FELLOW ALUMNAE AND
GUESTS:

"There was an old proverb of the Greeks, 'All things among friends are common.' While I listened to the address of welcome, there came to my mind the two things that are most common among friends. Those two things are the kindly welcome and the word of thanks which friendship so often brings to our lips. You have spoken the word of welcome and its bounty but emphasizes my poverty of words to tell you of our gratitude. But if all things among friends are common,—and we know that this is true—I am wondering if the common possession of many

wonderful things does not make people friends. Surely, then, if it does,—and I think it does,—we who are members of St. Mary's Alumnæ ought indeed to be friends. How many wonderful things we have in common! First of all, we have our dear St. Mary's, every spot of which is sacred to our girlhood dreams. I suppose I should mention the Sisters, but there are some things too obvious and too close to our hearts to need mention. What the Sisters mean to us is one of these things. So, too, words seem a profanation of our thoughts when they try to convey what Our Lord in the Tabernacle means to us.

"I suppose, also, that I should class among these wonderful things we have in common our Catholic education, and I am sure that all of you who are welcoming us tonight, do so. And I am sure that we also who have so recently struggled through College shall place it amongst our treasured possessions when the nightmare of omni-

present books and ever-threatening examinations has flitted away from our mental horizon like a summer cloud. In fact, the mere thrill of receiving our degree has turned that cloud into a rainbow.

"Surely all these lovely common things of ours ought to bind us in a friendship that will never end, and we pledge ourselves, the Class of 1920, to make the common possession of this Alumnæ, the very best lives that we can live, and the fullest measure of our hearts' devotion."

* * * *

The Very Reverend Father Morrissey said a few words in behalf of the St. Mary's Building Fund Appeal. He then introduced his Lordship, Bishop Curley, who spoke on the need of Christian education and of strong Catholic women as leaders in the world today.

At the close of the Bishop's talk, all joined in the St. Mary's Song.

MUSICAL PROGRAM.

St. Mary's Orchestra.

Prof. Richard Seidel, *Director*.

March—Tambourer *Wagner*
Suite—Peer Gynt *E. Grieg*
Prelude *Massenet*
The Mill *Gillet*
Violin Solo *Selected*
Valse *Moszkowski*
Overture—Calif of Bagdad *Boildieu*
Landler—Grandma *Langer*
Perpetual Motion *Severn*
Polonaise *Fleissner*
Violin Solo *Selected*

St. Mary's Song *B. Monarch, '02*
ALUMNÆ AND GUESTS.

Marche Slave *Tschaikowsky*
Pianos—Misses B. O'Melia, E. Broussard, H. Weinrich,
M. Miller, N. L. Holt, R. Kramer, M. Hynds, L.
Grady, G. Van Heuvel, M. Purnam, V. de la
Housaye.

Viols—Misses M. del R. Blanco, G. Broussard, M. B.
Van Heuvel, L. Gleason, C. Burke, M. Keown,
Prof. R. Seidel.

Viola—Prof. R. Seidel.

Cello—Miss A. Schlecht.

ST. MARY'S.

NEVER was June more beautiful
Than this, the June we've spent with you!
That there was hidden such happiness
Within your gates we never knew.
Ever the month of June will bring
To us sweet memories anew,
To be a joy in coming years,
When we're so far away from you.
Adieu!

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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JUNE, 1920

RE-UNIONS.

Democratic unity has no more stabilizing influence than the family re-union. We all remember the childish curiosity with which we attended our first family re-union, where we met numerous uncles and aunts and cousins of every degree, each blessed with his or her own little peculiarities, lovable or otherwise. Besides this feeling of curiosity, we were thrilled with a new pride in "our" family, so numerous and so varied in its membership. As the years made us more serious and more sympathetic there came into our hearts a new feeling that was not all gladness—we began to miss dear familiar faces. Once we came with the pain of a very personal loss in our hearts and learned to love the members of our larger family more dearly because of the new tenderness with which we were enfolded.

Second only to the family as a binding influence is an Alumnae association. Though we were grown up children when we attended our first Alumnae re-union, we all had the same childish curiosity as to those whom we would meet and the same Alumnae pride. As we came with our immediate family to our first family re-union so we came with our own class-mates to our first Alumnae re-union, and from the safe perspective of family or class union and friendship we gazed upon the wider union and friendship that was opening up to us, and we called it good. As the years bound us ever closer to our fellow-alumnae we began to miss dear familiar faces—perhaps even a class-mate, and our Alumnae came to mean more to us than when it was complete with all those whom we loved. And the family re-union or the Alumnae re-union will mean most to

us on earth when we come to it, perhaps as the last representative of the little group to which birth gave us the right of membership or of the little group whose members we became by the right of school days and graduation. But what of the family re-union and the Alumnae re-union when it shall be, not a matter of a few days with the inevitable pain of parting at its ending, but a matter of eternity.

THE ART OF CHARACTER PORTRAYAL.

In presenting a character to an audience or group of readers the author must be sure that the character be worth while introducing, just as he would in introducing friends be first certain that the acquaintance is worth making.

The first step is to consider the audience and its tastes. Some types of character might prove very interesting to children whereas they would hold no interest for mature minds. Others might be a source of enjoyment for the latter and would hold no attraction for the former. But great characters are worth everyone's attention. This is because they are typical of a whole class and are at the same time individual. The author may make the mistake of having the character typical but of failing to make it individual, a mistake which is the cause of the ineffectiveness of allegorical figures. However, allegorical figures prove much more interesting when staged than when one makes their acquaintance through reading, as one succumbs to the personality of a particular actor and does not have the whole class that is personified to think of. Also, it may happen that a character may be made individual but be so unrepresentative of any class as to be unnatural. The thing to strive for then is the representative character, who is at the same time individual.

In order that the character may be portrayed effectively a suitable atmosphere or setting must be created, and a story plot devised that will grip the reader's attention.

It is often the case that a reader finds himself interested in and attached to characters with whom he would never associate in actual life. He becomes intimately acquainted with the persons in a book in only a few hours while even to form these friendships in actual life would take years, probably a lifetime.

SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.
JUNE FIFTEEN

PROGRAM.

- Lambhauser *Wagner*
First Piano—Misses N. L. Holt, M. Miller.
Second Piano—Misses H. Weinrich, R. Kramer.
Viols—Misses M. del R. Blanco, G. Broussard,
 L. Gleason, C. Burke, M. B. Van Heuvel,
 M. Keown, Prof. R. Seidel.
Cello—Miss A. Schlecht
- Chorus—Bridal Chorus "Rose Maiden...*Cowen-Spicer*
 St. Mary's Glee Club.
Piano—Miss E. Broussard.
- Class Poem—The Torch Bearer.....
 Miss Bernice O'Melia
- Vocal Quartet—Serenade.....*Franz Schubert*
 Miss F. Guthrie, H. Weinrich, A. Schlecht,
 E. Burkhartsmeier
Piano—Miss E. Broussard
Viols—Miss M. del R. Blanco, Prof. R. Seidel
- Hungarian Fantasia*Liszt*
First Piano—Miss E. Broussard
Second Piano—Miss B. O'Melia
- Songs—The Woodpigeon.....*Liza Lehmann*
 The Sweet o' the Year.....*Mary Turner Salter*
 Miss D. Ryno.
Piano—Miss B. O'Melia
- Class Essay—The Industrialization of Woman and
 the Family.....
 Miss Marilla Green.
- Chorus—Fly, Singing Bird.....*Edward Elgar*
 St. Mary's Glee Club.
Piano—Miss E. Broussard
- Viols*—Miss M. del R. Blanco, Prof. R. Seidel.
- Conferring of Honors by
 The Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D.
- Graduate Medals and Degrees in Collegiate Courses.
- Graduating Medals and Diplomas in Conservatory of Music.
- Diplomas in Academic Department.
- Valedictory
 Miss E. Carrico.
- Address
 The Rt. Rev. Michael J. Curley, D. D.,
 St. Augustine, Florida.
- Anthalia *Mendelssohn*
First Piano—Miss M. Hanes, L. Grady
Second Piano—Misses G. Van Heuvel, V. de la Houssaye
Viols—Misses M. del R. Blanco, G. Broussard,
 L. Gleason, C. Burke, M. Keown,
 M. B. Van Heuvel.
 Professor Richard Seidel.

BACHELORS' THESSES.

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty.
June Sixth.

- Four Melancholy Celts.....Mary M. Browne
 Henry Watterson, the Last of the Old School....
 Dorothy Hayes
 Local Color in Western Literature..Mary E. Holliday
 A Mystic and a Cavalier.....Anne Kelleher
 A Plea for the Personal Biography.....
 Elizabeth MacDougal
 A Singer in a Great Stillness.....Bernice O'Melia
 Representative Government in Industry..Gladys Rempé
 A Modern Criterion of Truth.....Charlotte Voss
 Valedictorian..... Esther Carrico
 Class EssayistMarilla Greene
 Class PoetBernice O'Melia

ACADEMIC CLASS DAY.

June 7.

- March *DeKoven*
 St. Mary's Orchestra.
- The Mission of Santa Barbara.....*M. Ryan*
 Waltz and Chorus from "Faust".....*Gounod*
 First Piano—L. Riley, M. Campbell.
 Second Piano—A. Perry, V. de la Houssaye.
- The Figure in White—(Poem).....*M. B. Van Heuvel*
- Vocal Quarter—"Will O' the Wisp".....*Spross*
 L. Shaughnessy, L. White, M. Purman,
 E. Burkhartsmeier.
Piano—V. de la Houssaye.
- Why Study Latin*M. Curley*
- Piano Solo—Humoresque*Poldini*
 M. Purman.
- The Nuns of the Battlefield (Poem)..*E. Burkhartsmeier*
- Cinderella *Papini*
First Violin—M. B. Van Heuvel.
Second Violin—L. Gleason.
Third Violin—M. Keown.
Piano—A. Perry.
- Tradition at St. Mary's.....*D. Menden*
- Vocal Solo—That's the World in June.....*Spross*
 F. Guthrie.
- My Song of Gratitude (Poem).....*M. Purman*
- Ave Maria.....*O. B. Brown*
 Fourth Academic Class.
- Closing Remarks.....Rev. John McGinn, C. S. C.

RECITAL.

St. Mary's Ensemble Class.

TO THE MASTER VIOLINIST.

Dear Master, let me by Thy violin—Upon my soul
 Play Thou whatever theme it pleaseth Thee,
 Though it should smite me with the saddest song of dole,
 Or make me voice the glorious ecstasy
 Of melodies Thy bounteous love will woo from me—
 It matters not, great Master mine,
 For theme and violin are Thine,
 Forever Thine!

S. M. E.

PROGRAM

Overture—Calif of Bagdad.....*Boildieu*

First Violins—Misses M. del R. Blanco, G. Broussard,
 L. Gleason, M. Keown, M. B. Van Heuvel.

Second Violins—C. Burke, H. Campbell, M. Warde,
 H. Brazzill, M. Kahl, W. Harte

Viola—Professor R. Seidel.

Cello—Miss A. Schlect.

Piano—Miss E. Broussard.

a. Berceuse *C. Bohm*b. The Mill *J. Raff*

St. Mary's String Quartette.

First Violin—Miss M. del R. Blanco.

Second Violin—Miss G. Broussard.

Viola—Professor R. Seidel.

Cello—Miss A. Schlect.

Violin Solo—Faust Fantasie *Alard*

Miss M. del R. Blanco.

Piano—Miss B. O'Melia.

a. Andante cantabile *Tschaikowsky*b. Perpetua mobile *Severn*

Ensemble Class.

Piano—Miss H. Weinrich.

Romance *Rubinstein*

Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

Cello—Miss A. Schlect.

Piano—Miss M. Purman.

Violin Solo Aire Varié.....*Vieuxtemps*

Professor R. Seidel.

Piano—Miss B. O'Melia.

Polonaise *S. Liapounov*

First Piano—Misses E. Broussard, N. L. Holt.

Second Piano—Misses B. O'Melia, R. Kramer.

Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES.

Selection Orchestra

Reading—Lincoln and Lee.....Miss Helen Minnehan

Chorus....."My Country 'Tis of Thee"

Poem....."From Shadow Into Light"

Miss Clara SeLegue, '21.

Chorus....."Holy God We Praise Thy Name"

Poem "God's Garnering"

Miss Josephine Ryan, '21.

Address.....The Rev. Leonard J. Carrico, C. S. C.

Chorus....."My Own United States"

Gathering at the Flag Staff, Raising of the Flag
 by Collegiate Class of 1920.

"The Star Spangled Banner"

Music by St. Mary's Orchestra.

NIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

The light from the port holes reflected in the water were like so many twinkling stars. The moonlight falling upon the vessel's wake made it a veritable milky way. It was wonderful, this heaven above and heaven beneath. From the salon came strains of the Danube waltz as if to voice the emotion that the night had aroused in me. Ocean and sky seemed boundless, but there was nothing terrifying in the infinite expanse. It was as if I too were a part of it all. Earth seemed very far away and yet on the morrow I would be part of the hustle and bustle of New York. I would not think of it! Tonight, I would give myself heart and soul to the contemplation of the wonder before me, tomorrow would take care of itself.

LOCALS

Every May Procession seems more impressive than the previous one. To this there was no exception on the evening of May 30 when some three hundred Children of our Lady's Sodality marched in double file around the river bank, encircled the "Heart" and entered the Church of Loretto where solemn Benediction was given. The students wearing white veils, badges and medals led the line of march; then came the Officers of the Children of Mary's each carrying a long-stemmed lily and garland of smilax. They formed a Guard of Honor for the President, Miss Marilla Greene, who bore an immense wreath of white carnations and Easter lilies. Following close in order came the white-veiled novices, the scholastics, the professed Sisters, the chaplains and a number of priests from Notre Dame.

In the Church, the Act of Consecration was recited in concert, the wreath was blessed and placed on the altar of Mary Immaculate. Benediction was given and the ceremonies closed with the singing of Te Deum.

* * * *

The Feast of Corpus Christi, June 3, was an ideal day and the Solemn Procession of the Blessed Sacrament seemed more devotional (if such were possible) than ever before. From the Church the procession moved along the usual route to the shrine of the Sacred Heart, thence, after Benediction, to the altar which had been erected on the convent porch; again Benediction,

and a return to the Church where for the third time Christ blessed the kneeling throng. The Te Deum was sung and the solemn rites of the Feast were over. The order of the march on Corpus Christi differs from that on other occasions,—the student—sodalities and white-veiled novices precede the clergy and the Blessed Sacrament, while the Superiors and members of the Community follow in rank.

The annual entertainment with the Canoe Club as hostesses took the form of an out-of-doors Band Concert. Lake Marion was the spot chosen, and there the guests, some in canoes, some comfortable in camp chairs, enjoyed an excellent musical program given by the Dodge Band (25 pieces) of Mishawaka under the direction of Mr. L. Willes.

On June 9 the "Confession" with Henry Waltham's wonderful impersonation was enjoyed by the Sisters and students. The picture was the donation of Mr. George Hines of South Bend towards the St. Mary's Building Fund.

Regretting the unfortunate accident which prevented Miss Dorothy Hayes from being present to receive her graduating honors, St. Mary's rejoices at Dorothy's almost miraculous escape from fatal injury, and hopes soon she will be entirely recovered.

St. Mary's extends heartiest congratulations and best wishes in response to announcements of the marriage of Cecilia Margaret Murphy to Eugene F. Howard of Marion, Ohio, June 1; Kathryn Frances Popham to Mr. Donald Wilson Stephenson, Chicago, April 24; Anne Susen to Joseph Stanley Pliska, April 24, Park Ridge, Ill.; Marie M. Finn to Charles E. Purcell, Streator, Illinois, April 14; China Robbins Logeman to Norman H. Ibsen, Chicago, June 26; Marie Short to Joseph A. Rocks, Chicago, June 2; Kathryn Marie Curley to Karl Baackes, Chicago, June 16; Mary Louise Ottenstein to Victor Hugo Halligan, North Platte, Nebr., May 19.

During the month His Grace the Most Rev. Alexander Christi, D. D., of Portland, Oregon, and Rev. F. McKeon were guests of St. Mary's.

While a guest of St. Mary's in May, his Lordship the Rt. Rev. Joseph S. Glass, C. M., D. D., administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to some of his "Western Girls." The Bishop's visits to St. Mary's are always anticipated with great pleasure.

June 1920, registers on St. Mary's calendar the twenty-fifth year of Mother M. Pauline's direction of the school, and the Golden anniversary of the graduation of Mother M. Aquina and Mrs. Anna Cunnea Fitzgibbons, class of 1870.

Among the Rev. Clergy who were St. Mary's honored guests during Commencement Week are noted:

The Rt. Rev. Monsignors M. J. Lavelle, L. J. Evers and F. H. Wall of New York, The Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding of Fort Wayne, the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Curley of St. Augustine, Fla.; the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Provincial, the very Rev. James J. French, C. S. C.; the Revs. James Burns, C. S. C., Thomas Vagnier, C. S. C., Daniel J. Spillard, C. S. C., William R. Connor, C. S. C., Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., George Marr, C. S. C., James Galligan, C. S. C., Paul Foik, C. S. C., Joseph Boyle, C. S. C., William Bolger, C. S. C., Leonard Carrico, C. S. C., Thomas Irving, C. S. C., Wesley J. Donahue, C. S. C., Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C., Ernest Davis, C. S. C., Francis McGarry, George Finnegan, C. S. C., Charles Miltner, C. S. C., James J. O'Brien, C. S. C., Joseph Donahue, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, Revs. George M. Connor, San Francisco, Cal., R. F. Kennedy of Atlanta, Ga., Daniel Maloney of Waynesburg, Pa., P. J. O'Donnell of Boston, Mass., J. Mulvey of Alma, Michigan, J. M. Schmitz of Union City, Ind., J. E. Dillon of Mishawaka, Ind., and F. E. Dillon of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

St. Mary's extends deepest sympathy to Prof. Richard Seidel for the loss of his beloved wife, to Kathleen Kelleher for the loss of her father, to Mary Connobles for the death of her grandfather, and to Mabel Radican on the death of her father.

GRADUATING HONORS.

1920.

The Rev. Father French prefaced his announcement of the Graduating Honors for the classes of 1920 in the following words:

"Today marks the Fiftieth Anniversary of the class of '70; the class of Mrs. Anna Cunnea-Fitzgibbons. Hers was the first class to wear the medals inscribed with the slogan of St. Mary's graduates, 'In Hoc Signo Vinces.' The President and Faculty, therefore, wish to commemorate the occasion by conferring on this true and devoted Alumna, who with all her duties was an unfailing attendant at the regular Biennial Alumnae Meetings, the very special honor of the Laurel Wreath of Alma Mater and to award a memento of this day.

"Mrs. Fitzgibbons attended the Alumnae, but was unexpectedly called home, therefore, we ask her classmate, Mother M. Aquina to accept the honor in the name of her schooldays and after-schooldays, friend.

"And to Mother M. Aquina, herself, we offer the class of 1920, in whose name we renew the pledge of their devotion to her great work and that of the Sisters of the Holy Cross."

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

THE DEGREE—BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY (HISTORY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COURSE) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on:*

Miss Marilla Maude Greene, Cleveland, Ohio.
Miss Gladys Frances Rempe, Chicago, Illinois.

THE DEGREE—BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY (JOURNALISM COURSE) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDAL—*conferred on:*

Miss Dorothy Katherine Hayes, Adrian, Michigan.

THE DEGREE—BACHELOR OF ARTS (LITERARY COURSE) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on:*

Miss Mary Marilla Browne, Norton, Kansas.
Miss Mary Esther Carrico, Raywick, Kentucky.
Miss Mary Ethel Holliday, Laramie, Wyoming.
Miss Anne Cecelia Kelleher, Des Moines, Iowa.
Miss Elizabeth Genevieve McDougal, St. Mary's Novitiate.
Miss Bernice Mary O'Melia, St. Louis, Michigan.
Miss Charlotte Voss, Harvey, Illinois.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING THE TWO YEARS' COURSE IN NORMAL TRAINING—*conferred on:*

Miss Loretta Vaughney, Marseilles, Illinois.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE SIX YEARS' COURSE IN LATIN—*conferred on:*

Miss Madee Vivian Carey, Joliet, Illinois.
Miss Helen Delaney, Dallas, Texas.
Miss Nellie Lee Holt, Falls City, Nebraska.
Miss Mary Veronica McCabe, New Castle, Indiana.
Miss Josephine Frances Ryan, Salt Lake City, Utah.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING THE FIVE YEARS' COURSE IN FRENCH—*conferred on:*

Miss Helen Johnson, Lemont, Illinois.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE TWO YEARS' COMMERCIAL COURSE—*conferred on:*

Miss Margaret Ruth Maher, Greenville, Ohio.
Miss Irene Marie Matthews, South Bend, Indiana.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING THE TWO YEAR'S COURSE IN HARMONY—*conferred on:*

Miss Estelle Broussard, Beaumont, Texas.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE ELEMENTARY COURSE IN HARMONY—*conferred on:*

Miss Helen Kelly, Watersmeet, Michigan.
Miss Lucile Zimmer, Omaha, Nebraska.

DIPLOMAS FOR COMPLETING THE ADVANCED COURSE IN THE ART PROGRESSIVE SERIES IN MUSIC—*conferred on:*

Miss Nellie Lee Holt, Falls City, Nebraska.
Miss Mildred Miller, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Miss Bernice O'Melia, St. Louis, Michigan.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING THE INTERMEDIATE COURSE IN THE ART PROGRESSIVE SERIES IN MUSIC—*conferred on:*

Miss Nellie Lee Holt, Falls City, Nebraska.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE PREPARATORY COURSE IN THE PROGRESSIVE SERIES IN MUSIC—*conferred on:*

Miss Leona Flaherty, Marcus, Iowa.
Miss Monica Hynds, Morris, Illinois.
Miss Rosella Kramer, Minster, Ohio.
Miss Marion O'Brien, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Miss Hazel Weinrich, Burlington, Iowa.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING THE ELEMENTARY COURSE IN
THE ART PROGRESSIVE SERIES IN MUSIC—*conferred on:*

Miss Helen Cosgrove, Odell, Illinois.
Miss Mary Frances Curry, Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Helen Dailey, Muskogee, Oklahoma.
Miss Florence Dolan, Hollywood, California.
Miss Dorothy Doran, Rockford, Illinois.
Miss Verna Egan, Missouri Valley, Iowa.
Miss Marie Guedelhoefer, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Miss Helen Holliday, Laramie, Wyoming.
Miss Monica Hynds, Morris, Illinois.
Miss Mildred Kavanaugh, Fairbury, Nebraska.
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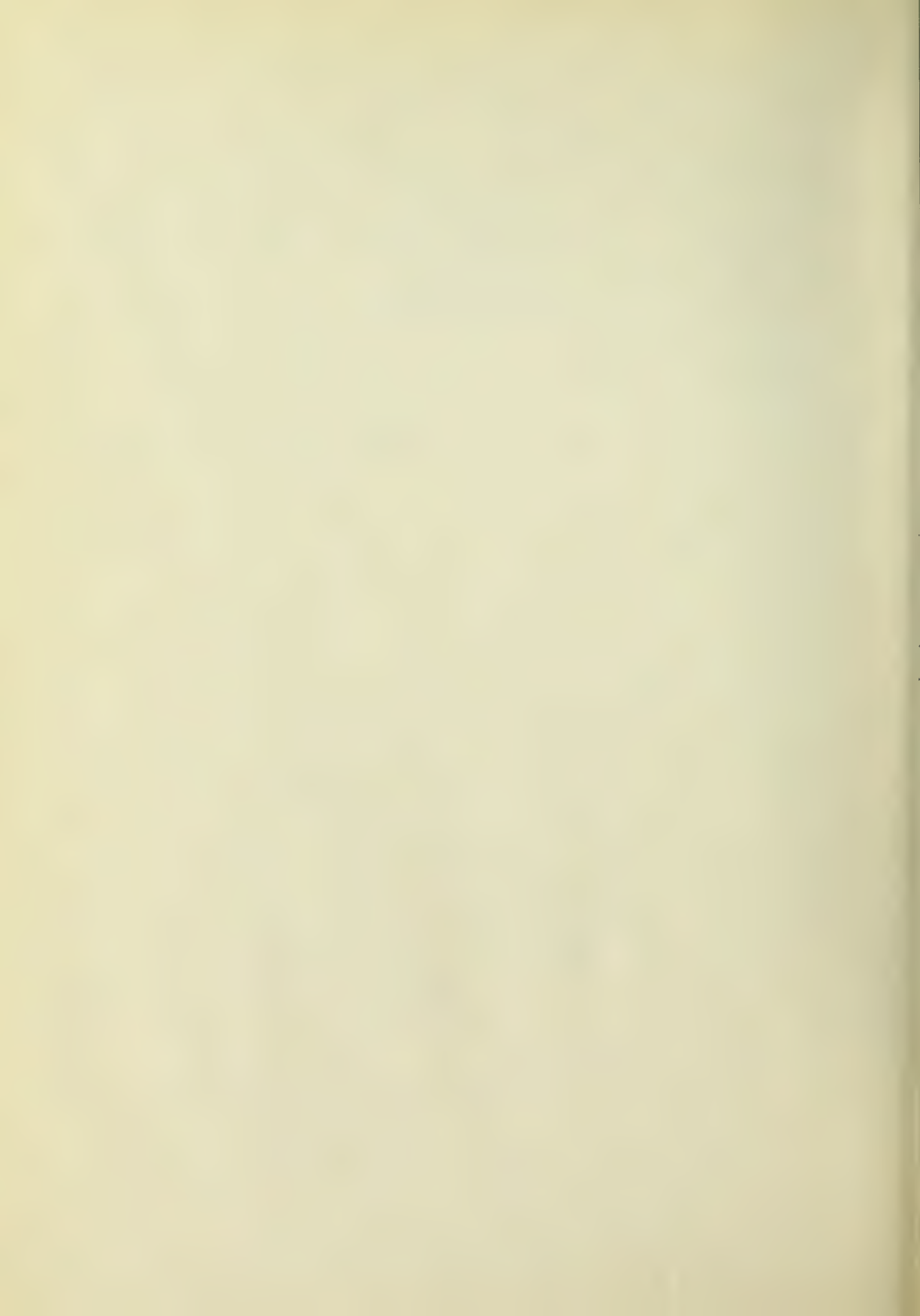
My dear Mr. Secretary:

I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

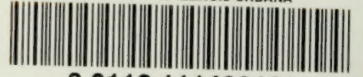
Cordially and sincerely yours,

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HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,
Secretary of the Interior.



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